Once Their Home

By

Frances Chamberlain Holles

legacy from the Dakotahs. Original cloth, 8 vo. 405 pp. Illus., Chicago, 1890. First edition. 10.00

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Frances C. Holley

ONCE THEIR HOME

OR

OUR LEGACY FROM THE DAHKOTAHS

HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL AND INCIDENTAL
FROM FAR-OFF DAYS, DOWN TO THE PRESENT.

BY
FRANCES CHAMBERLAIN HOLLEY.

No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize——
—LONGFELLOW.

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CHICAGO:
DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY.
1890.

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WITHDRAWN
M. H. S.
7/13/43 Ck/MH

TO MY BROTHER,

JAMES W. CHAMBERLAIN,

AND MY CHILDREN,

JAMES AND CLAUDE,

WHOSE STEADFAST LOVE HAS BEEN

MY STRENGTH AND LIGHT,

I INSCRIBE THIS WORK.

To My Readers.

THE prime object of this work, which has occupied the past two years, has been to give an intelligent representation of our Western civilization and life, and of the powerful nation whose people for centuries were the great landholders of North America, in an almost dead past; true likenesses, because made from life, by which to fairly present the Northwest, and especially Dakota, her great capabilities, and the Early Settlers that built her towns, and bravely and patiently struggled for the mastery.

To do this, I have spared no pains, but have carefully sought information from every available source. Intimate acquaintance with the most cultivated and noted Sioux, and protracted visits among them, have afforded me unexampled opportunities for obtaining valuable and correct instructions, as well as for personal study of the race. Into city and hamlet, mansion and teepee; from university to the little government school on the plain; from general to scout, from the ex-governor to the fur-hunter and wood-chopper of the earliest date, I have made my way and listened to the story of the past. While from the Commissioners of Immigration, Chambers, Dr. A. L. Riggs, and Neil's History of Minnesota, when Dakota was a part of that State, I have received aid and corroboration. And hearty expressions of interest in every instance have been given, even while seeking, oftentimes, for what seemed lost beyond recall; and that, too, from *some* that could not wait for my finished work, whose words of approval and appreciation I shall sorely miss. Statehood and division coming to the Territory meanwhile, naturally complicated much of the work already finished, and by no means lessened the labor.

The Custer-Reno battles occupy too important a chapter in the annals of Western history, not to have received careful study; and the descriptive facts, I give as they appear from the standpoints of six different participants, of different rank, while engaged in their several duties; together with personal information received from General Sturgis, Col. Benteen, Dr. Porter, F. F. Girard, scout.

To U. S. Consul, Taylor, and C. N. Bell, F. R. G. S., president of the Historical Society of Manitoba, I am indebted for valuable papers, and many courtesies while visiting their city. Likewise to citizens of Helena, Montana; of the Black Hills, Yankton, Sioux Falls, Grand Forks, Pembina, Medora and Bismarck; and an army of workers at the Indian Agencies, I am especially grateful, and to many besides.

In several instances figures are necessarily given approximately, as in some church records and populations. And statements, undoubtedly, are made that may not seem quite in accord with pre-supposed and adopted theories. But in offering to the public, the result of my work, I trust for a measure of that sympathy and consideration, which was so freely given during its period of growth; and which has often been an inspiration.

F. C. H.

BISMARCK, July, 1890.

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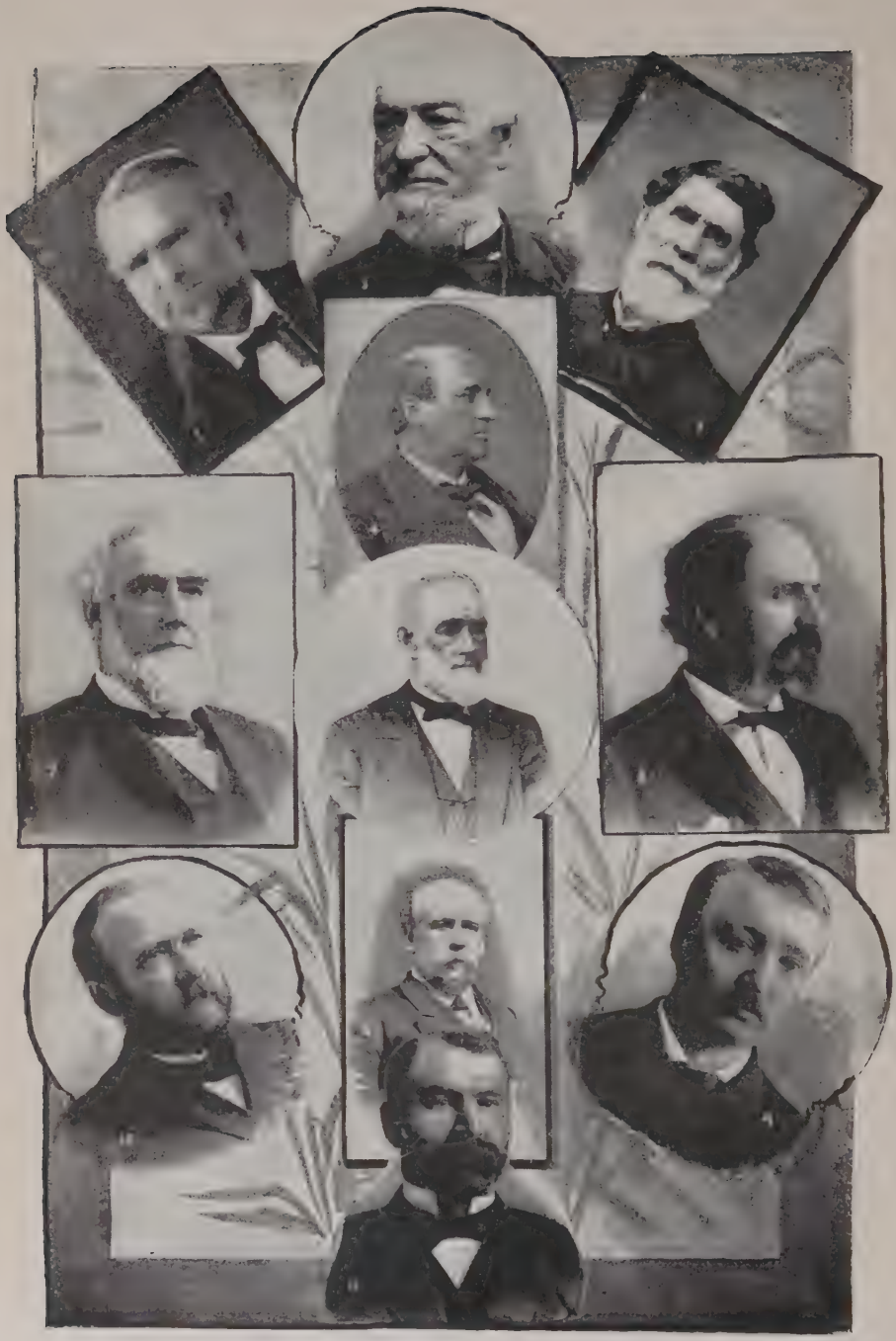

GOVERNORS OF DAKOTA TERRITORY AND STATES.

1. Jayne. 2. Edmunds. 3. Faulk. 4. Burbank. 5. Pennington. 6. Howard. 7. Ordway. 8. Pierce. 9. Church. 10. Mellette. 11. Miller.

ONCE THEIR HOME

OR,

OUR LEGACY FROM THE DAHKOTAHS.

CHAPTER I.

UNDISPUTED HUNTING GROUNDS—THE DAHKOTAH'S PAST—HEROES AND HEROINES—A LEGACY.

Listen now to me. I am going to tell you of a great and wonderful nation. And I am also going to tell you of its conquerors, and of the delightsome land in which they now dwell together in peace. But you must have heard of the onward strides of civilization, as it pressed onward across the continent, to where the broad acres stretch away over thousands of square miles; for the browsing buffalo heard, and tossed his shaggy head in surprise and fear, and the startled antelope saw, and sped away to the river's brink. And I am sure you caught the echo of its hurrying tread, as it strode on and beyond the turbid water-course which takes the melted snows of the Rocky Mountains and pours them into the Southern gulf, four thousand one hundred miles away from their fountain on the white-capped summits.

Hence, you can not fail to be interested in what I shall tell you of this land, eminent in promise and possibilities, as well as in the traditions and legends of the powerful people that once called it their own, and which was so recently the undisputed hunting-grounds of the *Dàhkotahs*, who dwelt upon the broad, rich acres; and there roaming over the rolling

plains, bright with wild flowers of a thousand hues, they hunted the buffalo, deer and smaller game, all of which found ample room, as well as sustenance, upon the juicy grasses with which nature has garnished the untilled fields, and upon which the Sioux chieftains gathered their people in the council and the dance.

Bluer skies, greener fields, richer soil, can not be found. But in place of Indian lodges and camping grounds, handsome cities and towns, with modern improvements and luxurious belongings, bespeak a business enterprise and thrift such as characterizes States of long-time growth, and illustrates the energy and progressive qualities of the settlers of the West.

Dakota's past is identified, not with the white man and interests growing out of civilized life, but, on the contrary, with a war-like nation of Indians. Indian tribes, for the most part, as untamed and ungovernable as the broad river which bore them in their rude boats from place to place. Many of her records are already lost to us, while others, written not by loving hands, but with the deadly arrow-point, dipped in warm life-blood, are fading out with the passing years. And it was to rescue such, and to preserve for our children and the people that will in future come to dwell in this new land, a record of the personal experience, incidents, historical facts, brave deeds, customs and romances, which have made the early days of Dakota and the Dahkotahs a period of unusual interest, that I sought both people and places, and made my long journeyings over this marvelous country in quest of memoirs from lips that would soon be voiceless. And the visits that I have made among the men and women of both nations, at their homes and at the reserves; the heroes and heroines that I have found among white and red, and the lessons learned; all has conspired to make the labor incident to such a work, a pleasant thing to remember. And as I recall, in some instances, the tremulous voice, eyes from

which the light was fading, and one, especially, around whose tired feet even then the chill waters were unconsciously creeping, I rejoice that I have had the honor of clasping their hands and looking into their faces.

But, in reviewing the past, and the deeds of those that have filled Dakota's unwritten pages, we must remember that the former dwellers, in their unquestioned supremacy of this land, could not, naturally, hail with favor the approach of the aggressive white man. The war-whoop of their braves, as it rang defiance over the prairie and echoed among the grassy bluffs, startling the timid deer from its midday rest among the willows, was more agreeable to their untutored ears than the whistle of a locomotive. The dipping of their oars, as they ascended and descended the winding Missouri, was music far sweeter than the noisy steamboat that brought the hated invader to their homes along the wooded bottoms.

While a glance at any school atlas is all that is required to learn the exact geographical situation of the country, it is a fact, especially significant, that Dakota lies half way between the coasts of the Pacific and the rock-girt Atlantic. As if, in her superb magnanimity, desiring them to share equally in the milk and honey which flows from her bosom, so gracious and bountiful.

Much of the surface of this great area, unquestionably once a sea, has all the undulatory appearance of such, save that its waves are grassy, flowery billows. Reeking sloughs have no place allotted them in this fertile garden of the Northwest; nor swamps and marshes, such as take up so much valuable room in many Eastern States; useful only as huge laboratories, wherein are engendered reeking vapors, upon which pestilence and repulsive reptiles alone may feast; and to redeem one acre of which, costs more than 160 acres of such land as lies here waiting; to say nothing of the labor of half a life-time. Millions of teeming acres to

be had for the asking, and homes on their clean, generous grounds!

In the word *Dahkotah*, from which the Territory took its name, there is special significance. It is a name at once suggesting greatness and a broad domain. And a careful review of its history must satisfy one that a substitute should never be given. And it is no wonder that the people throughout the length and breath of the Territory, as with one voice, said: "Let them bear the ancestral name!" A name whose every letter seems an unwritten chapter in the history of that powerful nation, from whose hands we adopted her; with all the legends, wild romances and fascinating traditions — an ancient jeweled-chain — which must be kept. A legacy for her children.

They could not despoil her of her name and leave intact her magnificent individuality, and the sacred past, around which memories of bitter trials and hardships, tender loves and tenderer sorrows were wont to linger. For every State in our Union, and almost, if not quite, every civilized country is represented in the Dakotas, by some home, some wanderer, or some grave; and towards which, from the old far-away firesides, heart pilgrimages are constantly made.

Misrepresented. Presumably, no tract of country in North America has been more grossly misrepresented, and in many instances reported with such arrant foolishness, as the Territory of Dakota. Newspapers, both east and west, have seemed to vie with each other in publishing the most unwarrantable and nonsensical articles; but which oftentimes served only to give greater publicity, than otherwise, to their lack of any actual knowledge of the country that they were trying to defame. While side by side with the harmless traducer, the professional boomer with right good intentions, but probably at as great an extreme, has tried to come in ahead. But the plain truth and "a fair chance" is all the Dakotas wish.

And, in view of such, it may be well to quote from one whom it will be safe to accept as authority. So let us see what the eminent geologist and scholarly Professor Denton once had to say of the country and its prospects: "You have a soil, or rather a succession of soils, in some instances eighty feet in depth, every foot of which is richer than the richest in New England. Such a soil is inexhaustible, and you have only to plow deep and make your homes comfortable as you can with little expense to become the richest people on the face of the earth."

It hardly seems possible that it is the "treeless desert" of which the learned gentleman has given such an opinion, after careful investigation, an investigation such as a man of his research would be likely to give the subject. But, it being a fact that it is the self-same country thought to be one of the waste places, the question arises, "Who knows best?" It is no less a fact, that in the valley of the Red river of the North, of the James and the Sioux, the rich black soil is from three to ten feet deep. And it is also as true that within the Dakotas there is a vast area of 100,000 square miles of the most fertile soil in the known world.

The portion of land that was "detached" from Minnesota when it was admitted into the fellowship of States was called Dakota, from the word *Dahkotah*, meaning allied. It was an immense tract of land 430 miles in length, with an average width of 350 miles, making an area of 150,932 square miles, or 96,596,480 acres, of which 80,000,000 can be cultivated. And it is not surprising that it is a difficult thing for the people of the far East to comprehend it, and realize that such an amount of territory actually lies within the boundary lines of the Dakotas; accustomed, as they are, to the small garden-farms of New England and the Middle States. This portion of land is situated between the meridian of 96° 25′ and 104° 5′ longitude west from Greenwich, and between parallels 42° 28′ and 49° north latitude.

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CHAPTER II.

WHAT NAPOLEON BONAPARTE SAID OF DAKOTA WHEN HE SOLD IT TO THE UNITED STATES—EARLY RECORDS PERTAINING TO THE DAHKOTAHS—DAKOTA ORGANIZED AS A TERRITORY—GOVERNOR WM. JAYNE—SIOUX FALLS CITY—AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AND PENITENTIARY.

The crowning event of Thomas Jefferson's administration was said to be the purchase of the immense territory west of the Mississippi, which recently had been ceded by Spain and France. The commission for the United States consisted of Robert Livingston and James Monroe. They were to pay $15,000,000 for the Territory of Louisiana; but of this sum one-fourth was due from the French Government to American citizens, for plunder upon their commerce, and it was paid.

Upon signing the treaty, Bonaparte remarked: "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States, and I have given to England a maritime rival that will humble her pride." Of the transaction Livingston said: "We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our lives. This treaty will change vast solitudes into flourishing districts, and will prepare ages of happiness for innumerable generations of human creatures." How well they prophesied, we of to-day can answer.

The extreme southern part was known as the Territory of Orleans, and was organized within the limits of the State of Louisiana. The remainder extended up into Montana, Dakota and Wyoming, inclusive, and was styled "Indiana Territory." And, until the spring of 1854, the part west of the Missouri river was called "Mandan Territory." But after more than half a century of remodeling; taking a slice from this side, and putting a piece on to that; pruning here and engrafting there, and substituting new names for

the old; at length, from out the vast expanse, steps Dakota —symmetrical, bedecked with gold and fair to look upon!

Of Dakota's almost 100,000,000 acres, 26,847,105 were kept as a legacy for the Indiana tribes that lived within the reserves composed of those acres. While about 7,000,000 acres were granted by the Government to aid in the construction of the Northern Pacific railroad, with 3,000,000 acres set apart for the support of schools. Previous to 1888, nearly 37,000,000 acres under the general land laws, had been disposed of, which would leave open to settlement, not taking out the small acreage of our surveyed lands, about 24,000,000 acres. These vacant lands may be found in the ten land-districts located in both North and South Dakota, viz: Aberdeen, Bismarck, Deadwood Devil's, Lake, Fargo, Grand Forks, Huron, Mitchell, Watertown, and Yankton. The latter district having the least in number.

In 1886, the population of the Dakotas numbered 500,000. In 1889, 650,000. Of foreign born 151,000. Among the best citizens are found 33,000 Canadians; of Chinese, 200; and 700 colored; with 650 Indian citizens. Of the last three nations, nothing can be said to their discredit as "Americans."

At the different Reservations, the following population may be reckoned:

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Cheyenne River Agency	1,337	1,628	2,965
Crow Creek and Lower Brule	1,121	1,153	2,274
Devil's Lake	1,088	1,094	2,183
Fort Berthold	610	712	1,322
Pine Ridge	2,376	2,479	4,873
Rosebud	3,725	4,566	8,291
Sisseton	708	788	1,496
Standing Rock	2,190	2,500	4,690
Yankton	786	990	1,776
Ponca	103	104	207
Total	14,044	16,032	30,076

But of all the Indian Reservations set apart by the Government, the Great Sioux is, by far, the most extensive, aside from the Indian Territory, and has a population numbering above 23,000. This reserve extends from the Missouri river on the east, to the Black Hills on the west; from the northern boundary line of Nebraska on the south, almost to Bismarck in the north, and covers an area of 22,-010,43 acres; comprising some of the best stock and farming lands to be found in the Dakotas, with abundant watercourses and timber.

At the nine different agencies, stationed at the various Reservations, the Government retains kind, intelligent agents, who fill the important office with uniform fidelity to the "Nation," and to the satisfaction and approval of the Indian Department. Peaceable, and naturally indolent and inclined to take it easy, these Indians exhibit a quiet, harmless spirit; and marauding and mischief are rarely, if ever, known, while over 9,000 are engaged in the same pursuits as other human beings. And in proof of the statement, it is a well-known fact that nearly 27,000 acres of land are under cultivation by the Indians; and at the same time many are owners of large herds of horses, mules, and cattle, the aggregate of which would reach far up into the thousands. And from the lodges and log houses of the different bands, boys and girls go out for school, into the excellent institutions, in various parts of the Dakotas, as well as in other States; while in the many Government schools maintained near, and at the agencies, a creditable number are enrolled, taught by competent teachers from among their own people. And the "handsome Indian maiden" is not a creation of the fancy, found only in sensational literature, but a veritable reality. The squalor and destitution of a home does not necessarily mar the comeliness of the inmates any more than are Nature's inanimate objects rendered less beautiful by the mud and mire that so often feed and sus-

tain the loveliest plant life; and above which, flowers, exquisite in color and perfume, blossom.

Settlers Came to the Falls of the Sioux, as early as 1856; but they were unable to locate, as the Indians maintained their rights and drove off the invaders that were known as "The Western Town Company," hailing from Dubuque, Iowa. Yet, notwithstanding this rebuff, some of the members of the expedition persisted, and in December of the same year, returned and took up 320 acres of land. And they were, really, the first persons to undertake the settling of this great territory of country, taking the first steps towards it. Prominent among whom were W. W. Brookings, Dr. J. L. Phillips, and John McClellan. And to those men, doubtless, the city of Sioux Falls owes its early advent, and much of its later prosperity.

Another party, in 1857, known as "The Dakota Land Company," among whom were W. H. Nobles, J. R. Brown, A. G. Fuller, S. A. Medary, F. J. DeWitt, Samuel F. Brown, James W. Lynd and N. R. Brown. They left St. Paul in the month of May, by steamer, and went as far as New Ulm, on the Minnesota river. From there they started overland for Dakota. On reaching the Big Sioux river, they there located the town of Medary (Brookings county) which they named in honor of the Governor of Minnesota. Proceeding down the river, they located Flandrau, in honor of Judge Flandrau, of St. Paul. From thence, they made their way to the falls of the Sioux. The Indians did not readily yield, but disputed, step by step, the advance of the white settlers, and again drove them from the upper valley of the Sioux.

One of those sturdy pioneers, the genial, Western-hearted Major DeWitt, now of Yankton, in conversation said: "We left the first settlers at Medary and Flandrau, but found *two settlers* at Sioux Falls, on our arrival, John McClellan and Mr. Brookings."

It was believed that the Indians were going in force, to compel them to leave, and Dr. Williamson sent word, warning them of their intentions. And the settlers were, in consequence, gathered in for protection, while the Indians came on as was expected. But, previously, the settlers got ready for them hard bread and a barrel of coffee for the entertainment of the more important of their self-invited guests. Hoping," said the Major, " to conciliate them if possible. On the contrary, after disposing of the food, they set fire to the hay-stacks and some of the wagons and prepared to burn the block-house, by loading a wagon with hay which they first backed up against the house, and then set fire to it. But the settlers finally made a bargain with them, by promising to go over to Redwing, to the agency, and there see what could be done; and in return the older chiefs promised not to burn the block house. However, when they had gotten some distance away, back on the bluffs, they saw the sky lighted up by the blaze from it. The chiefs had yielded to the young men, who, no doubt, were the cause of the fire and their loss.

But it seems that the country has thus far been occupied almost exclusively by United States troops and Indians. And, before going farther, let us try and ascertain who these Indians are, where they came from, and why they are here. Let us learn something of their ancestry and early history, as they appear to be identified with all that is known of the great region, and figure conspicuously wherever there is any business activity; and especially, when there are any efforts made on the part of the white man to come in and possess the land.

In the first half of the Seventeenth Century, twenty years after the Mayflower made fast, with her grappling anchor, to the rocky shore of Plymouth, we hear of this nation of the Northwest, as well as of that tribe whose dying interpreter called for Governor Bradford and begged him to pray that he might go to the" Englishman's God in Heaven."

Le Jeune, in a letter to his Superior Vimont, speaking of the tribes of Indians on Lake Michigan, gives this bit of information, being the first writer to make direct mention of the Dahkotahs. He says: "Further on dwell the Ouinipegou (Winnebago). The latter tribe gave as a reason for adopting that name: 'That they came from the shores of a sea concerning which they had no knowledge.' And that in the neighborhood of this nation, are the Nadouessi (Dahkotahs), and the Arsinuponcas (Assiniboines)." Adding that those names were given him by Sieur Nicholet, whom we find to have been the interpreter of the Algonquin and Huron language for his countrymen. By the above facts it becomes evident that 250 years ago, the Dahkotahs were *further on* than those tribes that dwelt along Lake Michigan, and the inference is that LeJeune meant towards the west. For sixteen years later, in the summer of 1656, two Frenchmen returned to Quebec, that had previously started out to explore the region west of Lake Michigan, and at the same time to search for wealth, the desire for which often tempted such fortune-hunters to hazard everything for its possession; assuring themselves at each perilous step that it lay "only just beyond." Consequently their trips for exploration were very often extended. But those Canadians did return laden with treasures as a reward for their many narrow escapes, and were prepared to give exciting accounts of what they had seen and heard during their wanderings.

In their reports, they speak of "Seeing merchants with packs on their backs." And they were especially impressed with the wretched condition of the people, in the various villages of the Nadoussiouck, Dahkotah, as well as of many other tribes. And no doubt their condition was one of great misery and destitution; for it was to lift the darksome cloud and relieve them, if possible, that Leonard Garreau and Gabriel Dreuilletes were sent out. They were strong in faith and determination to raise that people from such a seemingly hopeless condition.

These two brave Fathers were the first known to have been set apart for the work. The latter-named priest had often been the welcome guest of that Puritan minister and "Apostle of the Indians," the Rev. John Eliot; and on such occasions, the saintly men were accustomed to discuss the question of carrying light and life, in the name of the Savior, to the benighted Indian tribes of the unknown West. And very sacred were those hours of quiet converse to the two friends, full of anticipation and longing to be about the Master's work; while the danger and infeasibility of the task had little weight with these brave "knights" as they sat by the dim fire-light of that primitive Boston home, and planned for the future. But they were not permitted to carry their messages of love. Father Garreau was killed by the Iroquois that made an attack upon the expedition, while the Ojibways became terrified and apprehensive, and would not receive his *confréré*, Dreuilletes.

And the disastrous result is not surprising, when it is remembered that King George was sending emissaries to the Iroquois and Canadian Indians to excite them to war with the colonies: offering $5 a head for every soldier killed, while three wounded ones should be counted as one killed. Later, in 1670, the Nadouessi (Dahkotah's) are referred to as: "A people dreaded by their neighbors, who, although they use only the bow and arrow, use them with such marvelous skill and expertness that in a moment the air is filled." Like the Parthians they turn their heads in fleeing, and discharge their arrows with such unerring aim and rapidity that they are quite as much to be dreaded on their retreat as in their direct attack. "They dwell on the shores, and near the great river Mississippi, speaking a peculiar language, entirely different from the Algonquins and Hurons, whom they surpass in generosity, and often freely release the prisoners, whom they have taken in battle."

The illustrious Marquette, in addressing his superior,

gives a graphic and concise description of the Dahkotahs, in the following: "The Nadouessi are the Iroquois of this country, beyond La Pointe. But they are less faithless, and never attack unless attacked. All the lake tribes make war upon them, but with small success. They have wild rice, use little canoes, and keep their word *strictly*."

With this introduction to the Dakotahs, by their world-famed acquaintances, we find accorded to them characteristics of a high order; such as we can hardly ignore, without further analysis. It is said of them, "As warriors they are expert and adroit marksmen. They surpass both the Algonquins and Hurons in generosity. They often freely release the prisoners whom they have taken in battle." Then the great Marquette comes forward and tells a certain person to whom, of all others, he would not misrepresent the facts, that: "They are less faithless than the Iroquois, and never attack unless attacked,"—a statement to be borne in mind. "That all the lake tribes make war upon them with small success," and closes by according to them, what any nation might justly be proud to have stand against its name; "*And keep their word strictly.*" It is not improbable that a somewhat diligent and prolonged search would be necessary among the "*civilized*" of the world, before a nation could be found of which the latter could be said.

In the same autumn in which De Luth left Montreal, LaSalle was at Fort Frontenac, maturing his plans for the occupation of the valley of the Mississippi; and among those that were to accompany him, was Louis Hennepin, a Francescan priest, and on the 7th day of August, 1679, the ship being completely rigged, was named the "Griffin," in honor of the coat-armor of Frontenac, Governor of Canada. And the "Griffin" had the distinguished honor of being the first ship of European construction to launch upon the great inland seas of North America.

"Nicholas Perott, commanding for the king at the port of Nadouessi, was commissioned by the Marquis de Renville, Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of all New France, to manage the interests of commerce among all the Indian tribes and Western nations of the Upper Mississippi." A map of the Mississippi river was found to have been drawn by a Dahkotah chief; an agreement having been made that the French should bring goods to the river, and that the Dakotahs would come down and trade with them. And it is a proper conclusion that Perott established the trading point known as "Fort Saint Nicholas," for the purpose of carrying out that agreement.

Nicholas Perott, during the years of 1689 and 1690, was in the service of the Jesuits, and, although but a youth, he became familiar with the customs and language of most of the tribes upon the borders of the lakes; which fact made him eminently qualified for the work assigned him, viz.: "That of securing to the French Government the country, so long occupied by the Dakotahs, around the lakes and headwaters of the Mississippi," and which he accomplished by repeated defeats on their part, in their numerous wars with the French.

At length they were completely routed and driven down the Mississippi, and later on are found out on the plains of the Missouri, a most natural sequence. Losses by disease, and continued wars had weakened the hold which they had so long maintained upon the country, and which had given them the name of "The people of the lakes." To them it was a delightsome land. There they made their homes, when not wandering from place to place, finding enjoyment in the wild, free life which it afforded them; and there they were found in great numbers by the Europeans.

The Ojibways (Chippewas), of Lake Superior, and the Dahkotahs were at war for long years; and whenever they were referred to, it was as Nadowysioux (or enemies), and

this word was in time abbreviated by the adventurers and became "*Sioux*," a name which has clung to them, until they are recognized by that one syllable only.

The three great divisions of this nation are again divided, and then subdivided into still smaller bands, the first being known as *Isyanti*. Missionaries claim that lake Isyanti was so named because of the stone that was found near and utilized in the manufacturing of the isanwas (knife). The M'dewakantonwan, the principal band of the Isanti, are mentioned as residing on a lake east of the Mississippi, that tradition tells us, was a day's walk from Isantamde, or Knife lake. The second division is the *Yanktonwan*, usually called Yankton, eliminating the last syllable.

It seems that they occupied the portion of country west of M'dewakantonwan, and north of the Minnesota river. De Lisle located their early residence in the vicinity of Traverse des Sioux, and from there on in a northerly direction, which we believe to be the right course; and some have said that they found the villages of the Titonwans on the old maps located at Lac-qui-Parle and Big Stone Lake.

As far back as 1679, the Senecas were met by Hennepin, near the Falls of Niagara, returning from war with the Dahkotahs, and with whom there were some *Titonwans*. This division is known to have become the most numerous of the whole nation; including one-half of it.

In their wanderings the Titonwans came out upon the plains of the Missouri, and have been styled the "Arabs of America." And in their customs and habits they were not unlike the roaming, desert nomad. The Assiniboines long ago separated themselves from the Sioux. All the tribes that became alienated from the Dahkotahs were called by them "Hohays," as they gave to women all the credit of the disruption. The Ioways, Otoes, Arickarees, Omahaws, Cheyennes, etc.,—the bands that dwelt in the Blue Earth valleys and along the Des Moines and eastern tributaries of

the Missouri, one and all, coveted the hunting-grounds of the Dahkotahs, as they wandered out over the Western plains, and it is not surprising that they sought them with great determination.

The territory of the Sioux of the plains extended from the Mississippi to the Black Hills, and also comprised all from Minne-Waken to the mouth of the Big Sioux. On the 29th of September, 1837, the Sioux ceded to the United States Government all their lands east of the Mississippi river for the sum of $300,000. But the famous treaty in which they ceded to the United States Government all the land from the Otter Tail river, through Lake Traverse, to the junction of the Big Sioux and Missouri rivers, was not perfected until 1851. It was an immense tract of country, containing 35,000,000 acres, and for which the Government paid $3,000,000. At the same time they reserved to themselves a portion comprising a section 20x140 acres. The proceedings of which were translated into Dahkotah by the Rev. S. R. Riggs. But, the Government neglecting to carry out its treaty to the satisfaction and acceptance of the Sioux, they finally became hostile, and not until subdued by General Harney in the battle at Little Blue water, September 3, 1855, was a treaty of peace concluded. Subsequently, their ammunition being withheld and frauds practiced, their hearts became bad, and again they arose and began another work of slaughter; their only way of retaliating. And this time they were suppressed by Generals Sibley and Sully.

DAKOTA ORGANIZED AS A TERRITORY.

Not until 1860 could settlers make a permanent home around the Sioux falls undisturbed by the Indians, although initiatory steps were taken as far back as when Minnesota stood waiting at the door. And the Territory of Dakota

THE FALLS OF THE SIOUX, SIOUX FALLS CITY, S. D.

was not organized until 1860, one year before the breaking out of the Civil War. Consequently, her birth was at a time of special trouble and gloom throughout the Union, and her infancy was passed during months of great discouragement and apprehension. But she waxed strong, notwithstanding the gathering storm, whose lurid clouds and low mutterings foretold the rapidly approaching crisis which was to deluge our land with tears and blood.

Dakota had drawn her embryotic breath amid scenes of discord and slaughter; and the disturbance incident to a civil war did not materially interfere with her growth. On the contrary, in 1870, she tipped the scales with 14,181, her population at the end of the first decade. And, in justice, it should not be forgotten that probably seven-eighths of that number were to be found residents of what is now South Dakota. It was a memorable day for Yankton, May 27, 1861, when the important young city welcomed Governor William Jayne, and extended the right hand of fellowship to the first Executive of the Territory of Dakota! And Dakotans may well be proud of the personal records of their first Governor, who is a native of Springfield, Illinois, and a graduate from Illinois College. Dr. Jayne has been a practicing physician thirty years, and an active politician from early manhood; first as a Henry Clay Whig, and since 1854 as a Republican.

In April, 1861, Dr. Jayne was appointed Governor of the Territory of Dakota, by President Abraham Lincoln, his intimate, personal and political friend and fellow-townsman. And since the return of Governor Jayne from Dakota, his native city has three times elected him its mayor; and various offices of trust and importance have sought him.

On the 17th day of March, 1862, the first Territorial Legislature convened at Yankton, the capitol city.

In the Council:

John H. Shober, President.
James Tufts, Secretary.
E. M. Bond, Assistant Secretary.
W. R. Goodfellow, Engrossing and Enrolling Clerk.
Rev. S. W. Ingham, Chaplain.
Charles F. Picotte, Sergeant-at-Arms.
E. B. Wixon, Messenger.
W. W. Warford, Fireman.

House:

Geo. M. Pinney, Speaker.
J. R. Hanson, Chief Clerk.
James M. Allen, Assistant Clerk.
Daniel Gifford, Enrolling Clerk.
B. M. Smith, Engrossing Clerk.
M. D. Metcalf, Chaplain.
James Somers, Sergeant-at-Arms.
A. B. Smith, Messenger.
Ole Anderson, Fireman.

Governor Jayne's administration, from 1861 to 1863, covered a period of general disturbance, with very little to indicate a better condition, either in State or Territory. The North and South were at war; the Indians of the West were troublesome and dangerous, and anxiety and mourning over all the land. But Mr. Lincoln made no mistake when he sent his life-long friend, Wm. Jayne, to govern the new Territory.

Philemon Bliss was appointed first Chief Justice of the Territory of Dakota, and to the Supreme bench, serving from 1861 to 1864. Judge Bliss died at St. Paul, in the summer of 1889, at the ripe age of seventy-six years.

POLITICAL WARFARE, AND BLOODLESS VICTORIES.

The first candidate for delegate to Congress was J. B. S. Todd; he was elected in 1861 over A. J. Bell and H. O. Booge, republicans. Todd, a democrat, receiving 397 votes; Bell, 78; Booge, 110. Governor Jayne, in 1862, received 237 votes, against Todd 221. But Todd afterwards con-

tested the honorable gentleman's seat and was successful. The following delegates were, from time to time, in the political contest. In 1864, Dr. W. A. Burleigh defeated his opposer, Captain Todd, for a third term.

Again, in 1866, Burleigh was successful, with W. W. Brookings, a republican, in opposition. Somewhat ambitious, as would be expected, from former victories. Dr. Burleigh in 1868, appeared as a candidate on the independent ticket, for a third term, together with J. W. Tohey and J. P. Kidder on the independent; S. L. Spink, republican; and J. B. S. Todd, democratic. The honorable S. L. Spink was the winning candidate; and again, in 1870, was a candidate with Dr. Burleigh, against M. K. Armstrong, democrat. The latter, however, was elected; and in 1872 he was re-elected after a hard fight, contending for the seat against Judge G. C. Moody and Judge W. W. Brookings.

J. P. Kidder was the republican candidate in 1874, in opposition to M. K. Amstrong who desired a third term. Kidder was elected, and, in 1867, was again successful over the opposing candidate, S. L. Spink, who had this time been placed in the field by the democrats. In 1878, Judge G. G. Bennett was the candidate, and was elected over Bartlett Tripp, afterwards Chief Justice of the Territory. In 1880 R. F. Pettigrew was the republican candidate, and M. L. McCormack the democrat. The former was elected. John B. Raymond, republican, was elected in 1882, over Judge W. W. Brookings, democrat, and in 1884 came forward for re-nomination, and was defeated by O. S. Gifford, who served from 1884, till 1886. But not without sharply contesting every step, was the day lost to Mr. Raymond. Judge Gifford was opposed in 1884 by J. R. Wilson, democrat. Captain Todd, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Kidder and Dr. Burleigh, each served two terms. O. S. Gifford, having been re-elected in 1886, also served two terms.

GOVERNORS OF THE TERRITORY OF DAKOTA.

William Jayne, a native of Illinois, republican, appointed by President Lincoln, 1861.

Newton Edmunds, republican, appointed by President Lincoln in 1863.

Andrew J. Faulk, a native of Pennsylvania, republican, appointed by President Johnson in 1866.

John A. Burbank, a native of Indiana, republican, appointed by President Grant 1869 to 1874.

John L. Pennington, republican, appointed by President U. S. Grant in 1874.

William A. Howard, a native of Vermont, republican, appointed by President Hayes, 1878; died in office.

Nehemiah G. Ordway, a native of New Hampshire, republican, appointed by President Hayes in 1880.

Gilbert A. Pierce, a native of New York, republican, appointed by President Arthur in 1884.

Louis K. Church, a native of New York, democrat, appointed by President Cleveland in 1887.

Arthur C. Mellette, republican, appointed by President Harrison in 1889.

ACTING GOVERNORS.

George H. Hand, of Yankton, South Dakota, republican.
M. L. McCormack, Grand Forks, North Dakota, Democrat.

SECRETARIES.

John Hutchinson, .	1861–65	Oscar Whiting, .	1873–74
S. L. Spink, . . .	1865–69	Geo. H. Hand, .	1874–83
T. M. Wilkins, . .	1869–70	J. M. Teller, . .	1883–86
G. H. Batchilder, .	1870–72	M. L. McCormack,	1886–89
*E. S. McCook, .	1872–73	L. B. Richardson, .	1889 —

Secretary Hand and *Secretary McCormack* were "Acting" Governors of the Territory for a considerable period

* Assassinated, September, 1873, by Peter P. Wintermute.

during their official terms, occupying both, and the highest positions of state, with equal acceptance to the people and honor to themselves.

CHIEF JUSTICES.

Philemon Bliss, .	1861–64	Peter C. Shannon,	1873–81
Ara Bartlett, . .	1865–69	A. G. Edgerton, .	1881–85
Geo. W. French, .	1869–73	Bartlett Tripp, .	1885–88

ASSOCIATE JUSTICES.

S. P. Williston, .	1861–65	W. E. Gleason, .	1865–66
J. S. Williams, . .	1861–64	J. P. Kidder, . .	1865–75
Ara Bartlett, . .	1864–65	J. W. Boyle, . .	1864–69
W. W. Brookings, .	1869–73	S. A. Hudson, . .	1881–85
A. H. Barnes, . .	1873–81	*Wm. E. Church, .	1883–86
G. G. Bennett, . .	1875–79	*L. K. Church, .	1885–87
G. C. Moody, . .	1878–83	†Seward Smith, .	1884 —
‡J. P. Kidder, . .	1878–83	W. H. Francis, .	1884–88
C. S. Palmer, . .	1883-87	John E. Carland, .	1887 —
Roderick Rose, . .	1888 —	Wm. B. McConnell,	1885 —
C. F. Templeton, .	1888 —	C. M. Thomas, .	1886 —
Louis W. Crofoot, .	1888 —	James Spencer, .	1887 —
Frank R. Aikens.			

UNITED STATES ATTORNEYS.

Wm. E. Gleason, .	1861–64	‡Wm. Pound . .	1873–77
Geo. H. Hand, . .	1866–69	Hugh J. Campbell,	1877–85
*Warren Coles, . .	1869–73	John E. Carland, .	1885–88
William E. Purcell,	1888 —	John Murphey, .	1889 —

SURVEYORS GENERAL.

Geo. D. Hill, . .	1861–65	Henry Esperson, .	1877–81
Wm. Tripp, . . .	1865–69	Cortez Fersenden,	1881–85
W. H. H. Beadle, .	1869–73	Maris Taylor, . .	1885 —
Wm. P. Dewy, . .	1873–77	B. H. Sullivan, . .	1889–89

* Resigned. † Suspended. ‡ Died in office.

UNITED STATES MARSHALS.

Wm. F. Shaffer,	1861 —	John B. Raymond,	1877 —
Geo. M. Pinney,	1861 —	Harrison Allen,	1881 —
L. H. Litchfield,	1865 —	Daniel W. Maratta,	1885–90
J. H. Burdick,	1872 —		

Sioux Falls, the county seat of Minnehaha county, is located by the falls of the Big Sioux river, South Dakota. The situation of this city is especially favorable; in the midst of a country from which, on every hand, avenues of wealth are leading, in the way of natural advantages and an unparalleled variety of industries. And such facilities have made it a manufacturing town, as a most natural sequence. And especially prominent among the many enterprises of Sioux Falls stands that of her quarries of building stone, *quartzite*. This rock has attracted much attention on account of its durability and beauty; while at the same time it is susceptible to a brilliant polish. And with such paying qualities as those, the Jasper "mines," of Sioux Falls, are worked with good results; from which has grown a large business, with its contiguous branches, aside from the "shipping," which has already extended throughout the Northwest. This stone has been used in many of the costliest buildings in the Territory. Four very commodious and handsome public school buildings and sixteen churches are evidence of what the educational and religious advantages are which the city affords her 12,000 inhabitants. The Baptist College and St. Rose Academy (Catholic), are also in Sioux Falls.

The newspapers of the city are in the hands of some of the brightest journalists of the Northwest, and thoroughly appreciated by the intelligent readers. While her banking houses, solid as the granite piles, give confidence and stability to all her legitimate enterprises. Among them are the Citizens' National Bank, E. P. Beck, president; Dakota National Bank, Geo. H. Brace, president; Minnehaha

National Bank, E. A. Sherman, president; Sioux Falls National Bank, C. E. McKinney, president; Sioux Falls Savings Bank, William Van Eps, president. The new court-house is one of the most creditable structures of its kind in the State, and an honor to the city, whose prosperity it represents. And especially fortunate has this pioneer city of Dakota been in the class of men that comprised her early settlers. For the most part, they remained permanently in the city, and, in whatever pertained to its well-being, they stood shoulder to shoulder, and never lost faith in its ultimate prosperity, however discouraging may have been the outlook at times. And with the prophetic vision peculiar to the shrewd, clear-headed business man, they foresaw the future greatness and importance which is destined to come to this beautiful city by the falls.

For years, the nearest railroad accessible to the traveling public of Sioux Falls was at Worthington, sixty-nine miles distant. Yet to-day her facilities for travel and traffic, with the prosperity natural to such, have few, if any, equals in the Northwest, everything considered. And a person unfamiliar with Western enterprise and the consequently rapid growth of Western towns and cities, would hardly believe their own eyes, could they compare the surroundings of the Sioux falls, by which those pioneers halted in 1856, and vainly tried to plant the standard of civilization, with the smart city that surrounds them in 1890.

But the musical falls still flow on, unvexed by the noise and bustle of the crowded street and harsh shrieking engine. Yet we are reminded that the busy mart and Nature's quiet harmony are incompatible. And as Dakota's virgin land and sparkling water-falls are made subservient to the white man's needs, it well-nigh seems a prostitution of charms that she had hidden for long years from every gaze, save that of the harmless buffalo and soft-brown deer, jealousy guarded by the lance and tomahawk.

THE PENITENTIARY—SIOUX FALL.

This handsome structure, like all of its kind in Dakota, was built after the latest and "most approved plans." It has a very desirable location, on a site 165 feet above the Big Sioux river, one mile north of the city. The main building is 54x70 feet, with two wings 51x77 feet. The material used was the Sioux Falls jasper. The interior is finished and furnished to the acceptance of a people that leaves nothing undone that should be done for the public good and its credit. Evidence of the fact is well shown in the consigning of this important institution to Warden T. D. Kanouse, and his faithful, efficient wife. By them in their care and teachings, the prisoners are indeed "visited." And in whose consistent lives and Christian efforts in their behalf, they find an incentive to come up higher, as they see these patient workers reach down to them in their depth of vice and misery with kindly words of hope.

THE DAKOTA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

The Agricultural College of Brookings, the county-seat of Brookings county, is an institution open to both sexes, not less than fifteen years of age. A preparatory course is given for the purpose of fitting students for the college course. In 1888 an appropriation was made of $42,896. There are three college buildings, viz.: "College Hall," "Ladies' Dormitory" and "Gentleman's Dormitory," all admirably fitted for their various uses; including chemical laboratory, surveying, engineering and physical apparatus, valued at $2,500. A farm of 400 acres, with herds of blooded stock of all kinds; farm buildings, machinery and implements for its cultivation. A well furnished carpenter and machine shop, and a culinary laboratory. This worthy institution has a library of over 1,000 volumes of standard and technical works.

In the wide range of departments and branches, for both young men and women, and its excellent appointments in

all directions, nearly, it is a great factor in the plan for educating the youth of Dakota. And with President Lewis McLouth, A. M. Ph. D., supported by an able faculty, its object is likely to be obtained. Meanwhile, it will become a credit and source of pride to Brookings City, whose name suggests the pioneer, long tramps and hard struggles; and the time-honored Judge, whose name it bears, one of the loyal Dakotans who proudly notes every advancing step taken by the growing, young States.

CHAPTER III.

NEWTON EDMUNDS — SECOND GOVERNOR OF DAKOTA — THE FAMOUS PEACE TREATIES.

In January, 1861, Newton Edmunds arrived in the new city of Yankton. He was a man in his prime, and destined to perform an important part in the affairs of the young Territory. Mr. Edmunds soon found employment in the Surveyor-General's office, where he remained two years. There were then in the town but three white families—Mr. and Mrs. Ash, Mr. and Mrs. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. McCleese, besides about forty men. Emigration continued sparse and slow, consisting of Scandinavians and some Western families.

On the arrival of Mr. Edmunds at Yankton, he made his way to the only hotel of which it could boast, an establishment which would compare somewhat unfavorably with the fine, commodious ones in which the traveler of to-day finds attention and home comforts in the same city. That hotel consisted of rooms Nos. 1 and 2, and they were made to serve in various capacities—cook-room, parlor, etc., etc., all of which were surmounted with a dirt roof.

Across from this "Way-side Inn," the inevitable saloon dispensed such other luxuries as might be in requisition. This resort was kept by a Mexican, a Rebel. On the morning following Mr. Edmunds' first night in Yankton, he thought he would go out for a stroll about the town, and to see what his surroundings were like; and as he was passing this saloon, fifteen of the hardest, roughest kind of men emerged from their den and surrounded him; supplementing

this effrontery by asking him to go in and drink with them. Mr. Edmunds said to them, "No, I do not want anything to drink." Whereupon they began to come up closer, and then to push him towards the door; plainly showing him that they intended to force him inside, and where, of course, they thought to have him at their mercy. Although making little headway, he decided that they had gone about far enough in their proceedings; and bethought to make them a little speech, in which he told them that he had nothing to say against their drinking, if they choose to do so, but that he did not wish to drink; and furthermore, that he could not, as it made him sick, and they *must* excuse him!

There was something, no doubt, in his voice and manner, as well as in the words, which commanded their attention and respect. For after listening to his remarks they ceased urging, broke their ranks, and allowed the stranger to go on undisturbed. And said the distinguished gentleman: "From that time on, I never received any unpleasant treatment."

Time passed, and Robear's saloon flourished, and was necessarily doing much harm, as the handful of settlers required all the aid possible, from every man for their protection from the hostile Indians. They already had forty men under arms, and it was decided that the Mexican must seek another vocation; consequently, an officer was sent to order him to close up, but he refused. At this juncture Newton Edmunds came forward and said: "Give me the order, and I will see that that saloon is closed." It was at once given to him, and he proceeded to the place. Going directly into the room, he said: "Mr. Robear, it is very necessary for the protection of our people that you comply with this order; and you ought to be willing to do so. Now, I *insist* that you close your saloon, and do it at once, immediately! and I will see that you are not injured." "The result was," says Governor Edmunds, "he gave me the keys

on the spot." Another illustration of his persuasive power over disturbing elements.

And an interesting fact was learned, concerning the honorable gentleman, that his policy has been, during all the trying scenes of his eventful life on the border, characterized by this homely truth: "One can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar."

Fifty stands of muskets and twenty rounds of ammunition had already been sent from Fort Randall; besides, they were provided with a good stockade. But fortunately, the Indians did not attack the town, although they came up on the high ground overlooking it. For ten days the men of Yankton did not undress; all their sleep was obtained at long intervals, now and then, in the daytime; as the utmost vigilance was required through the night. And those were not the men to be caught napping.

It is an important fact that every officer at Fort Randall that belonged to the United States Army, left and went into the Rebel service, with the noble exception of *Second Lieutenant Tannett*, a young officer just from West Point. He took command of the Post at once, and remained with the troops, loyal to his trust and to the Flag, and to the Government which he represented, and at one time, even sent down troops and arrested several men that were talking treason at Yankton. Honor to Lieutenant Tannett!

In August, 1863, Newton Edmunds was appointed Governor of the Territory of Dakota. He had been instrumental in holding the town site and in various capacities had labored faithfully for the best interests of the valley. And the second appointment by Mr. Lincoln was also a wise and satisfactory one. In 1865, two Indian campaigns had already cost the Government about $8,000,000, and Governor Edmunds believed that such an expenditure might be stopped, and, accordingly, went to Washington to see what measures could be adopted. On his arrival he called upon

President Lincoln and made known to him the object of his visit, saying to him: "In my judgment, peace can be had, and a stop put to this enormous expenditure. And I believe it can be obtained at a cost to the Government, of not more than $30,000." As Governor Edmunds concluded his statement, Mr. Lincoln looked up at him, saying: "Do you think so, sir?" and at once wrote a note to Thaddeus Stevens, and informed him, in substance, of what he had just listened to. Mr. Stevens read the note, and moved to have the sum appropriated (or $25,000), and it passed. And in June, Governor Edmunds received letters of instruction, naming the Commission, which was composed of the following: The Rev. Dr. Reed, Colonel Taylor, of Omaha, General Curtis and Governor Edmunds. Their orders were to go over the Missouri river and treat with the Indians. The above-named gentlemen came on in about a month, and together they started on their mission, going up as far as Fort Randall. Up to that point, the Indians were friendly, but above there, they were hostile. Orders had also been given for furnishing protection for the Commission if they wished it; but Governor Edmunds said: "No, we will treat for *peace*." While General Curtis said: "Yes, we must have protection." Still the Governor advocated going naked-hand, in which he was joined by Dr. Reed; and, finally Colonel Taylor also went over to their side. And with that understanding they started and went up the river, sending out runners to ask the Indians to come and see them.

The Indians assured the Commission that they were ready to accept overtures of peace, and frankly told them that they had had war enough. They then proceeded up the Missouri, and when above Fort Berthold learned that a large band of Black Feet Sioux were in the vicinity; hearing which the Governor took Chas. F. Picotte, the interpreter, and together they started out, on foot and unattended, to find the camp.

When they had traveled on, three or four miles, in search of the wily Black Feet, the interpreter, with his trained eye, detected an Indian, and motioned to him to come up to them. He did so, and he then asked him what band he belonged to. He told him the "Yanktons." The interpreter then inquired about the camp, the number, and its location, and was informed that it was farther on, and he thought it numbered about 2,500.

Through Mr. Picotte, Governor Edmunds told the Indian where their boat, the "Calipso," was lying, and that the Great Father had sent out three or four men to see them and make peace with them, and thus stop the war, adding: "Now, if you want to see us, we will wait for you at the boat." He listened to what they had to say, and went on his way, back to camp, while the Governor and interpreter returned to the boat, well paid for their investigation. An interview attended with no little risk.

After waiting three or four hours, yonder, they saw approaching 2,000 Indians, who came directly to the point where they lay, and at once came on board. They loaded the boat down to such an extent that Capt. Le Baze, who had his family on board, hence had taken the precaution to lock the cabin, doing everything in his power to insure safety, exclaimed: "We shall all be killed as certain as the world!" But Governor Edmunds quietly replied: "No, I guess not," and went at once right in among the scrambling, crowding hostiles that were armed for service, painted black, and, apparently, ready for battle.

As soon as something like quiet had been obtained, the Governor addressed them in these words: "My friends, I saw one of your number out on the prairie, and sent word to you, by him, that the Great Father had sent out three or four men to see you, and to treat with you for peace; did you get the word?" One of the Indians replied: "Yes." "Now," continued the Governor, "when the Great

Father sends the white brother to *make peace* with the red brother, he sends him unarmed; but when he sends us *to war* with you, he sends soldiers to fight with you." He said no more, but waited for their consideration of that much.

After a time the Chief held a little conversation with his people, whereupon they all moved off the boat, and laid down their arms. After that somewhat surprising act, on their part, Governor Edmunds continued the parley. "My friends, when you got that word from me, why did you come here armed?" To this the Chief made answer: "The white man has lied to us!" But that intelligent Commissioner, and shrewd Diplomate made no reply to the plain-spoken assertion; he was not there to argue, nor refute, but "to make peace!" And instead of discussing with them, he at once proceeded to the distribution of the stores and presents that he had brought to them, among which were blankets for the Chiefs, calico for the women, and flour for all. The result was such as might be expected. Terms of peace were concluded immediately, and the party returned to their homes, and that, too, without having been molested or injured by the Indians.

In the following year, they again went up the highway of the Northwest, and this time treated with the Crows, and in fact all the Upper Missouri Indians, in Montana. The treaty was finished in 1866, and ratified in Congress. At the mouth of the Yellowstone they met the Unkpapas. About six thousand of those famous Sioux had been at war with the whites. The troops had lost thousands of horses that had been stolen by the Indians, and had retreated and gone South. The Indians had moved down, and were in camp on the Yellowstone.

Old Fort Union was then a fur-trading post, and Governor Edmunds told the Indians to hold a council, and then come and see the Commission. Meanwhile, the latter went to the Fort. In good time the Indians appeared and were

willing to treat; but the Fur Company was anxious to trade with them, and the Commission gave the Post authority to go down for that purpose. But they soon got into trouble and sent for the Commissioners to come to their assistance; and they steamed down at once. Colonel Rankin had a post just across the river, and there they stopped and took on a 6 lb. caison and some ammunition, and went over and brought the piece to bear upon them. The result was a complete dispersing of the Indians; the traders were taken on board, and returned to the Fort. But in two or three days the Indians came back, and they made a treaty.

Says Governor Edumunds: "I really did not blame the Indians much, when I considered the fact that they were exchanging elegant robes for scarcely more than a cup of sugar." In August, 1876, a Commission, to treat for the Black Hills, known as "The Treaty of 1876," started in at Fort Robinson, Nebraska. Two-thirds of the Indians were hostiles, from the Custer battle. The gentlemen associated with Governor Edmunds were Bishop Whipple, Colonel Manypenny, Judge Gaylord, Dr. Daniel, Colonel Boone, grandson of Daniel Boone, and Dr. Brules.

The honorable board found the Indians silent and stubborn. They waited there ten days, submitting their propositions, and carefully explaining the whys and wherefores; but could not get them to talk, even. Finally, remembering that the vulnerable spot of an Indian is some distance above his heel, they notified them that they should stop their rations. But the Commission dare not actually carry it into effect, and believed it wise not to do so. Notwithstanding, Governor Edmunds carried the proposition by just one vote, and Judge Gaylord served the notice. The Indians got very much excited, and there was no little speculation as to the ultimate result. But before they got through, the Council gave in, and signified their readiness to treat with them. But the Commission was then obliged to tell the chiefs that

CHIEF SPOTTED TAIL AND HIS BROKEN-HEARTED DAUGHTER.

they were not ready; that now *they* must wait for some necessary preparations. And the fact was, they sat up all night to prepare the work for consummation. Bishop Whipple was more than astonished; and not one of the gentlemen had looked for such a ready coming over, on the part of those who had been so stubborn at the start. This Commission also went down to the Rosebud Agency and treated with the Brules. There they got into quite a spirited discussion, and says Governor Edmunds: "Spotted Tail made the best speech I ever heard made by an Indian! He charged the Government with failing to keep its promises and word with them for years back, in a most cutting manner. Altogether it was a cool, careful and comprehensive address, with good reasoning." After he had finished, the Governor said: "What shall we do, Bishop?" "Do nothing; we can't satisfy them that the Government has tried to carry out their treaty." "Then I will call him back, and present our special business to him." And after the return of the distinguisned chief, the Governor arose in council and thus addressed Spotted Tail: "We are not here to defend the Government, nor to exonerate it in its past dealings with you; but it is a fact that you are having a great deal of trouble, and we have come to see you for the purpose of getting those white men out." The Indians readily understood and saw the honesty of the men, and relented on the spot, signing the treaty by candle-light Saturday night.

Governor Edmunds was anxious to get home, and said to the Bishop, who did not intend to go: "Bishop, I am going to start for Sidney in the morning and I am not going without an escort," and Judge Gaylord says, "I am going, too." Having thus decided, the Governor said to Spotted Tail: "I want to go to Sidney, and I want you to send two of your men, well-mounted and armed, to see me safely across the country. 'I will do it,' said Spotted Tail promptly, 'ride through my camp in the morning and they

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will be ready.' As agreed, we rode in on a buck-board; they were waiting, fine-looking young men, mounted on fat, elegant horses. We paid them as escort five dollars per day and rations."

When the gentlemen were ready to start, the Indian escort fell behind; and during the journey, if they saw any Indians off on the prairie, they would ride out to them and explain who they were. That treaty cost the government a little less than $15,000, and secured the Black Hills country, and a portion of Wyoming and Southeastern Montana, while the other cost $125,000, a perfectly useless expenditure. In 1883 a Commission was appointed to break up the Reservation, composed of Ex-Governor Edmunds, J. H. Teller and Judge Shannon. They went to Pine Ridge and there called a council, in September, to which Red Cloud and all his people came. There were six or seven hundred Indians.

The Commission had their argreement all prepared, and Governor Edmunds explained it to them. When he had concluded, one of the chiefs got up, and pointing to him, said: "There is the man that got the Black Hills from us for nothing; get out of here!" and they all started; but the Governor called out to them: "That chief is lying to you, come back!" They discussed the thing among themselves for a while and then came back. After quiet was restored, he again addressed them: "My friends I want to remind you of the fact that when I came out to Fort Robinson I found you hungry and naked and took pity on you, and provided for your needs, till now you have thousands of cattle at a cost of $3,000 which were bought by the Great Father; and over yonder is a large ware-house with $3,000 more in goods; did you buy that or did the Great Father? Another with clothing, tent-cloth, etc., costing two or three hundred more. Did you or the Great Father buy that? Now, but for that treaty you would have starved to death. Am I your friend

or not? It has cost more than all the money that the white man has taken from the Black Hills to feed and clothe you since then." With this he concluded his argument, and said nothing more to them; but the result was, on the following day the Indians signed the treaty; which important transaction was the breaking up of the Great Reservation.

This Commission next went to Fort Yates, by the way of Bismarck. Bishop Marty was present, also Mrs. Galpin. The latter took her place in the council and there made an urgent plea for the project. Mr. Heinman, as interpreter. Colonel Gilbert, then in command at Fort Yates, with some of his officers, went into the council to watch the proceedings, as there was a prospect of some exciting talk. The Commission explained the proposition, already signed by the other Indians, and Long Soldier was to reply. He was, as his name indicates, a very tall man, fully six feet and a half, with a powerful voice, deep and heavy. He knew Governor Edmunds of old. Getting up to address the council, he said to the Indians: "We don't want to make a treaty! The white men have violated every agreement they have made in the past. I know this man!" referring to Governor Edmunds. They listened attentively to him, and seemed inclined to fall in with him.

After he had finished his tirade, the Governor got up, deliberately removed his coat, although thirty degrees below zero, and began his reply, presenting the other side of the question. "I know this Long Soldier. Twenty years ago I went out 250 miles and brought him in and treated with him. I don't know whether he is a chief or not; at any rate, he has not the courage to sign a treaty, even if he knows it is right. But I see men among you that do know when they have a good offer."

They then adjourned and went over to Major McLaughlin's house. Soon after they had seated themselves, Mrs.

McLaughlin came into the room and said to Governor Edmunds: "Long Soldier wants to see you." "What does he want?" "He says he thought he would hand to you a knife, and then he would take his knife, and prove whether he is a coward." "Well, that of itself proves that he is a coward," replied the Governor. Again Mrs. McLaughlin reported. "Long Soldier wants to prove to you that he is a chief, and he wants to sign." "No, he can't sign in private, but when in council I will treat with him." And the blustering brave appeared promptly at the next council, and bragged and boasted of his high position as chief, and was ready to sign the treaty. He was informed, however, that the Commission was not ready then, but when it was, an opportunity would be given him. Afterwards, when they laid out the copy, and executed it, Long Soldier came forward, and, just barely touching the pen, ran as for his life. Gall and John Grass both walked up and signed; and every one of the Indians, as fast as they could have opportunity. That was the treaty of 1883, ratified by Congress.

And in view of the work accomplished by the honorable gentleman, where can a greater peacemaker be found, since the days of him who made "The only Indian treaty never sworn to, and never broken," when he gathered the *Lenni Lenape* in the quiet shadows of the elm tree at Shackamaxon?

For the young metropolis and the new-born Territory he did a great work. But now, surrounded by an intelligent family, Governor Edmunds is enjoying the eventide, after life's long, busy day, which he filled with honest, earnest labor.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARLES F. PICOTTE, THE GREAT PACIFICATOR AND LEADER OF THE YANKTON-SIOUX.

In the contents of this chapter will be found records calculated to awaken special interest, on the part of the reader, in those that participated in the exciting events, prominent among whom, is Mr. Charles Picotte, an intelligent Yankton "half-breed," and educated gentleman. To him the United States Government owes a great debt of gratitude for service rendered, such as no other person could have rendered, nor had the power to do.

Mr. Picotte was born at the mouth of the Big Cheyenne river in 1830. He was the son of Mr. Henoré Picotte, of St. Louis, for years an active member of the American Fur Company, and a member of the aristocratic "Picotte family," but *his mother was a full-blooded Yankton-Sioux.* When the lad reached the age of eight years, Mr. Picotte wished him placed in school. And accordingly Father De Smet, who was then a much revered worker among the bands along the Missouri river, took the boy to St. Louis, and there placed him in school. He remained until 1854, when he returned to his people or peoples; for he labored equally among those of both his father and mother.

But let us see what Mr. Picotte was engaged in, immediately prior to the commencing of work which has distinguished him. A Reservation between the Menominies had been alloted to the half-breeds of the Omaha, Otoes, Sacs, Iowas, Yankton-Sioux and Poncas, the latter a tribe of Omahas. And an agent had been sent out to transact the business,

who in the opinion of Charles Picotte, was a genuine swindler. Being himself eligible to a share of the land, he naturally took some interest in how it was being disposed of. And on learning the true state of affairs, he says: "I went out to chastise Com. Starks; and by the way, Ben. Haliday was one of his partners. Having learned that the agent had left the Reserve, I went as far as Leavenworth, but could not catch him; driving night and day by stage, in vain." It seems that their plan, which was after this wise, had come to light: If they discovered that an Indian was obliged to sell his land, they would straightway allot him the very best, and pay him for it, with one or two horses.

It does not require great powers of discernment to see through the fraud, and the object of Mr. Picotte's trip was to stop this imposition upon his people. While in Sioux City, Iowa, he learned that a Captain White, of Washington, was at Fort Randall, Dakota, trying to get the chiefs and head men to return with him to treat for South Dakota. But they refused, and would not go until the return of their friend and champion, whom they well knew would advise them as to the proper course. Captain White evidently underrated Mr. Picotte's influence with his people, and thought that he could easily secure their consent without his assistance. But we will let the gentleman tell it in his own way. "When I reached Fort Randall, I went with the Chief to see the Commanding officer, Major Day. The Chief explained to him that I was the man they were waiting for, and that they should do as I said; but he paid no attention to me, saying to them: 'Perhaps this man will look out for his own interests, and not yours.' So I said nothing, and walked out to return to camp, and all the Indians followed me. I then told them to start off on their fall hunt, as we were not prepared to go to Washington, while I went on to Fort Pierre. But one week after I got home to Pierre, Major Day sent a messenger with a letter to me, telling me to report to him;

and that if I did not, to send me out of the country. He also sent Captain Todd to try and get the head Chief, Struck-By-The-Ree, to go down. But instead of going with him, Struck-By-The-Ree went with me."

On their arrival they went to see Major Day. Mr. Picotte told him that he thought it pretty hard to be ordered out of his own country, but was prepared to go to Washington, and see if he had a right to do it. To that the Major laughingly said: "I only ordered you down to talk the matter over with you, I believe it can all be arranged between you and Captain Todd. I am sorry I did not know you on your way up. Now go and see him in regard to going to Washington." He did so, and the matter was fully discussed by the Captain and Mr. Picotte. In reply to Captain Todd's question, why he objected to going to Washington, Mr. Picotte told him that the Indians had not suitable clothing, in the first place; and besides, that he did not think it best to be in a hurry about disposing of the lands. On the other hand, Captain Todd thought it best to comply with the Government (*this time*), and if they did not make a treaty they could return without.

After deliberating upon the proposition awhile, Mr. Picotte consented to go and take the Chiefs to Washington. Preparations were accordingly made, and he started on the 11th of December, 1857, with twelve Indians and four Chiefs, including himself. The journey was an exceedingly hard and trying one. The facilities for crossing this great country were not then, what they are to-day; and to travel by stage, across the entire State of Iowa, in midwinter, was no holiday trip. Nor can the hardships and privations attending travel in those days be imagined by persons unfamiliar with the times.

Says Mr. Picotte of that journey: "We had two wagons, with four horses on each. Sometimes we would break down, sometimes upset, and again be stuck fast in the snow."

"Captain Todd, fearing that the Indians might get sick by changing water, recommended that a keg of whiskey be taken along, and when it was empty he had it refilled. At one time when we tipped over, the wagon went completely on its side, and I went to the bottom with the whole load, keg and all, on top of me, and I well remember as they crawled out, they were all shouting 'Where is Charlie?' But pretty soon I held up the keg and told them to take that and they would find me, *next to it.* You see we tried to get some little fun out of the great annoyance." But the expedition at last reached Iowa City, and there took the cars, arriving in Washington January 1, 1858.

A journey of twenty-one days to reach our National Capital, seems hardly possible to a Dakotan that seats himself in a Pullman car in 1890. The delegation remained in Washington till April the 19th; the reason for the delay being found in the fact that a majority of the Indians did not want to sell their land, and Struck-By-the-Ree and Mr. Picotte labored hard and long to overcome the objections made by them, but finally succeeded, telling them that the whites were coming in, and rapidly settling in the country, and would want the land. That they would be sure to have more or less trouble, and war would probably break out; "and I am satisfied," said Mr. Picotte, "that we would have been the first Sioux to fight the whites, instead of the Santees, if it had not been for that treaty."

But that was only one, of scores of instances in the life of this faithful man, wherein he has labored for the interests of our Government and the whites; yet, at the same time, and always, true as steel to his people!

Mr. Picotte further said: "As it was, we came pretty near having a fight before the treaty was ratified. The whites would come over from Nebraska, put up houses—sometimes in the night—at Yankton, Vermillion and Smutty Bear Bottom. I had about forty Indians go with me on one

occasion, to explain to them that the treaty was not ratified, and that they had no right there, and must take their effects away, for we should certainly burn their houses. I had to do that several times."

They got their first annuities in June, 1859, and in the spring of 1859 all the Sioux, numbering 2,600, were in the Struck-By-the-Ree valley, where the city of Yankton now is. And on the first of May, Mr. Picotte went up the river about fifty miles to select a place to receive the first annuities, which should be for a permanent agency; and where is now seen the pleasant Yankton agency, he put up a frame-work, over which the agent could throw tarpaulin to protect and cover the goods. When the boat got to Struck-By-the-Ree, the agent stopped and gave the Indians enough to last them on their journey up to the new agency. Agent Redfield, from Michigan, was in charge. In that treaty the Indians ceded "all the lands from the mouth of the Big Sioux river up the Missouri to Medicine Knoll creek, near Pierre; from there in a direct line to the mouth of Snake river, thence to Kampaska, thence to the Big Sioux; from there down the Big Sioux to the Missouri."

"At the payment of the first annuities we came near having trouble," said Mr. Picotte; "as the agent refused to let us know what had been sent, and it was promised in the treaty that we should know, and it was no more than just. But I advised them to accept it just as it was; and by a good deal of talking and explaining, kept them down. There was plenty of game in those days, and our people were, in consequence, more independent."

In 1860, the Indians came very near killing all the whites. Major Redfield was thought to be swindling them, and one day in council, Charles Picotte called his attention to some glaring facts of fraudulent dealing on his part, and the Major ordered him to leave the council-room. But Mr. Picotte refused to go, at the same time telling him that he

had more right there than he had. Major Redfield then ordered seven or eight of his employés to take hold of him and put him out; but not one of the men would touch him, and to use the language of Mr. Picotte: "Then he went out and got his revolver, and came up within five feet of me and pointed it at my breast; I quickly opened my shirt-bosom and told him to shoot!—but he did not." By the way, any one that has had the privilege of seeing Charles Picotte, especially in those days of his prime, can better appreciate that disgraceful scene.

"He then went out on the porch, and just as I started to follow, his son, Tom Redfield, seized a goblet, unawares, and struck me on the side of my head and face, inflicting two or three severe wounds, and knocking out one of my teeth. I handed the tooth to Dr. Caulkins, who at once took me into the agent's room to sew up my wounds. By this time the Indians were shooting into the building with such fury on every hand, that I had to be taken out—they were not thinking that I was in there. And they were also firing from the hillsides in every direction; and so desperate were they growing, believing I was mortally wounded, I had to send out to them to keep quiet, assuring them that I should not die, but would get well in time. But two or three Indians watched all night to kill the agent if he should make an appearance, and I had to beg of them to come away in the morning. I got very weak from loss of blood, but in time recovered from it, with the exception of this ugly scar on my cheek."

By giving this account in Mr. Picotte's own words, the reader can see something of the quiet dignity of his manner, by the language he has used in the narration. Although suffering from a cowardly assault, when there was, that moment, power vested in him to wipe out every white settler and habitation in the valley, we find him holding back his avengers that were looking on, some of them crying like

children, thinking he was going to die, and begging for the privilege of striking down the dastard who had attempted the life of their brother. But if time has not wholly cured the smarting of the wound, there is no bitterness in the heart, apparently.

Following that unhappy affair, Mr. Picotte went to reside at Yankton, as he had now become too disgusted with the management of the agency. In the treaty of 1858 he had reserved to himself 640 acres of land, and wishing to lead a more quiet life, he went there to live; and also built the second house. But said he: "When there was any trouble at the agency I would go up to see my Indians."

Mr. Picotte was made Chief (medal) by President Buchanan. And in the first legislature of Dakota he was Sergeant-at-Arms under Governor Jayne. And there in the little capital city, lived a far happier life, until 1862, the year of the Minnesota outbreak, when the news of the uprising of the hostiles, and the horrible slaughter which followed, sent fear and consternation throughout the frontier. Suspicion and dread filled every heart, and it was true of even the sturdy settlers in the Struck-By-The-Ree valley. They were leaving as fast as possible from above and below.

And here we find this never-failing counsellor and mediator filling the breach, as he foresaw the coming danger. He not only went to the governor to see what could be done, but tried, personally, to stop those that were going to leave. He said to the settlers: "The Santees all know me, and know that I am living here, and I don't think they will do us any harm." They could understand such reasoning; and in that way he stopped a great many that were on the point of going. Still, some said that he, too, was an Indian, and as soon as the Santees made an attack he would leave the whites and they would all be killed. But he talked them out of that, at last. And he also said to them: "I will send up to the agency, and have some of my relatives

come down and stay a few days to make them feel more easy." And at his request four braves came down.

"About this time," said Mr. Picotte, "one morning, my hired men came running in from the stable, saying: 'There are hostile Indians in the stable!' 'What makes you think so?' said I. 'I have found two arrows out there.' 'Well, I will go out and see them.'" Mr. Picotte went to the stable and there found the two arrows lying on the ground, in front of the building. They proved to be Santee arrows, but with half the arrow made like those of the Yankton-Sioux, to show that it was Black Hawk who had been there, and to let Mr. Picotte know that he had spared the horses because they were *his*. Each tribe has a peculiar mark for its arrows. Thus they become the medium for conveying very important facts, oftentimes.

Black Hawk was one of the most dangerous Indians among the hostiles. Below the James river he killed several white people, and stole their horses, and also killed a quartermaster's clerk and took his horse. And but for the presence of Charles Picotte, it can readily be seen what the fate of the whites at Yankton would have been, with a visit from the wily Black Hawk, who would have swooped down upon the handful of settlers, leaving only blood and ruin in his flight. As it was, no harm came to them.

Black Hawk will again be heard from in the capture of Mrs. Galpin. Mr. Picotte often had to go up to the agency to prevent the Yanktonese from joining with the Santees that, as elsewhere stated, were bringing every influence in their power to bear upon them. And four of the Chiefs had actually decided to go over to them and join in a work of a wholesale slaughter. And their plans, that were ready for execution, were to kill off all the whites, except three young girls, whom they were going to reserve for wives. Two of them were the daughters of Post Trader Faulk, the other a sister of Agent Burleigh.

Mr. Picotte in talking of those fearful days says: "That was a time when Struck-By-The-Ree had to make some very strong speeches to keep them from joining the hostiles. And when I got up there, he was completely worn out with anxiety and trouble;" "but I charged the young men to be firm and not yield to the Chiefs." "Notwithstanding, it is a fact that all the Yanktons gathered on a certain night, in a ravine, where they were to unite with the Santees for the purpose of coming in to destroy the Agency. Again we were successful, and got them to disperse and give up the idea. And Struck-By-The-Ree afterwards got some of his men to guard the Agency."

As evidence of how much the whites depended upon the Yanktons for assistance, and their faithful co-operation from time to time, reference might be made to one instance in particular, when Dr. Burleigh went down the Missouri river to bring up a boat-load of supplies. An accident then happened, by which the boat sank when five or six miles below Yankton. Of course he was obliged to abandon it, and go to Yankton for help. He went directly to "Charlie Picotte," as he was familiarly called, to get him to start for the Agency, from which he wanted him to take eight or ten Indians, and return to where the boat sank, as "guard." He was ready at once, and drove up with his horse and wagon, reaching the Agency at daylight. There he selected his men, boarded a yawl, and rowed down to the sunken boat, where they remained until everything had been taken care of; then he took the Indians home again.

The presence of a man like Mr. Picotte, who was known to be held in such high esteem and admiration by all the tribes of the great Nation, was of untold value to the whites. And when in his prime, he was physically, and still is, a magnificent specimen of a man. Said an ex-governor: "He was, at that time, one of the handsomest men I ever saw!" "over six feet tall, broad-shouldered, straight as an arrow,

and a most perfect gentleman. I think I never saw a finer looking man than Charlie was!"

Often when out with Governor Edmunds he would observe fresh indications of the presence of Indians, and his knowledge of their habits would reveal signs to him that would pass unnoticed by one less able to read the unwritten language. Realizing the danger, he would begin to sing an Indian song; and sometimes in a pretty high key. That would naturally alarm the Governor, who felt that even the slightest noise was liable to cause detection, and probably their capture. And in the midst of all their precaution, to have Charlie suddenly start in, with his strong clear voice, singing, was apparently to invite the evils that they were anxious to avoid. And in terrified undertones, his distinguished companion would whisper: "Oh, Charlie, keep still, they'll hear you." When the truth was, to reveal himself was the very thing necessary. And by his song, he was telling the enemy that an Indian was near; else they were liable to meet a fate that Mr. Picotte well understood might await them.

After the Minnesota attack, and the consequent scare among the settlers, this faithful friend, through whose veins coursed the white man's blood, although he nursed at the breast of a Sioux mother, was studying as to how he could inspire confidence in the minds of the timid ones. And he finally came to the conclusion that, perhaps, if he should erect a large, pretentious building in Yankton, it might have a tendency to show them that he, at least, was not afraid that the Indians would come there to trouble them. Therefore he arranged for the building of a Hall 44x40 feet, two stories high, to be used as a Capitol, wherein the Executive and Legislators could assemble. The Council to occupy one story, the House the other. And in this building the second Legislature met in the Struck-By-The-Ree valley, with Governor Edmunds, as the Executive Officer. The

important little edifice Mr. Picotte rented to the United States Government, and within its historic walls, the General Court of the young Territory of Dakota, assembled for about five years; making it a fact that its first capitol building, was erected and owned by Mr. Charles F. Picotte.

Meanwhile, if any fresh outbreak was heard of among the Indians, he would fling his saddle upon his horse, mounting it like an Arab prince, while his willing subjects followed him, as he scoured the country for marauders, carrying the unfurled banner of peace into every hostile camp, over the beetling bluffs and grassy plains, alike. At such a time, he once came upon some friendly people of his own tribe that had been out on the war-path for the Omahas. They were returning, and had eight horses that they had stolen. And in endeavoring to have them all restored to their owners, Mr. Picotte learned that one horse belonged to a very poor, old man in Nebraska. But he compelled the Indian to restore it to him; and the gratitude of the old man was unspeakable, for his horse was the sum total of his possessions.

Mr. Picotte first met Professor Hayden when he came to old Fort Pierre in the fall of 1854, and says: "I left Pierre soon after, in the same fall, in company with other traders with goods to trade with the Indians near the Black Hills. We built our winter quarters near the forks of the Cheyenne river, and towards spring we went up near Bear Butte, where Fort Meade now is, and while there Dr. Hayden, as we then called him, came. He had letters from the American Fur Company asking us to aid him all we could, so he and I soon became friends, and I used to travel with him. That is, I would hunt for game while he was hunting for petrifications. I went as guide and escort. Dr. Hayden always carried a stone-hammer." And here comes an important fact. "One day he and I went up the Bear Butte; he was examining stones, as usual, and suddenly turned to me and said:

'*There is gold here!*' and that was on the 5th day of March, 1855."

The circumstances of *when*, and *by whom*, seem to be thus truthfully established by one in position to know. "We lived there three weeks upon beaver, but grew very weak upon it—our supplies having been cut off by the deep snows. In the following summer we went to the Bad Lands on White river; and there Dr. Hayden collected two cart loads of petrifications."

And thus we find that the indefatigable geologist, accompanied by the skillful guide, himself, "terrible as an army with banners" when dangers threatened, carried in the form of a stone-hammer, the magic key which opened the rock-ribbed vaults of those magnificent hills, hills dripping with fatness, wherein nature had hoarded her legacy for Dakota, well guarded by the silver-tip and mountain lion, which, as sentinels grim, walked before their portals, and around the granite bulwarks.

Mr. Picotte, on one occasion, made a trip up to Fort Clarke, about fifty miles above the Big Heart river, a post now abandoned, but where the Mandans and Arickarees then lived. Major Vaughn was the agent and had just received the annuities and presents. The Government sent flour and tents, etc., every year to the Unkpapas, and Black Feet, also. While Mr. Picotte was there, the Major gave out the annuities, but the Indians would not accept them. However, they came back the next day to the Fort in full war costume, and asked Major Vaughn to come out and see them dance. Of course he accepted the invitation, remembering that discretion is sometimes "the better part," etc. The Indians used the center of the Fort for their terpsichorean exhibition, while about two hundred of them rode outside, and as they passed they would make a feint to lance their guest, but would only throw their lances into the wall by his side. But very uncomfortably near did it seem

to the terrified Major, and he finally got so frightened at the attentions paid him by his entertainers as to beg of Mr. Picotte, to stand in front of him! Every one seemed to feel safe, if so fortunate as to stand in the shadow even of his protecting presence in those days. At the conclusion of the dance, the Indians invited Major Vaughn to a council, and Mr. Picotte accompained him. Agent Vaughn always wore spectacles. Both had taken their seats in the Council, and the preliminaries were completed, when a Chief arose to address the assembly. But before beginning his speech, he deliberately walked over to the Major, and, without further ceremony, removed the spectacles from the eyes of the somewhat surprised visitor, saying to him: "I do not wish to have you look at me with *four eyes*." By this time he must have thought himself a prominent person, both in the dance and council.

This took place in the year following the killing of thirty soldiers at Fort Laramie; for which reason, General Harney had been sent up there with troops, and they were very offensive to the Indians. And in this council, an Unkpapa ordered the agent to "Go to Washington, and tell the Great Father that he must remove every one of his soldiers from that country!" In 1859, when they all came in to Struck-By-The-Ree village, those four Unkpapa Chiefs were evidently full of wrath because of the making of that treaty, and to such an extent did their hostility carry them that they even attempted to shoot Struck-By-The-Ree. But no arrow had ever been made to pierce his great heart, and they failed to hit him.

The upper bands had, for years, roamed about Pierre; and numbered fully half of the Yankton tribe. Between the lower and upper bands there has always existed a deep-seated jealously, and in 1859, instead of coming directly to Struck-By-The-Ree village, they went to Smutty Bear Bottom, ten miles from there; and insisted that the Lower

Yanktons should move up and camp with them. They, of course, promptly refused to do so, and Mr. Picotte went forthwith up to them and explained the situation of affairs; assuring them that if they refused and remained where they were, they would get nothing when the boats landed with provision. An appeal of that nature, he knew, would be a weighty argument. They lost no time till their tents were pitched where the supply boats could not miss them, when they dispensed their stores.

The truth was, the men that went to Washington attached the blame of that treaty to Mr. Picotte and Struck-By-The-Ree. And when they were all gathered at the Struck-By-The-Ree village, embolded by this increase of numbers, and disaffected generally, they began to make threats, and finally, as before said, attempted to take the life of the Chief. Meanwhile, Mr. Picotte reasoned and labored earnestly to have them see that the treaty, so unpopular among them, was really going to bring good to the nation, and furthermore, that they would find on the arrival of the boats, that they were actually getting a great deal; and in addition they would still have the use of the land that they sold, for a great many years before it would be settled by the whites.

After their murderous threats, both Mr. Picotte and Struck-by-the-Ree were carefully guarded; while the Indian that intended to kill the latter was obliged to flee, else his own life would have paid the penalty; and as it was, three horses were given before he made his escape.

It was a difficult thing, even after the ratification of the treaty, for the Indians to comprehend the fact that the whites really had a right to come in and appropriate the domain, which they had never prized so highly as when it seemed passing beyond their control.

Their most cogent reason being that they had not received the expected equivalent. But, as usual, the never-

failing "Charlie" would explain to them, when they became restless and dissatisfied, that it would all come right in time, and thus pacify them, for the time being, with his assurance of an honorable settlement in the end.

Soon after Mr. Picotte's return from St. Louis to Pierre, Mr. Galpin, a trader at that post, sent him out as clerk, with a party of twenty men and a wagon-train of goods, with orders to keep a strict account of everything. Just before reaching the villages at the head of Cherry creek, where the Unkpapas, Blackfeet Sioux, Minneconjoos and Yanktonese were, a delegation from each band came out to meet them, their object being to make a request, as they were in urgent need, that "the men would divide the goods into five different bundles, so that each band would be sure to get its exact allowance." And, as the amount which the train had carried was small, they complied with their request; and, after making the division, they designated certain traders to go into certain villages. But, on reaching them, they found some very hostile Indians that were prepared to kill the whites. However, their animosity did not lead to anything quite so violent, but expended itself in merely assaulting some of the men, and chopping up their wagon wheels. But in the broil some of them went out to where the clerk was, to protect him; and the traders retraced their steps for Pierre as soon as possible.

In 1864 Judge Brookings had been appointed to open a wagon-road from Pierre to the Black Hills. He left Yankton with about twenty whites including Mr. Picotte. They were promised a military escort from Pierre, of 100 men, but when they got there, General Sully would not furnish it, his reason being that it would weaken his force too much, so the road-builders went on without. They proceeded as far as Willow Creek, and there several of the men remained; while the rest pushed on till when within about forty miles of their destination, Charles Picotte shook his

head, saying to Judge Brookings: "We had better go back! For," said he, "when we got within a certain distance *I* saw too many signs of danger, and knew that we had been seen by the Indians. If I had remained behind, the Judge would have kept on, ignorant of the warnings that were so plain to me, and every one of them would have been killed, and when General Sully realized that we had actually left Pierre without the promised protection, he grew very much alarmed, and very much ashamed. We had only about fifteen men, and it was a very bold thing for us to go there at that time with so small a force."

Fortunately, they were not attacked, but returned and found their men all right. When they got back to the river, three miles above where the city of Pierre now stands, two of their men made a raft and floated down to Sully; as they had left two of their men at Fort Sully, and they wanted to get word to them to have the flat-boat ready when they got opposite to the Fort. When those two men arrived they were asked where the rest of the party were. They replied "We are all there are left!" It so happened that one of those men had lent his compass to one of the missing explorers, and on hearing of the loss of the men, he exclaimed: "Well, my compass is gone up!" But his grief was of short duration, as the rest of the party, and the compass came on later, got aboard the boat and all floated down to Fort Thompson at Crow Creek; and from there started for Pipestone Quarry.

When at the head of the Vermillion they found a herd of buffalo, and at once the men were all anxious to have a buffalo chase. Most of them knew nothing of such sport, mounting and starting off with only a blind bridle. Soon one of the men fell from his horse, and—as a horse always does—it went at once in with the buffalo herd. The men remained there two or three days, but could not recover the horse. The proper way, when chasing buffalo, is to have

the lariat around the horse's neck, coiled and tucked under the belt; then in case the rider is thrown, he has his horse secure.

In the following year when the Peace Commission went up the Missouri river to make peace with the Assiniboines, Sioux, Crows, Rees, Mandans and Gros Ventres, the indispensable Charles Picotte was made one of the party, as escort and interpreter. When near Fort Randall they were met by a delegation of Brule's which had come out to meet the Commission, to urge them to take one of their half-breeds for their interpreter, instead of Mr. Picotte, but they refused at once, telling them they had made their selection and was satisfied.

From there they went to Fort Thompson, where General Curtis left the party with the other interpreter, and Mr. Picotte remained with Dr. Reed to move the Santees down to where they now are. Here they waited for the steamer and their supplies, on which were General Curtis and Mr. Gurnsey — all aboard — they went to Sully and made a treaty; then on up to Fort Rice, Fort Union, and to Fort Buthold. "When we were within about one hundred miles of Fort Union," said Mr. Picotte, "the boat stopped to wood up, and Governor Edmunds and I started out for a hunt. After we had been out a little time I saw away at a distance two Indians; and told the Governor to stay where he was, while I went up to see them, but instead of staying back, he kept close to me. I found them to be Yanktons of my own tribe, that were on a visit to Medicine Bear's village."

"Governor Edmunds requested me tell them that he had come to treat for peace, and to make them presents. We then returned to the boat, and in a few hours two thousand men came down to where our boat lay, all armed and painted." "We told them that was not the proper thing to do, as we were not armed, but had come for peace. The first thing that I did was to present a pipe to the head chief, Medicine

Bear. This pipe had a cut upon it which represented a bear, and an Indian fighting. The bear was hugging the Indian, who had already planted a knife in his body. This chief was the very worst one of them all, and I contend that *that pipe*, and our good talking, with the help of the two Yanktons, saved our lives! They had seen our boat, and intended to come on board and warn us of the big camp—and then when they saw me, they did all they could to help me. I noticed one Indian coming down to the boat, crying; and he told me the reason for it was that as soon as he saw me he remembered my father, and the good quiet times they used to have in those days, instead of so much war and misery."

"While the Commission was at Fort Union treating with the Crows, the hostile Unkpapas, with Gall and Sitting Bull who were camped opposite to Buford, came up to see them. They wanted the traders to go down to their camp and trade. Black Moon was the head chief, and Sitting Bull not much mentioned."

At Berthold the Indians had an immense lodge that would hold 500 hundred persons, made of dirt and wood, resembling a bee-hive. All at once, while seated inside in council, they heard a cry: "Sioux! Sioux!" and instantly everybody was rushing and hurrying to get out; trampling upon one another to reach the open air; and on looking out upon the prairie they saw a party of Sioux shooting, and trying to drive away the horses. All those having horses near the lodge, mounted and ran in pursuit, and had a fight with them, in which they killed five, and had one of their own men wounded.

When they returned, some of them had scalps, some feet, and some hearts which they threw on board the boat, exclaiming to the Commission: "That is the kind of treaty you have made with the Sioux!" They had just been saying that same thing, in similar words, when the council was

interrupted by the war-cry. But they finally came back the next day and a treaty was perfected.

Mr. Picotte, in referring to his boyhood, remarked that he should never forget leaving his poor mother for school. When he got on board the boat, as it steamed along near the Fort, he could see her sitting on the bank of the river, crying, and he was just going to jump ashore, when a gentleman caught him. "After that they tied me to three chairs, "and soon after, they cut my hair, and that almost broke my heart!" said he. In early days they used to "*Cordel*" their boats up, and when the wind was fair, they would hoist a sail. The traders would sometimes take robes from the Indians and give them liquor in payment. Then, as a natural result, while intoxicated, they would fight and kill one another.

Says Mr. Picotte: "I well remember being packed on my mother's back, for the women would have to take their children, and go off and hide during those drunken rows. One night I woke up in a lodge and found myself alone with a dead Indian. During the quarrel and fight, mother had hidden me under some robes in the back part of the lodge, and I had roused up before her return; and the first thing I saw was this man covered with blood, having been stabbed several times. I ran out as fast as I could, frightened almost to death, of course."

Mr. Picotte was married in 1872, to an intelligent half-breed girl, by the Rev. J. W. Cook, the Episcopal rector, of whose church Mrs. Picotte is a member. Their home is an orderly and pleasant one, with four bright, well-behaved children. Mr. Picotte lives among the Yankton-Sioux, loved and honored as his long, faithful service deserves. He is still Government interpreter at the Yankton Agency, where over that wide reserve he has reigned, an uncrowned king, these many years. And when the night comes in which he shall "Wrap the drapery of his couch about him"

to take his long rest—life's day's work ended—there let enduring marble rise high above the grassy bluff, and stately-going river, the scene of his eventful life, whose deeds were equally eminent for sagacity and fidelity; that both the nations, whose blood flows in a dual current through his loyal heart, may point to it with grateful recollections as the years roll by. For the whites, especially, owe him a debt of gratitude, which even fidelity to his memory would scarcely pay.

CHAPTER V.

ANDREW J. FAULK, THIRD GOVERNOR OF DAKOTA—INTERESTING LIFE-WORK AND THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

In the fall of 1861 Mr. Faulk left Western Pennsylvania for Dakota. The journey was via Fort Wayne railroad to Chicago; thence by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy to the Mississippi river, and by Hannibal & St. Joseph through Nebraska and Missouri, to the Missouri river. There with his family he waited seven days for a boat to take them up the river; having already been seven days on the way by rail. Finally they reached Sioux City, Iowa, where they boarded a mule train, and started for Yankton Agency, their destination, arriving after a journey of thirty days, their household goods having been placed upon the J. B. Morrow for "up the river."

Mr. Faulk had received the appointment of Post-trader, for the Yankton Agency, and on reaching his new field of labor a short acquaintance revealed to him the fact that a feeling of suspicion was prevailing among the Indians. They believed that they were not being fairly dealt with by the Government, in regard to their rations, as well as on some minor points. This spirit of distrust and dissatisfaction, the new trader believed, was carried much farther than the circumstances warranted.

At that time, Colonel Redfield was retiring from the Agency, and his place was to be filled by Dr. W. A. Burleigh, originally a New England man, from the State of Maine.

But it is a fact that the Indians had cause for their discordant and mutinous state; although the cause of their grievances did not extend so far back as the Government. However, their expressions and threats to burn the warehouses and goods could not be countenanced. They firmly believed that they were being deceived and wronged; while the feeling was deepened by the neighboring bands that took every opportunity to incite them to violence. Their demonstrations at length became alarming, and trouble of no small import seemed inevitable. But Dr. Burleigh was not slow to grasp the situation, and proved equal to the emergency. He accordingly dispatched two men in the night to Fort Randall, calling for immediate protection by the military, and on the following morning, when the Indians were about to execute their terrible threats, and were rapidly assembling on the grounds about the little agency, in their dress of black paint, and with all the hideous guise of Indian warfare, working themselves up to the high pitch of anger and rage necessary for the bloody work of slaughter; just then, the sound of the bugle on the bluffs told in glad tones that the troops were coming! which meant life and deliverance.

It was the first intimation that the Indians had of their approach, and it had the effect of quieting them, at least for the time being, although cattle were shot down occasionally; but the general tone of the Chiefs was for peace.

In the fall of 1862, the Minnesota Indians made repeated and desperate efforts to induce the Missouri Indians to join them in war against the whites. Every day, almost, the agency had information from friendly interpreters that the Santee Sioux were trying to get their Indians to assist them, as well as all the bands along the river, Brule's and Black Feet's.

In consequence of this agitation, and as a necessary precaution, Dr. Burleigh built a block-house, and obtained a

company of soldiers from the War Department and stationed them at Yankton Agency, for the protection of the people and stores, at the same time putting out sentinels around the agency, who kept strict guard.

By the way, a block-house is a building made of logs, and very thoroughly put together. At certain distances "port-holes" are made by leaving spaces, to be filled, when not in use, by blocks which fit snugly into the holes, that narrow as they approach the outside, and inside room is given to the helpless, while firing upon the enemy can be carried on through the port-holes with safety to the gunners. The block-houses of the West have been important factors, as means of protection, during the frontier wars between the settlers and Indians. Many a mother, wife and daughter can to-day recall an hour, or even days spent in one of those fortresses of the plains, the memory of which brings an old-time shudder, though years have passed since the time.

The wise efforts put forth by Dr. Burleigh, led the Government to send a brigade of soldiers, in command of General John Cook, of Illinois, to the agency, with Andrew J. Faulk as *aide-de-camp*. The General had earned his title by service at Fort Donaldson; but, while he was getting his forces together, the panic was increasing throughout the Territory, and at the same time a report was being circulated that General Cook had had no experience. The result was, Mr. Lincoln was led to believe that a regular Indian-fighter was needed, and the removal of General Cook followed.

However, a few small fights only were had, and the Indians were driven out of the valley. During this time, permission was obtained from the Government for General Alfred Sully to bring a body of scouts to protect the agency and aid it in its attempt at maintaining order. The General wished to secure fifty of the Yankton Indians, and accordingly consulted Charles F. Picotte in regard to it. He told

him that, in his judgment, it would be a good thing, and at his suggestion, and by his consent, the Yanktons joined them for nine months, and scouted the country for marauders and renegades.

At one time the scouts came upon a war party of Santees, and took four prisoners, intending to take them to the agency, but one of them escaped, and to make sure of them, they killed the remainder. Good evidence that they intended to do their duty while under orders of the whites; although they received a very small compensation for the amount of work performed. They furnished their own horses and were paid for the whole nine months' service but $75; meantime, they were as true as steel.

During the time that they were hunting the hostiles that were roaming over the country, the scouts sent word to Fort Randall that they had taken two prisoners and were waiting orders. The officer sent back word to them that he could not do anything in regard to their further disposition; and their interpreter informed Gov. Faulk that when the whites refused to take into custody the hostile prisoners, the scouts, thus left to their own discretion and without any instruction as to what they were to do with them, assumed control and disposed of them themselves, and in this manner. Having decided upon a course of action, and when in readiness to execute their plan, they addressed their prisoners, saying: "Now the white men refuse to punish you and you can go; run for your lives and take your chances." They ran, or started to, when the self-constituted executioners shot them down in their tracks.

It was a most cowardly act, when viewed from a certain standpoint, and yet it was the only method they knew, and it is very probable that those scouts believed they were scouring the country in quest of outlaws that were to be brought to judgment when secured. But when the duty of accepting them was shirked by the whites, they surely showed themselves capable of making a complete finish.

About this same time some of the scouts captured another rover; and on that occassion they held a council to see what they better do with him. They thought they were in power to shoot him. One of them said: "We were ordered to take these men and make prisoners of them, but the commander refuses to take them after we catch them." Just then an old Indian, De Luris, called "Chief-of-the-half-breeds," rode up and said: "If you don't know what to do with that Indian, *I do!*" and instantly drew up and shot him dead in his seat.

To show what a man this De Luris was for dispatch, an incident is related of a little family affair of his which took place just prior to the above deed. It seems that his daughter had married a man who inflicted great abuse upon her. De Luris had warned him several times that he must be careful how he conducted, and one day it was reported to him that his son-in-law had been whipping his wife. The indignant father made no reply, but mounted his pony and rode directly to the lodge of his child. He hastily dismounted and walked inside, saying: "My son-in-law, I have come to kill you!" and without further comment or explanation, shot him.

But, to return to the little band at the Yankton Agency. There we find that the cause for alarm was so great, and the danger so apparent, that the white women and children were obliged to take refuge in the block-house; while the male citizens were required to shoulder their guns and take their places with the soldiers.

At that time spies were in the vicinity, and the chiefs became divided as to what the policy of the Yankton Indians should be toward the whites, and "Struck-By-The-Ree," the noblest Roman of them all, informed the post trader that four of the seven chiefs had openly declared their desire to join the Santees, and at once commence war upon the whites. They advocated beginning at the Yankton Agency, and

there kill off all the whites and half-breeds. They even went so far as to discuss how they would divide the women. In the midst of this conspiracy, and one of such direful import, the watchful and faithful Struck-By-The-Ree called a council in the vicinity of the block-house, as he was anxious to have one more interview with the deserters. He also killed an ox; and thus, by feasting them, in connection with talking, he hoped to hold them. The interpreter, Chas. C. Guion, had some fine fat oxen, and he gave one for the important feast.

While at this council, Struck-By-The-Ree labored with the hostiles, and plead with all his power in behalf of the whites. He told them of the utter folly of their plans, and tried to show that henceforth they would be scattered, and only disaster follow them, at the same time bringing to their notice in a most impressive manner, the kindly intentions of the Government, and especially their own past friendly relations with the whites. As a result of his almost superhuman efforts, after the feast concluded, four of the traitor seven recanted and went over on the side of old Struck—blessed be his memory!—and the lovely valley was spared a terrible scene of slaughter and rapine.

Said one of those same young ladies, but who now graces a happy home in the smart city of Omaha: "I well remember those fearful days, and how old Long Foot came to father and asked him to allow my sister, also Dr. Burleigh's sister, and myself to go to his camp, where he and the Yankton Indians could protect us. But father said, 'No, if we have got to die, we will all die together!'—We staid all one night in the block-house, and it was one that I shall never forget. Father sat all that night with his musket in his hand, and two revolvers in his belt, outside the block-house watching."

By such glimpses as these into the past, we are shown something of how the way was made for those that came after; and what it meant to the wives and daughters of

the brave men that built the broad highway for advancing civilization across our great Territory.

The eventful months rolled on, and Andrew J. Faulk was appointed Governor of Dakota, by President Andrew Johnson, with title of "Governor and Executive Officer, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs." Where could a better and more competent man have been found for the high office, which he filled from 1866 to 1869. Hon. Solan L. Spink from Illinois was the Territorial Secretary. Governor Faulk was familiar with everything pertaining to the young capital city of Yankton, so recently the Struck-By-The-Ree village; and knew every legislator of the past two administrations. Consequently, as its Chief Executor he was at home in all that would necessarily come under his jurisdiction. At that time there was no city government. Previous to 1869 there had been none, but under Governor Faulk's administration a city charter was obtained, which bill he helped to organize; and he was the second Mayor of the new city, now the pride of every Dakota citizen, both North and South.

It was mainly through the influence of Governor Faulk and a few others, that Dr. F. V. Hayden was induced to visit Yankton, which resulted in a very friendly intercourse between the young Professor and the Executive. Governor Faulk, at that time, made a request of him that he would, through a series of letters, inform the people in a scientific way of what he knew concerning the Black Hills. The Professor complied; and most valuable information was thus obtained through what was known as the "Golden Letters," and one of the messages of the Governor was upon that subject.

Governor Faulk was with the Peace Commission, known as the "The treaty of Fort Laramie," in 1867, whose object was to get back from the Indians the great Reservation. He was a kind of "*Quassi attachè*, and really had a most agreeable time of it." The distinguished commissioners were:

General W. T. Sherman, General W. S. Harney, General John B. Sanborn, General A. H. Terry, Colonel Taylor, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; Mr. Henderson, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, and Coloned Tappan, of Colorado. While the joining of Governor Faulk to the party had marked influence for good upon the Administration; and he was also associated with the same gentleman again in 1868, when their labors resulted in the Treaty at Fort Laramie and located the great Sioux nation on its present reservation.

In that year the grasshopper ravage was the worst of its kind ever known in this country. They stripped everything from both whites and Indians. A careful examination along the line of devastation was made up the Missouri as far as the Big Cheyenne, after which Governor Faulk gathered up all the facts concerning the loss that he was able to reach, in order to obtain assistance from the Government. But relief could not be had unless favored by the Commission. So they had two meetings at Omaha, and allowed Gov. Faulk to act in behalf of the Indians. Gen. Sherman was against it. Finally, they required of the Governor that he should retire to his room and make out an itemized statement of the exact amount of rations, which, in his opinion, was necessary for each individual Indian, for a certain number of months. He did as requested, and furnished them a tabulated statement of the number of Indians, and the amount for each till the next harvest, and they adopted his report without alteration. It was a Herculean task of two nights. But those that have the honor of an acquaintance with the gentleman, will understand that when duty and his sympathy were calling, no efforts nor labor were too great for him.

The contract was sought after by men from all parts of the country, but the Governor gave it to James S. Bosler, of Carlisle, Pa. Important councils were held from time to

time, and in one at the North Platte, in 1868, some notable speeches were made, and especially by Chief Spotted Tail. Says Governor Faulk: "In private conversation I was very much taken up with the Chiefs; and their speeches were quite equal to those of the white men." General Sherman's speech made on that occasion was copied as a model, short and terse, and to the point, the usual characteristics of his addresses.

At that time one incident occurred that caused considerable mirth in the party. There was an Indian among them by the name of Big Mouth, and the night previous to the council somebody, "unknown to the court," got him drunk. Governor Faulk, for one, did not know that there was any intoxicating liquor with the assembly, and the Commission was exceedingly strict. But when it came to the notice of General Sherman, he was fierce, "in a towering rage," while he hunted and hunted and hunted, in every nook and corner for the hidden whisky. And almost wild with anxiety, and fear of possible results, he declared that they all might be massacred under such a state of things!—and worst of all, not to be able to ferret and mete out justice to the offender. Chagrin and anger were lashing the poor General, in the absence of the rightful culprit, who, no doubt, was enjoying, *incognita*, the distress of the famous white chief. But no serious trouble came from Big Mouth's imbibing. Up the river at Fort Sully they had another council, during which General Stanley gave the Commissioners a magnificent reception and banquet; a most *recherche* affair. The object of this Council was to induce the Indians, if possible, to relinquish their claim.

Governor Faulk habitually labored to draw the attention of our Government to the Black Hills, and, in conversation, said, with emphasis: "The Indians made a concession by giving up the Black Hills!"—and troops were ordered out to

quell them, simply because they grumbled at the outlook." The Peace Commission believed it proper to retain a fort near where Rockport is now located, and the order to remove it created quite a panic in the community. The farmers especially were getting very nervous, and leaving for fear of a raid, and a repetition of the Minnesota outbreak. Such a state of things made the demand upon the Executive very great; and an urgent appeal was made to the Governor that a requisition be sent to the War Department, at Washington, for arms and ammunition for a defense, and as the soldiers were taken from them, Governor Faulk made a request that they be allowed to defend themselves; and ten companies of cavalry, through the instrumentality of the Governor's staff, were organized, fully equipped and in condition for complete defense. But there was no outbreak, nor even a scare, nor were the settlers disturbed in the least.

"The companies had no use for supplies, and saw no service whatever. "The Yanktons had always been at peace with us," said the Governor.

"Wabasha, a chief of the Santees, once called upon Governor Faulk, in his office, and there tried to exonerate himself from all guilt; placing all the blame upon Little Crow, who had made the Indians believe that the whites were as much at fault as they were. Years after that interview, in one of their Councils at the Santee Agency, another band was present, known as the Blanket Indians. They were utterly hostile, not learning the arts of civilization, nor in any way adopting the customs of the whites, and when it came time for one of these Blanket Indians to address the council, Bald Eagle arose; slowly and deliberately he turned towards the object of his hatred, and fixing his eye upon him he began his speech, in which he gave full sweep to as blasting, bitter invectives to Wabasha, as a human being could give expression to. He accused him of lying, and of being just as guilty as Little Crow, or any one else; of cowardice and massacre; and called him every vile thing possible,

while he tauntingly dared him in the most insulting manner to get up and contradict him. Yet during it all, and under such a fire, Wabasha sat perfectly motionless, scarcely moved a muscle, nor attempted to speak; but listening most intently.

Said Governor Faulk: "Taking it all in all, it was as remarkable a scene as I ever witnessed." While the perfect command with which Wabasha held himself under such a lash was a most wonderful exhibition of the self-control of an Indian under strong provocation.

As a result of the grasshopper raid, Governor Faulk was ordered to take some of the chiefs and head men to Washington, among whom was the famous Struck-by-the-Ree; and of whom the Governor said: "This venerable chief never quarreled with the whites, and never stole from them, but lived and died at peace with them. He was not, perhaps, a great orator, but he was a very sensible person, really a great man. I have heard him in many a council, and have heard him make many a speech, and I well remember on one occasion, in conversation with me, he extended both his hands and said, in a voice and manner which I shall never forget: 'Not one drop of white man's blood is on these hands!' It was a most touching scene." And to one who was so favored as to listen to the ex-Governor while he related the incident, and to look into his benign face, with eyes saddened at the memory of the dead chieftain, *it* was also a most touching scene. And such are the men, white and red, that have made Dakota's past a glorious heritage for her children!

Governor Faulk retired from the public with its esteem and confidence. It is a well-known fact that not one line or word of censure and harsh criticism ever disturbed the peace and prosperity for which his administration was noted. He was above reproach through all his active career, and still dwelling in the city of the Struck-by-the-Ree valley, in his home, a peaceful harbor, he rests and waits, the well-beloved of wife and children, and many friends.

CHAPTER VI.

YANKTON, ONE OF THE HISTORIC SEVEN—OLD FORT PIERRE—THE CAPITAL CITY—THE VALE OF MINNEKATA—HOT SPRINGS—HOSPITAL FOR INSANE—STRUCK-BY-THE-REE, THE PATRIARCH CHIEF OF THE SIOUX NATION—THE UNIVERSITY—DR. OLSON.

Yankton, the county seat of South Dakota, is located in the "Struck-by-the-Ree valley," on the Missouri river, in the extreme south of the State, and most desirably situated; and a very agreeable surprise is in store for the stranger, on his first visit to this growing and still young metropolis, which has rather the remarkable appearance of an old Eastern town, in the size, variety and beauty of its shade trees and shrubbery.

In addition to these natural attractions, costly public buildings for church, schools and business; broad streets, electric lights, abundance of water, and 5,000 enterprising and most thoroughly alive people, conspire to make Yankton, in many respects, a *capital city*, still.

The first frame building of Yankton was brought up on a steamboat from St. Louis, framed and all ready for "raising," and may still be seen on its site on Broadway. In June, 1861, the first newspaper was issued, by F. W. Zeibach and Mr. Freny, *The Dakotian*, a Democratic weekly. It was afterward purchased by Mr. Kinsbury, who continues to gather and graphically dispense the news of the day to a substantial patronage, through the *Daily Press and Dakotan*, Bowen and Kinsbury, editors and publishers. Meanwhile, numerous publications have from time to time been added, and in South Dakota's "Press," of 275 newspapers, Yankton is ably represented.

Prominent among the many, of past activity, for the well-being of the city, will be found ex-Secretary Hand. In November, 1865, Geo. H. Hand came to Yankton, and in the following year was appointed U. S. Attorney, by President Johnson, and was Speaker of the House in 1872. In 1874, Mr. Hand was transferred from the office of Register, to Secretary of the Territory of Dakota, remaining in that office until 1883. At the time of his coming to Yankton, there were comparatively few white settlers, and those were in Clay, Union, Yankton, Bon Homme, and Charles Mix counties, with three or four white families at Sioux Falls, and a small settlement at Pembina. Three courts, only, were then held in the Territory. Those were at Vermilion, Bon Homme and Yankton counties.

During his period of office, Secretary Hand was Acting Governor fully one year, making it almost proper to score another, and the fourth ex-Governor, now living in the beautiful city. The first mayor of Yankton was J. B. S. Todd, formerly of West Point. The banking houses of this city are valuable testimony for the business transacted with them. The First National Bank, James C. McVay, president; Yankton Bank, Edmunds and Sons; Yankton Savings Bank, A. W. Howard, president, all substantial and safe. S. J. Morrow and O. S. Goff presided over the first photograph gallery opened in Yankton, the latter gentleman coming up the river from Sioux City, Iowa.

YANKTON COLLEGE.

More than a passing notice should be made of Yankton College and its lamented President, who died at his post of duty, Dec. 11, 1889. It is really the crown of the public buildings, as well as public institutions of the city in which it stands, and owes its life to Joseph Ward, and the "Congregational Church," whose aim was to provide for a higher education for the youth of Dakota; and with the soundest,

broadest curriculum, to unite opportunities for a Christian education; thereby developing what is most noble and worthy in human nature.

On the 25th of May, 1881, the enterprise assumed form; and in the meeting at Canton, a college was located at Yankton, and incorporated in August, the following. And on Sunday, October 30, 1881, at a public meeting of the citizens of Yankton, a site of over twenty acres was consecrated for the new college building. On the memorable 15th of June, 1882, the corner stone was laid; while 480 school children dropped fragrant flowers upon it, as they passed. Addresses were made by His Honor, Mayor H. B. Wyman, and Hon. Geo. W. Kingsbury, president of the Board of Education; also by the pastor of the Congregational Church, Dr. Joseph Ward, and Rev. C. W. Sheldon, Dell Rapids. Closing with prayer and benediction by the Rev. Mitchell and Epstein.

On the 4th day of October, 1882, the assembling of five students in the chapel of the Congregational Church was the introductory exercises of an educational work that has attained a high position as an institution of learning in the West; while it has become the pride of Yankton and the object of her solicitude. The college building was ready for occupancy on the 5th of September, 1883. And at the end of the fourth year, the number of pupils had increased thirty-fold, with an enrollment of 150 students. The college is a handsome structure, three stories high, with tower. This provides a chapel seating 160 persons, four large and exceedingly pleasant recitation rooms, with everything needful and desirable for the labor to be done in them. Also a chemical laboratory, society rooms etc. The building is of red granite, from Sioux Falls; with elaborate trimmings in white stone, from Iowa.

Thus, with Dr. Joseph Ward as its president; Hon. Newton Edmunds, treasurer; Hon. Ephriam Miner, secretary;

Hon. John Bremner, auditor; and its able corps of teachers and professors, among them the Rev. John T. Shaw, A. M., Prof. of Latin, the Rev. Edward C. Newton, A. M., Prof. of Greek, the institution was prepared for the great work laid out in the mind and heart of its originator, Dr. Ward.

Later on, through the generosity of Prof. Churchill, of Andover, Mass., the Churchill prize for declamation was established, also a fine library, gifts from New England and Dakota friends. The Board of Trustees has decided to arrange for the creation of a " Ward memorial endowment fund," $150,000, to be held as a permanent endowment fund; the interest only to be used.

The chair, once occupied by Dr. Ward, was unanimously voted to the Rev. Dan. F. Bradley, of the First Congregational Church, at Yankton, as "Acting President of the College," while Dr. A. L. Riggs, of Santee Agency, was unanimously elected "President of the Board of Trustees," also made vacant at the death of Dr. Ward; both excellent appointments, to ensure the continued prosperity of the institution.

Upon College Hill there rises a costly monument to him who incorporated into its being the strength and nobility of his character, but who now seeks "a higher education" at the feet of the Great Teacher.

Within the city of Yankton is gathered a refined and cultivated class of people, the natural result of an assembly of teachers, professors and their families in any community. Meanwhile, her three ex-Governors, Newton Edmunds, Andrew J. Faulk and John L. Pennington, lend dignity to the walks of life by their gracious presence. Although the ripening time of life's long year comes on apace, they still dwell where they sowed and planted in its springtime.

OLD FORT PIERRE AND THE CAPITAL CITY OF PIERRE.

Along the Missouri river, where the counties of Sully, Hughes and Stanley were organized, we find historic ground;

and in whose center stands Fort Pierre, one of the seven historic points of Dakota. And here, too, is Pierre, the present capital city of South Dakota. But, whichever way you turn, the trail of the Indian and the campfire of the hunter and trapper have preceded you. Its very name suggests the hard life of the frontiersman, and the intrepid Choteau, the man that did so much for the opening up of the unknown upper waters which now flow down through the city-lined banks, from mountain to gulf; a thoroughfare through thriving towns and hurrying thousands where once its waters were moved only by the noiseless canoe. The names of Father De Smet, Picotte and Galpin will be remembered as long as Old Fort Pierre.

The city of Pierre received its charter in 1883, having been organized in the spring of that year, on the east shore of the Missouri river, although railroad surveyors and land seekers were looking over the country as early as 1880. The "Chicago & North-Western" was on the ground with an eye to business, and soon had its lines within the boundary stakes. This magnificent railway system has done great things, not only in the way of developing the surrounding country, but in connecting the city and its vicinity with business centres outside and beyond, which meant rapid growth and prosperity.

South Dakota owes much of its success and increase of population to the Chicago & North-Western railroad. Hitherto, settlers had gathered around Fort Pierre on the Big Sioux Reserve. The location of the city is admirable, standing on an elevation of irregular altitudes, the highest being several hundred feet above the river, which allows an extended and beautiful view of the Missouri and the charming country peculiar to the valleys of this great river. With its many natural advantages, it has, also, all the requirements of a city necessary to home-building. Religious privileges in churches of all denominations, and the best of schools, free to all; both prominent characteristics of Dakota towns.

Pierre University, although the property of the Presbyterian, South Dakota, Synod, and under its direct management, is by no means a sectarian institution. Its first president was the Rev. T. M. Findley, who began the work of the college in 1883, in Pioneer Hall. The enterprising citizens generously donated $20,000 and 160 acres of platted land for the buildings and grounds. "McCormick Hall," so named from its patrons in Chicago, is a comely edifice, three stories high, built of brick, with half basement of granite. This structure was finished in 1885, and is an object of pride to the city. Wm. M. Blackburn, D.D., has remained president of the University since 1885, and labored for its advancement.

In addition, the city of Pierre was declared, by the Commissioners of the Government, the *most suitable spot* for the location of the "Indian School, or College for the Sioux," which they supplemented with an appropriation of $85,000. This institution embraces the common, academic, normal and industrial courses; and under the supervision of the "Department of Indian Affairs," promises great good to the Indian children and youth. Connected with it is a farm of 160 acres; while the appointments of the college include every modern facility for the work to be carried on.

With the opening of the Great Reservation, whereby over 9,000,000 acres are available to settlers and improvements, the increase of population in all the surrounding country will be rapid; making this land, where the fur trader and Indian tribes from the valleys and hills carried on their primitive commerce, an important business center, agriculturally and commercially.

The issuing of the proclamation by which settlers were allowed "free entry" into the Grand Reserve, made February 12, 1890, a day of historic interest to the City of Pierre and the State of South Dakota, for all time.

THE VALE OF MINNEKATA—AND WI-NI-LA-KA-TA.

Twelve miles South of Buffalo Gap, in Fall River county, South Dakota, are found the *Hot Springs* of the Southern Black Hills, the region of *Minnekata*. Leaving Buffalo Gap, a lively little town on the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley railroad, Hot Springs is reached by coach, and the ride is one of constant surprises.

Mountains of marble, deep ravines and romantic grottoes, basalt pillars of exquisite mosaic, inlaid with feldspar and mica, upon which the sunlight plays its sparkling scintillations; and, above and over all the kingly Harney's Peak stands in solemn, single majesty, overlooking a domain wherein every good thing is found.

As the highest point of tableland is reached, the vale of Minnekata presents itself in the near distance, with its rocky cliffs, white as piles of snow; fertile fields and evergreen trees; while side by side, huge mossy boulders, seamed and scarred, are poised, ready to hurl themselves into the depths below.

And here, surrounded by all this wonderous beauty, the Hotel Minnekata, the Gillispie and Sanitarium dispense their hospitalities, and extend the hand of welcome to visitors that have come to this *Bethesda* of the Southern Black Hills. In these elegant and commodious hotels is everything that can be desired by the pleasure and health seeker. Their broad verandahs, elegant parlors and halls, and fine private apartments afford every needed convenience and comfort for guests. And under General Manager Colonel Fred T. Evans nothing is omitted to ensure them benefit and contentment. The Springs are in the two beautiful valleys that are finally lost in the Fall River cañon.

The Falling Water river is a most lovely stream, coursing its way through a cañon as charming as it is picturesque. It can be easily traced, before it is actually visible, by the white, misty wreaths which rise and hover just above the

thermal waters, which flow over a bed of brilliant green, resembling a broad silken ribbon of emerald, rather than a crystal river. To sit in the shadow of the white cliffs, whose bases rest in the red soil, while their glistening forms rise high, and among the dark evergreens, is a rare experience. Yonder, "Battle Mountain" calmly surveys the peaceful valleys, that lie at his feet; and over all bends the glorious sky of exquisite blue, flecked with clouds of sheen and satin, fit canopy for such a royal estate. While at your feet flows the Falling Water, with its wordless hymning, and you repeat in the low voice of the spirit:

> "If thou art worn, and hard beset
> With sorrows that thou would'st forget,
> If thou would'st read a lesson, that will keep
> Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
> Go to the woods and hills! no tears
> Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

A little less than fifty years ago, it is supposed that "Battle Mountain" was the scene of a bloody conflict, from which fact the mountain took its name; that the battle was between the Cheyennes and a tribe of the Sioux. The latter being victorious, they then came into possession of the Wi-ni-la-ka-ta (Spring Hot), and named the surrounding country Minne-kah-ta (Hot Water). When these springs came into the hands of the whites, there was one bath-tub remaining. It had been fashioned from a solid rock, and in the form of a moccasin. This unique tub is eight feet long, four feet wide and three and a half feet deep; up through a crevice in the bottom, the waters unceasingly boil, and flow out, as unceasingly, at the toe. It is really a magnificent bathing tub, and a wonderful sight! In the mysterious waters many a proud chief has doubtless found strength and temporary comfort, and it is still used under the same roof that covers others of more recent date made by the white man. But none possess the interest and fascination for those that visit the bath-house that the "Moccasin tub"

does, nor seem one half so desirable for use. By its presence, we learn that the ancient Cheyennes were not without their "watering-place."

Owing to the perfect chemical combination, although the specific gravity is very great, the water is as clear as crystal. In addition to the benefit derived from the waters of the springs, both patients and visitors have the advantages of high altitude, with the pure bracing air peculiar to it; situated as they are, 3,200 feet above sea-level. Nature understands Pharmacy; and one has only to come here and bathe in her sparkling waters and balmy life-giving atmosphere, to realize with what consummate skill she has prepared her medicines. The Hot Springs of the Black Hills are superior to all others, as yet known, in having the temperature of the waters of just that degree which requires no addition of cold water, nor exposure to render them suitable for use; on the contrary, they are just about blood heat, being from 96° to 98°; so that the person bathing gets the full benefit of the electric and magnetic forces, as well as the carbonic acid gas which abound in these springs, making the baths especially stimulating and exhilarating; while the drinking of the water has most desirable results. All the bathing and swimming apparatus are modeled after those of Baden Baden.

There are many places of interest to the visitor in this remarkable valley, among which are the "Two Lone Wells," "The Cave of the Winds," "Pine Cañon," and "The Elephant's Head," carved in solid rock by the hand that fashioned the hills. These, together with the romantic walks and drives, are among the many attractions which are making the Hot Springs of the Black Hills a desirable resort, and a place destined to become famous, for it seems that the spirit of health must surely brood over this lovely valley; that here, if any where, the tired brain may find rest, the troubled heart peace, and the eye one continual feast of beauty, in

the strangely picturesque scenes of these matchless foothills.

At Hot Springs, the last Territorial Legislature located the *Soldiers' Home*, issuing $4,500 in bonds. The erection of the main building was soon after begun; and the corner stone was laid November 11, 1889, with appropriate ceremonies, under the management of the Masonic Grand Lodge. It is now complete, and occupied by the *undisputed owners*, who *individually earned* all the comforts and blessings that may thus come to them, as life's decline makes the rest and sweet peace of home seem a recompense for the weariness and battles.

DAKOTA HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

This institution is located at Yankton, South Dakota. The Government donated 640 acres for the "Home," lying two miles north of the city, and in its midst stand the handsome brick buildings. It is a most charming spot, seemingly all that could be desired. Thirty acres of this land, south and in front of the hospital, have been laid out in landscape gardens, with evergreens, flowers, and much to delight the eye and gladden the heart. The grounds are well graded and graveled, affording most inviting walks and drives through the surrounding country, that is as lovely as man can wish.

Shade trees, in variety, together with nearly 4,000 fruit trees, including, besides, small fruits and shrubs, make the environments of this hospital appear to lack nothing, so far as external comfort and beauty are considered, while inside, neatness and an evident desire to cheer and satisfy the patients, gave the impression of good management and thorough housekeeping on the part of the matron. And the trustees and people will see to it that this institution shall continue an honor to the city and State, of which it is a necessary component.

STRUCK-BY-THE-REE—THE PATRIARCH CHIEF OF THE SIOUX.

Struck-By-The-Ree was the Chief of the Yankton Sioux. This name was given him from the fact that once when in battle with the Rees he was shot and left for dead where he fell. But he finally rallied and got to his lodge with the arrow point in his body, when it was extracted by Mr. Henoré Picotte, the father of Charles Picotte And from that day on, he bore the name—"Struck-By-The-Ree,"—a name upon which rests no stain.

The Chief once said to Governor Faulk: "I was ten years old when Lewis and Clarke came up the river and reached our camp." He was a very influential Chief among his people; all controversies were referred to him for settlement, the opposing parties willing to abide by his judgment, always just. The position which he occupied among his people for three-quarters of a century, was one of almost sovereign authority. Personally, Struck-By-The-Ree was of medium height, broad shoulders, very stout; and with a most kindly expression. It was well for the whites that this Yankton Chief had such power over his people, as they realized on more than one occasion.

At the time when the lower Brules were about to unite with the nation at Crow Creek and with the Yanktonese, for example, it was wholly through him that a terrible slaughter among the whites was prevented; while hands that were eager to grasp the scalping knife and to dip their cruel palms in the blood of the hated enemy, were staid by the strength of his humane and determined efforts.

Let us now think of him, surrounded by a brutal host, clamoring for the dogs of war to be let loose, as alone and single-hand, he not only saved the Agency from utter extinction, but kept those helpless girls from a fate far worse! until, re-enforced by the arrival of his friend and assistant, Charles F. Picotte. And remembering such, the thought arises, can too high an estimate be placed upon the character

of that Chieftain? Through his long life of almost a century, to the day of its close, he stood an invincible bulwark between the whites and the hostile tribes of his nation.

And it is not surprising that his honorable friend referred to him, and the days when he dwelt in the valley, with a voice in which tears seemed not far off. Truthful, kind, honest and faithful, he labored for the establishing of an enduring peace between the nations dwelling in camp and village along the valley that bore his name, and wherever he could reach them by his influence on the one hand, and timely warning on the other, there would his pacific spirit do its gracious work, unheralded and without price.

And it was with feelings of deepest interest that I visited the room wherein the venerable Chief of almost one hundred years had just passed his last days, and patiently waited for the coming night. And later, as I stood at the close of that autumn day by his new-made grave, over which the lingering rays of the October sun were resting like a mantle of gold, it seemed, indeed, a sacred place, the grave of a hero. Although the only indication, about the lowly mound, of care and thoughtfulness, was the offering of two red apples, which, by some kind hand, had been placed upon the grave where lay the Royal Patriarch of the Yankton Sioux.

But it is hoped that the people that have been the objects of his solicitude and protection—and they are many—will not fail to erect above where he rests, a suitable monument to his virtues and memory, in recognition of all that he has been to them, when life and worse than death were his to grant or withhold. And a most fitting inscription would be the words of his own uttering: "*Not one drop of white man's blood is on these hands!*"

THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

The Territorial Legislature, in 1861, located the University of Dakota, at Vermilion. And in 1881, Congress

made an endowment of seventy-two sections of public lands, for the use and support of the University in the Territory, when it should be admitted as a State. In March, 1882, the voters of Clay county decided to issue bonds to the amount of $10,000 to be used for the erection of the buildings. The main building is 105 x 72 feet, and of Sioux Falls granite, with two wings 48 x 62 feet. The same style of architecture is carried out, both in wings and main building. The University buildings are situated at the head of University street, about one mile from the railway station, on a campus of rectangular shape, comprising twenty acres; the munificent donation of Hon. J. P. Kidder and Hon. M. J. Lewis. The grounds are well improved, extensive system of water-works, together with unusually complete sanitary conditions.

The University presents an imposing appearance, elegant and substantial; while the interior fully sustains the impression gained by the attractive exterior. It is finished in hard woods, handsomely designed, with all its belongings suggesting utility as well as beauty. West Hall is a fine structure, three stories, occupied by the young men. East Hall is also a magnificent piece of architecture, built of Sioux Falls granite, and with all modern improvements, in steam, water, etc., with commodious dining-room, and cozy reception rooms; indeed everything for the comfort and happiness of the students.

The University has a library of several thousand volumes, with convenient reading room. A physical laboratory, supplied with necessary apparatus, and a meteorological station in connection with the United States Signal Service, is ocated at the University. Six departments are included in as present organization, viz.: Preparatory, Normal, Commercial, Music, Art, Collegiate. "To provide for the best and efficient means of imparting to young men and women a liberal education and thorough knowledge of the different

STRUCK-BY-THE-REE, THE FAITHFUL PATRIARCH;—CHAS. F. PICOTTE, THE SIOUX LEADER;—SMUTTY-BEAR.

branches of literature, and the arts and sciences." The University is an honor to South Dakota, in its progress and high aims, as well as to its distinguished President, Dr. Olson.

Edward Olson was born near Hamar, Norway, in 1848, and came to Wisconsin with his parents when but ten years of age. In 1868 he entered Beloit College, remaining one year. He then entered the University of Chicago, with the class of '73, there completing his college course. As a student, he won honors, love and esteem, while he gave largely in return, of the wealth of his rich, abundant nature. Meantime there was promise of attainments that were to strengthen and fashion a life eminent for its nobility of purpose and fidelity to the great trusts confided to his keeping. Having taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1873, he went to Europe and matriculated as a theological student at the University of Halle, at Wittenberg. He remained one year there, and one year at the University of Gottingen, when he was recalled by his Alma Mater and made Instructor in Modern Languages. In 1876 the University of Chicago conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts, and in 1877 made him Professor of Modern Languages. And in the same year Dr. Olson took the degree of Bachelor of Divinity from the Baptist Union Theological Seminary. In 1879 he was made Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, where he distinguished himself as a scholar of eminent qualifications among the *Literati* of his adopted land. For four years, at the famous summer school at Chautauqua, as Professor of Greek, he numbered among his pupils some of the best Greek students of the United States. In 1855, Kalamazoo College conferred upon him the degree Ph. D. Such, in brief, was this rare man, whom Dakota called to the chair of President of its University, and whose qualifications for the important position were everywhere seen in the advancement and upbuilding of the college. A

lover of the young, his kind, ardent nature made them the companions of his life, as they gathered about him to share in the wealth of his teachings. To him time was precious; and, to use his own language: "For all activities of life should be but parts of a perpetual liturgy, a sublime, unending symphony of service." But in an unending life of sublimest symphonies, he now dwells and works. Not only do Dakota and Chicago mourn the loss of such a man and scholar, but scores, in this and other lands, feel how costly the sacrifice in that terrible Minneapolis fire.

CHAPTER VII.

CITIES SET UPON THE HILLS.

Lawrence county, South Dakota, is eighty-five miles long and thirty-two miles wide; comprising an area of 1,720 miles, with a population a little less than 18,000. Within its borders are located Lead City, Central, Centennial, Spearfish, Terraville, Sturgis, Crook City, Galena, Brownsville, Boulder, Potsville, St. Onge, Viewfield, Smithville and Bear Gulch; with Deadwood, the county seat and a city of 5,000 inhabitants. Deadwood, the pride of those hills of precious stones, had its birth April 26, 1876; and for its sponsors the infant city had such men as J. J. Williams, Craven Lee and Isaac Brown. The first organization assuming anything like a form of government was composed of the following: Mayor, E. B. Farnham; City Council, Keller Kurtz, Sol. Star, Frank Philbrook, Joseph Miller, James McCauley; City Clerk and Treasurer, John A. Swift; Marshal, Con Stapleton. At that early date everything was in the rough—shacks, tents, and all the primitive belongings of a mining camp. But gold was there and the men were there, and the machinery was already in motion, in minds, hands, and hearts, that was ere long to transform every feature of the rude surroundings. And to-day, we look upon bustling, prosperous cities with but few suggestions of past disaster and hinderance. From the fire of 1879, which licked up the growing city of Deadwood, leaving ashes for homes, it lightly rose on Phœnix wings, to still prouder heights; and the only object that suggests "early times" to the visitor of 1890, is the long wagon-train with its tinkling bell, as

it moves through the crowded thoroughfare to the slow, sure pace of oxen. They are the only things in all the Hills that say: "We are going slow," and even they might add: "But we shall get there," which one does not doubt, in watching a team of twenty-two of the sure-footed kine, with their swaying, swinging gait, lift the ponderous load up the mountain-side.

Deadwood is the largest and richest city in the Hills, and is the distributing point for all the important mining camps. More than 12,000,000 pounds of freight are annually handled, and nine-tenths of it is merchandise. Deadwood is also the depository for all the bullion shipped semi-monthly by Wells, Fargo & Co., amounting, very nearly, to $250,000.

Many a business man of to-day, as with postoffice key he helps himself to his daily mail, or sits unconcerned at his desk while it is laid before him, well remembers the Postal Service of 1876, and the fearless pony-riders, H. G. Rockfellow and Charlie Utter. Their run from Deadwood to Cheyenne was often made in forty-eight hours, over a country covered with Indians. But mounted upon their flying ponies, and armed for all kinds of game, they made their trips without flinching and without molestation; and it paid them well, too, for the amount of mail was often something immense; and at twenty-five cents per letter, a single trip many a time brought the riders the pretty sum of $1,000. A free dispensing was the fashion at the postoffice, each person assorting for himself, getting his mail unaided. But nothing was ever lost or appropriated, which can not be said of all postoffices, even with yards of "red tape" for protection.

The first coach over the Cheyenne road, arrived about the first of August, followed immediately by a daily stage line under the management of Gilmore, Salisbery & Co., running between Cheyenne and Deadwood for over one year. Their fame has gone over the land. In the winter of

1877, the Northwestern Express, Stage and Transportation Company fitted out the road from Bismarck to Deadwood in a most efficient, thorough manner; fine large horses, elegant Concord coaches, together with all the facilities necessary to the comfort and accommodation of the traveling public.

Railroads will, in the near future, do away with the necessity for the coach and wagon-train. But never to have had the experience of a ride from Whitewood to Deadwood, in one of the tally-ho coaches drawn by those magnificent iron-grays up and down the mountain sides, is to have lost an opportunity for most interesting enjoyment; and when with a grand swoop you are whirled up to the curb-stone of one of the fine hotels, the trip is brought to a period, round and full, and you come down from the clouds to feast upon the viands, of the Keystone or Wentworth, which the drive has made doubly acceptable.

Throughout the cities and towns of the Hills, the best of schools in various grades are established, and every religious denomination is represented in their elegant churches, filled with an intelligent and earnest people. Handsome stores, with stocks of goods such as would do credit to any metropolis, grace the streets of the city of this wonderful region, which, although pre-eminently a mining district, does not lack in the refinements and luxuries that are found elsewhere.

The First Hotel of Deadwood threw open its doors under the proprietorship of C. H. Wagner, bearing the high-sounding name, "The Grand Central," and of course did a large business.

Naturally, more or less of disorder prevailed in a settlement so remote, and made up for a time of the element such as first gathers in mining places, and such bits of news as the following would often be read: "William J. Hickok (Wild Bill) was killed by Jack McCall August 20, 1876,

in a saloon while seated playing cards." McCall was acquitted, but later arrested by the U. S. marshal, taken to Yankton and there hanged. Jack Hinch, the first man killed in the Hills, "at Gayville in the early spring of 1876, for which a man named McCarthy was tried and acquitted." "August 2d a Mexican appeared on Main street, with the blood-dripping head of an Indian tied to the horn of his saddle, the trophy of a fight on Centennial prairie, for which exploit he received a generous purse." "B. Frankenberg, shot by an unknown party on the present site of Golden Star mill, Lead City, spring of 1878." "Harry Tuttle, a stock thief, with an arm badly shattered in a fight, was brought to the hospital at Spearfish, and thirteen days later was taken by a mob from his bed almost naked, and hanged on a tree near by, in a cowardly and disgusting manner." But with all the circumstances and surroundings considered, the disreputable occurrences of those times were by no means great, and they have been overstated, to cater, perhaps, to the morbid taste which may always be found to exist, when the dish is thus garnished. Disorder comes not so much from the presence of hard characters, as from the absence of law. The same element exists in the best regulated, law-governed city, but it is because of a restraining hand that discord and crime are not so boldly carried on. The difference in circumstances is greater than the difference in human nature.

In the following February, Major Vroom and a battalion of the Third Cavalry were ordered out from Fort Robinson to protect the settlers, and they also did much towards the surrender of Crazy Horse and his entire band in April.

The *First Banking House* of the Hills was opened March 1, 1879, by Messrs. Stebbins, Post and Mund, followed April 1, 1880, by the Merchants National Bank, Seth Bullock, president; J. A. Harding, vice-president. Mr. Stebbins, the founder of the banking institutions of the Hills, resided for years with

his family in New York enjoying the fruits of his early planting, while nearly, if not quite, the largest stockholder in the Merchants National. Mr. Alvin Fox, of the house of Stebbens, Mund and Fox, Central City, and of Stebbins, Fox & Co., at Spearfish and Sturgis, has had the oversight of an immense banking business for years. Flood nor fire has not been sufficient to interrupt the steady advance of their enterprises.

The *First Newspaper*, published in the Hills, sent out its first issue June 8, 1876, and was called *The Pioneer*. The alert proprietors were W. A. Laughlin and A. W. Merrick, also the "pioneers." This sheet was prepared in a small log shack in Deadwood. The roof of *their* "publishing-house" was made of poles and dirt to protect from the rain; and to-day the *Pioneer*, both daily and weekly, goes its rounds, a live, honest, thorough-going Western journal, under the management of Mr. R. D. Kelley and Ed. Bonhome, the latter a pioneer of the earliest date. He came to Deadwood from Cheyenne in May, 1876, with a party of seventeen men, and 133 horses packed with merchandise of various kinds; twenty horses were packed with dies for stamping, and with pack-saddles. They were twenty-two days in making the journey, having with them four professional packers. In the fall of '76 the first stamping mill was put in.

The hillsides were covered with tents, and the place literally swarming with people, all there to get rich! The streets were in the roughest state imaginable, with stumps and ravines. In those days there were a few small cottages, but for the most part all business was done in log shacks, and board shanties, but gradually the greater portion of those people left, and the number was reduced to about five thousand.

The first preacher to reach the Hills was the Rev. H. W. Smith (Methodist). He preached the first sermon May 7, 1876, from a text found in John vii: 37. The services were

held in a log house with a saw-dust floor, at Custer. Mr. Smith arrived in Deadwood on the 27th of May, preaching in the street on the corner of Main and Gold, according to the first record made, on Sunday, July 9, 1876. He was greatly respected by the miners. On Sunday, August 20th, while attempting to reach Crook City, to preach, he was killed by the Indians, just out of Deadwood, but his body was recovered and buried in the old cemetery; and evidence of his worth is seen in the fact that Methodist ministers, assisted by the old pioneers, found his resting-place and removed his body to the beautiful cemetery, "Mount Moriah," while to farther show their respect for this martyr-minister, the citizens sent a generous sum of money to his family in the East.

The first building erected for church worship, exclusively, was occupied in July, 1877. A Congregational church was organized January 1, 1877, the Rev. L. P. Moreross as pastor. The First Public Prayer ever made in Deadwood was on the *Fourth of July, 1876;* the occasion being the Centennial Celebration.

On the 6th of October, 1874, the party known as "the Collins and Russell" expedition started from Sioux City, Iowa, for the Black Hills, to open up what has since become a grand highway for thousands. But when General Sheridan learned through the press that the expedition was being fitted out, he issued orders to the commanders along the frontier to arrest the leaders and put them in the nearest prison, and disband and send home the followers; all of which reached the ears of the party in due time, but it did not intimidate them in the least. Still determined to carry out their plans, they had painted upon their wagon-sheets, in large letters, the following: "For O'Neil's Colony." General O'Neil had at that time established a colony at the head of the Elkhorn river in Nebraska, "and to throw the Government off the scent," they thought best to resort to

some kind of deception, so under this new banner they proceeded to the Hills.

The Great Stockade was built three miles below where Custer City now stands. It was constructed of heavy pine timber and was eighty feet square, with bastions in each corner and port-holes every six feet. Inside this wall of safety were built seven log cabins, the homes of the pioneers. A large double gate, hewn from pine timber, was the only entrance to the formidable stronghold. General Forcythe spoke of this stockade, in the summer of 1875, as the strongest he had ever seen on the frontier. In it ten men could have kept at bay ten thousand Indians until starved out.

Captain Mix, of the Second Cavalry, who took the Stockade party prisoners, informed General Bradley that had they resisted he would have been obliged to send to Fort Laramie for artillery. It was a magnificent fortification, and it is greatly to be regretted that its destruction was tolerated; and the expression is general that it should have been allowed to stand, a monument to the endurance and courage of the sturdy men that built it.

During the winter the Collins-Russell party spent the time in prospecting for gold, and hunting. Out of a wagon-box they constructed a rocker, and for five days worked it within five feet of the Stockade, in French Creek, and from which they took out about seventy ounces of gold dust that would coin $20 to the ounce. Part of this was sent out by Witcher and Gordon, who left the stockade on the 14th of January for Sioux City, Iowa. It was there placed on exhibition in the First National Bank; and thus, by the aid of the *Associated Press* and its correspondent from the Stockade, the good tidings were proclaimed that gold had actually been taken from the Black Hills.

In March, Messrs. Williams, McDonald, Thomas and McLaren started for Fort Laramie after supplies. On their arrival they were, naturally, closely questioned by General

Bradley, concerning the Collins-Russell expedition, and the visit resulted in the return of Mr. Williams and McDonald as guides for Captain Mix of the Second Cavalry, by whom the brave gold hunters were escorted to Fort Laramie and there paroled.

Thus were their dreams of "uncounted gold" abruptly disturbed by the unwelcome appearance of the mounted troopers, to resist whom, the miners well knew would be extreme folly.

Visitors, while in the city of Deadwood, will notice the tall, erect figure of Colonel Russell prominent upon the streets; and in him they will find a gentleman of the true Western type, ready to talk of the early days; while he is, in truth, a mine of information, which is even better than gold, when properly worked; and the gallant Colonel always understands what he is talking about; while, with the kindness and consideration, characteristic of the people of our Western cities, he bids you welcome to the Treasure house of Dakota, whose foundation walls are girt with gold.

John J. Williams, still one of Deadwood's respected citizens, came to the Hills with the Russell party. They were seventy-eight days on their journey from Sioux City to where Custer City is now located, with an ox-train of six wagons, twenty-four men, one woman, a Mrs. Tallent, the first woman to reach the Hills, and a young girl. They entered the Hills at Spring Valley, on the 9th of December, 1874. At this point they built the famous Gordon Stockade. Deer were as plenty as sheep, besides elk. On the 6th day of March, 1875, Mr. Williams, with three others of the company, left his home, in the Castle of the Hills, for Fort Laramie, 136 miles south. The only covering he had for his feet was moccasins which he had made from the skins of the elk and deer, and by the time he reached his destination they were in a condition that forced him directly into the post hospital for treatment. As soon as Mr. Williams was

able to walk he returned as guide for the Government soldiers to oust the expedition from the Stockade. And from this time on he led a very active life, again going to Fort Laramie, but on this occasion, the bearer of newspaper dispatches; and finally on the first day of January, 1876, after many hard experiences and tedious journeys, he reached that portion of the Black Hills in which the city of Deadwood is located. In answer to a question as to who or what was there at that time, Mr. Williams replied, "Well, nothing but *me*! I built my shack right where J. Goldberg's store now stands, the first here in Deadwood. I took out *$70,000* in two summers, and in the first fourteen weeks *$27,000*." But, lawsuits to protect and adjust claims, and the natural expenditure reduced the fortune somewhat. Local history shows that few of "the *first* men on the ground," secure permanent wealth, as a rule.

The Rev. E. J. K. Lessell was appointed missionary to the Black Hills July 1, 1878, by Bishop Hare, who paid the Hills a visit in person, in October, and again in September, 1880; and on the 12th of September laid the corner-stone of the church building. And on the 17th day of April, 1881, Easter Sunday, the first service was held, with the Rev. Geo. C. Pennell, of New York City, as minister.

Forty years ago the Indians of the Hills were visited by Jesuit missionaries, among whom was Father De Smet, a man reverently remembered still by the various tribes that knew him later in his mission work among them, up and down the Missouri river. In May (the 22d), 1877, Father John Lonegan, sent by Bishop O'Connor, of Omaha, said his first mass in a shop belonging to Mr. Webster, on Sherman street. But a few years later saw them with five churches in the cities of Deadwood, Sturgis and Rapid alone, and constantly enlarging their borders. Father Toohey organized and built a church in Lead as early as 1879. In the memorable "1876" Deadwood received a valuable accession to its numbers by

the arrival of Seth Bullock and Sol Star, who came in the month of August, *en route* from Helena, Montana, where they had entered into a business partnership prior to opening up a "first-class" crockery store. But before their goods arrived the ambitious young merchants, with quick ears caught the echoes, "Gold in the Black Hills!" and scarcely had the tones died away when they were hurrying to the *Eldorado* of Dakota. Once there, before the sun went down they were owners of a corner lot on Main and Wall streets, for which they had paid $1,100; and the following morning a *commodious* building was under rapid headway; for the trite saying: "A little goes a long way," had a double significance in those days. After the destruction of this store by fire, the undaunted partners erected one of the largest buildings of its kind in this region, 50x135 feet, with its fire-proof of brick, 50x95 feet, giving to the city one of the finest and most extensive hardware and agricultural furnishing houses of Southern Dakota. The members of the firm of "Star & Bullock" are both men of unquestioned integrity, public spirited, and awake to the success and well-being of the country in which they early cast their lot. Mr. Bullock took a prominent position among the inhabitants of the young city as its first sheriff; and later, after the organizing of the county, was duly elected to that office; and through his efforts law and order were to a far greater extent maintained than through any other medium. As president of the Merchants' Bank, and member of the Board of Trade, and in various other capacities, Mr. Bullock is identified with the interests of the community. Mr. Star has, also, during all these past years, continued to hold responsible positions; among others, that of postmaster, an office which, although by no means a desirable one, he filled most acceptably; and is also a member of the Board of Trade. As its Mayor, Mr. Star has served the city of Deadwood, as long as Jacob for "the beautiful and well-favored," which is abundant evidence

of the just appreciation of his ability to occupy its most honorable position.

Lead City is in the midst of one of the greatest mining districts in the world, surrounded by hills of mineral wealth. It is a city regularly laid out with fine brick buildings both public and private, and which in some instances have no superiors in the Hills. In August, on the 27th day, 1878, the Congregationalists organized a church, and through the efforts of the Rev. J. W. Pickett later on erected a house of worship. Lead has also Methodist and Catholic churches, and educational facilities of fine grade, with handsome stores and hotels. Like all Dakota cities, the newspaper has a prominent position in the advance—guard of progress, and here we find the Lead City *Daily Tribune*, a sprightly publication under the management of T. D. Edwards. Also a substantial banking institution, the Lead City Bank, D. A. McPherson, president.

In truth this wonderful city was rightly named for more reasons than merely from the fact of the great number of *gold-quartz leads.* It has three gold-quartz mills, the "Homestake running" 200 stamps, with a capital of $12,500,000, whose famous company has paid nearly $5,000,000 in dividends. But this city leads in its astonishing growth and enterprise; in its various institutions, public and private, such as are supposed to be found only in towns located by large cities, and in close communication with business centers. The view from the divide between Central and Lead is worth going a long way to see. And a drive from city to city through this marvelous country soon exhausts the ordinary list of descriptives. According to the statement of the "Deadwood and Terra Mining Company," from July 1, 1886, to July 1, 1888, the bullion product amounted to $1,289,600, and in those two years its credit rose from $71,641.67 to $97,335.88. The expenditure included $51,-151.77 for a tramway. The amount of ore milled was

587,050 tons, yielding an average of $2.19 and to not quite $2.20 per ton. In 1889, the Deadwood-Terra has a nominal capital of $5,000,000 and has already paid $1,100,000 in dividends. Running 160 stamps.

Rapid City, has been very properly termed, "The Gate City" of the Hills. It is the county seat of Pennington County, one hundred and fifty miles from the Missouri river, and less than fifty miles from Deadwood. The city is located in the valley and surrounded on all sides by a rolling country that on the west side gradually rises back up to the Hills. Rapid river empties into the Cheyenne about forty miles from Rapid City. The later has several handsome public buildings, prominent among which is "The School of Mines," creating a good impression upon the traveler approaching the town, by its conspicuous location. Rapid has a fine brick court-house, four or more churches, city hall, library, etc., live newspapers, among them the *Daily Republican*, John P. McManus, editor and publisher; Black Hills *Democrat*, G. W. Barrows, editor and publisher. And just here we quote from *The Journal*, "March 3d.—Seven horses stolen. 14th.—Twenty-eight head of horses stolen. April 12th.—A brush with the reds and their chief killed. 20th.—Party of whites attacked at Spring Valley, one killed, another wounded. April 5th.—Whites attacked on Battle Creek, stock lost and wagons abandoned. April 6th.—A man named Herman killed five miles above the new city. 15th.—Captain Dodge killed near Spring Valley. 16th—Unknown men killed five miles below Rapid. May 6th.—Ed. Saddler, W. H. Gardner, 'Texas Jack' (St. Clair), and John Harrison, killed near the head of Bad river. 13th.—S. C. Dodge, Henry Herring and C. Nelson, killed three miles above Rapid." Thus we are given a slight intimation of those early days, by which to contrast them with the present. The first number of the *Journal* was issued January 5, 1878, and the *Daily Journal* is still

under the popular management of its first publisher, Mr. Joseph Gossage; while its editorial work is conducted by the efficient and versatile journalist, R. B. Hughes, an old-time newspaper man of Deadwood, all of which voice the enterprise and the public spirit of The Gate to the Hills of Gold.

Fort Meade is situated fifteen miles from Deadwood, and one and one-half miles from Sturgis City, and in what may be styled the Northern foot-hills of the Black Hills district. This Reservation is six miles long and ten miles wide, with a wood-reserve of four miles square. Through the Fort grounds flows the lovely stream known as Bear Butte Creek. Fort Meade is a twelve company post, and was for a long time the headquarters of the famous Seventh Cavalry, Col. Tilford, commander, with four companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, and six companies of cavalry. Its officers were Adjutant Wilkinson, Quartermaster Robinson, Commissary Edwards. Seventh Cavalry; Captains: Moylen, Jackson, Gibson, Ilsley, Mathey, De Rudio. Lieutenants: Varnum, McCormack, Sickle, Nicholson, Squires, Scott, Spilman, Wilcox, Cameron. Twenty-fifth Infantry Captains: Van Valzah, French, Gray, Courtney. Lieutenants: Longborough, Reid, Scott, Deool, Leonhauser, Ord, Baldwin. Surgeons: Wilson, Sabin, Saunders, Chaplain, Wilson. As commander of this Post, Colonel Tilford has won many laurels, and, together with his gallant command, is worthy of the proud Seventh Cavalry; among this list we see the names of men, some of whom were barely numbered with the "*saved*," when that regiment had its baptism of blood. An abundance of room for cavalry and infantry parade, excellent water, fine buildings, everything necessary has here combined to render Fort Meade one of the finest military posts in the United States. And it owes its superior location to General Sheridan, who selected it in person, for the peculiar advantages it possesses in the event of an outbreak

among the Indians for easily covering the large agencies; as they could be intercepted by the troops whether going North or South.

Sturgis City is situated thirteen miles in a northern direction from Deadwood, in the charming valley of Bear Butte Creek. In 1880, it was located by General S. D. Sturgis, Seventh Cavalry commander at Fort Meade; Captain Wm. Harmon, U. S. A., J. C. Wilcox and B. G. Caulfield. Only one and a half miles from Fort Meade, it naturally receives largely of the thousands that are paid out by the Government to its troops and otherwise. Fine residences, public buildings, banks, schools and churches all tend to make it a city of unusual promise.

Spearfish was so named of the Indians from the fact of the clearness of the waters of the river which flows by the town, in which they could see to spear fish, and so gave it that name. Spearfish is a trading center for stock men from a large territory of country. The valley is considered a fertile land of-plenty. Spearfish Cañon is a picturesque and rugged piece of scenery, and greatly adds to the interest of the surroundings of the town.

Custer City was the first settlement built in the Black Hills country, and its first house was erected in August, 1875, by Dr. Flick. Although General Crook drove out every man whom he could capture, about thirty persistent ones remained, and in the early spring three or four hundred houses were built. It is now the County Seat, with churches—Congregationalist and Baptist—fine court-house and brick school building, lively newspapers and substantial banks. A great future awaits the Black Hills, whose unbounded resources have no equal, apparently. Just now, the rich tin mines of Custer county are receiving marked attention from the English capitalists of Cornwall, several of which have been purchased by them already, as they are not slow to see the signs of the fabulous wealth that underlies the dark green dome which rises above this rock-bound store-house.

THOSE BLUE-BLACK HILLS AND THEIR BURIED TREASURES.

The Black Hills are located in the extreme southwestern part of South Dakota, comprising about 3,200 square miles, or 40x80 miles in area. A section of county between meridians 25°30′ and 28°, longitude west, from Washington, and between 43°20′, and 44°45′ north latitude. As the boundary line between the Territory of Dakota and Wyoming is on the twenty-seventh meridian west from Washington, it therefore assigns about two-thirds of this wonderful country to South Dakota. And embraces the counties of Butte, Custer, Lawrence, Fall River and Pennington; the latter named in honor of *ex-Governor Pennington* of Yankton.

A section, whose wealth is abundantly distributed through every element that goes to make up what "we call, a country." Its climate, soil, mineral productions and landscape, vie with each other for supremacy,—above and beneath the surface, nature has placed her riches without stint. The greenest forests, the juciest grasses in sheltered valleys; and the richest mining region of its area.

"In the Homestake combination there are about 600 stamps," which drop with the constancy and regularity of heart-beats, crushing with their combined force something like 1,600 tons every twenty-four hours or nearly 20,000 cubic feet of rock, 365 times each year, unless discontinued for some necessary repairing. This Company has thirty miles of railroad affording facilities for furnishing their mills with fuel, as well as with timber for the mines. The bullion product of the Homestake from June 1, 1887 to June 1, 1888, according to report furnished by Superintendent Greer to "Pioneer" was, "Gold, $895,822.37—Silver, $7,584.83=total, $903,407.20.

One can get but a very small idea of "the largest pump in the world" as regards its size, even when told that it has a wheel sixty feet in circumference, until an opportunity has

been given to watch its ponderous, measured movements as it lifts the immense weight of rock from the unseen depths below, and thus get a faint impression of what the scale is in operating the mines of the Black Hills in standing by this giant, the "Old Abe Hoist." "Here the cages are built of wrought iron, supplied with a patent safety clutch which is self-acting, stopping the cages almost instantly by clamping the guides in so firm a manner that accidents are almost impossible. A hood of boiler iron in the form of a letter ∧ covers each one to prevent rock or any substance from falling on individuals descending or ascending. The hoisting is done by means of a powerful engine which revolves two huge drums by means of a small mitre friction gear. These drums are supplied with brakes which nearly encircle the wheels, which are controlled by a man who lowers and hoists the cage. Around these drums a one-inch wire rope is passed from drum to pulleys on a perpendicular line with the shaft. The engine is reversible, therefore a car can be hoisted or lowered without the direct use of the brakes; and if the strong wire rope should break the shaft-clutches instantly catch and hold the cage and its contents in mid-air."

In the Caldonia mines there are about 400,000 tons of paying ore in sight, with pillars of ore skillfully left to support the roof or hanging walls, and which saves the great expense of timber and labor to the annual amount of at least $30,000. A system of air drills are operated from a Rand compressor, used principally to "breast-out" on different levels. The principal mining is done by "under stopping" from these breasts, by which means that a single shot will throw or break from 100 to 800 tons of ore.

Well-laid tracks of cars are on all the levels to convey ore to the shafts. A train of cars propelled by horse-power hauls 260 tons of ore per day from the hoisting shaft to a No. 6 Gates crusher, weighing 55,000 pounds, erected on the outside above the mill, where the crushed ore from it is

conveyed in chutes downward to the ore bins in rear of the stamps. Superintendent Skinner has pronounced this Crusher the greatest invention in mining machinery of the age. As it crushes, in ten hours, enough ore to supply the mill twenty-four hours." This mill is dropping eighty stamps, which crush 250 tons of ore per day." The company has an output of $32,000 monthly, and employs nearly 100 men; and was never more prosperous than during the past two years. Its stock is held principally in San Francisco, "with a nominal capital of $10,000,000."

To have an opportunity to explore the "Caldonia," under the care and instruction of the courteous foreman, Mr. Blatchford, was an interesting experience for the writer; and one of many, long to be remembered. Going down the 1200-feet shaft, is a trip requiring some courage. And to step into the "cage" produces a kind of make-your-will and last-good-bye feeling; but it is soon over. At that depth we were taken out 600 feet, away into the subterranean chambers—solid arches of rock—one of which is 200 feet long, 85 feet wide, and 156 feet high. There, after becoming accustomed to the dim light, we could watch the miners as they clung like bats to the flinty wall, breaking into available pieces the rocky cavern, some of them using the hand drill, others the "Compressed Air." With such strange surroundings, one is filled with amazement at the marvelous expressions of *God's handiwork*, and by such demonstrations of the power and wonderful *skill of man;* and in silence ascends to the region of light through the perilous shaft, glad to breathe once more the air of day.

In *1883 Tin* was discovered in the Hills. The first public announcement of which was made by Major A. J. Simmons, of Rapid City, through the *Journal* of that place, June 7, 1883. In this article he says: "The indications already point to the existence of an extensive district of the mineral." There are two well-known tin districts in the

hills. One occupies a belt about four miles wide, lying around the northern and western flanks of Harney's Peak. It extends southward to a point six miles south of Custer City. Probably will be found encircling the granitic area of the Hills. The other section is located about sixteen miles southwest of Spearfish, when a small Archaean area has been laid bare by denudation. The tin stone is found in granitic veins or dykes in the earlier or schistore Archaean, and which vary in width from a few inches to hundreds of feet.

Says Prof. Blake: "The discovery of tin ore in the Black Hills of Dakota Territory may be said to have been complete on the 7th of June, 1883, when a sample which had been forwarded by Capt. A. J. Simmons, of Rapid City, Dakota, to General Gashwiler, of San Francisco, was submitted to me for determination.

This sample was an irregular fragment, weighing about half a pound, evidently broken from a large mass. It was dark-colored, very heavy, and had no appearance of crystallization, and did not resemble any of the ores of tin which had come under my observation. It had, however, the hardness of cassiterite and the characteristic powder or streak. Under the blow-pipe flame upon charcoal an abundance of globules of white malleable tin left no reason to question that the ore was mainly the oxide of tin, the mineral species known as casseterite, which, when pure, contains over 75 per cent. of metallic tin." The United States have imported tin to the amount of $6,000,000 annually, in bars or pigs, and the prospect of tin mining in the Black Hills gave "*The Etta*" a world-wide reputation.

CHAPTER VIII.

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY H. SIBLEY AND HIS FAMOUS EXPEDITION ACROSS DAKOTA.

In the year 1834, a young man left Detroit, Michigan, to see what the far West was like and to enjoy the delightful pastime found in the chase and with the rod and line; having for his destination that portion which is now the magnificent State of Minnesota. He was full of the enthusiasm which naturally fills young hearts, and the wild, new country presented many attractive scenes as well as opportunities for employment. The young adventurer soon availed himself of such, and entered into a business compact with J. B. Astor, to organize trading posts for the Fur Company, which were then the chief business points. But Mr. Astor sold out his interests the same year, and Henry H. Sibley was given control of the work, upon whom great responsibilities were placed, which he did not shirk nor neglect.

Young Sibley passed almost his entire time among the Indian tribes during his first years in Minnesota; he hunted with them, camped with them, marched with them, traded with them and was familiar with all their habits, as well as modes of attack and defense. Consequently, when the Indian outbreak in August, 1862, startled the Western world, Governor Ramsay knew who was the man to summon to his aid, and at once went to H. H. Sibley, saying to him: "I want you to take command of the troops." He modestly declined and suggested that he send some military man; but the Governor would not listen to that, on the contrary he said: "There is not a man in the State so well fitted for the

work; you know them thoroughly, and are acquainted with their manner of warfare as no one else is, and you are *the man* to take command of the field. Will you do it?" Henry Sibley fully comprehended the situation and reluctantly consented to go, but with two considerations, viz.: If confined to the Lower Bands of Indians he would want only 500 men; but if the Upper Bands were included, he must then have at least 1,000; they were good marksmen and he knew that a "big job was on hand to beat them." This was the sensible requisition of a far-seeing and clear-headed Indian fighter that knew his enemy, and counted well the cost. Complying with the Governor's request, he took 400 men and went up the Minnesota river as far as the town of Carver and there landed.

On the trip up, the General thought it best to acquaint himself with the armament which had been furnished him, another practical illustration of the caution that locks the stable-door *before* the horse is stolen, and accordingly went down on deck to investigate; when to his utter surprise he found his equipment to consist of condemned arms from Austrian and Belgium markets. He next proceeded to open the amunition, and found that the balls were from Harper's Ferry market, too large. One can imagine that such a condition of affairs, with work of that kind on hand, was not likely to inspire a commanding officer with confidence nor very good feelings, but they went on as far up as St. Peter and encamped; knowing that the Indians would concentrate somewhere to meet them—although General Sibley was not able to take his troops into the field with such arms—and from there at once sent to Governor Ramsay, informing him of the existing state of things. There were no roads, and seemingly everything was against them; notwithstanding, in time they received re-inforcements and marched to Fort Ridgley, which had been besieged by the Indians before, but they had now returned, and at that point they established a camp

where General Sibley could get sufficient men, rations, arms and amunition up to them.

Previously, he had sent out a detachment to bury the men, women and children that had been killed, as many as fifty or sixty bodies, and then went into camp. The troops were attacked by a large force of Indians at Birch Coulie, where thirty or forty were wounded; thirty-five killed or mortally wounded, and on hearing the report of arms, the General marched to their relief and drove the Indians, buried the dead, and took the wounded back to camp.

The Rev. Stephen R. Riggs, taking a boat at Shakopee, went down to St. Paul, and there offered his services to Governor Ramsay, in whatever capacity he chose to put him, who at once commissioned him as chaplain to General Sibley's expedition, and at Fort Ridgely he joined the command. General Sibley now thought best to establish communication with Little Crow, and sent a scout with a message to the effect that if Little Crow had anything to say to him, to send word by a half-breed, in the day-time, with a flag of truce. In reply, he received a sort of apologetical letter that they did not wish to make war. General Sibley, at this time, knew that in the Indian camp there were 125 young women and girls, some not yet in their teens; that the Indians had killed all the older women and white men, and the young girls were being subjected to most frightful abuses; with this knowledge, to liberate and save the captives was the General's paramount object. But Little Crow, on the night before the battle, in council, made a speech to his people, telling them that the white troops consisted only of "old men and boys, all the young warriors having gone off to war in the South, and that in the morning he would take his men and go down into the white camp and tomahawk them, and not waste ammunition."

Having come to that conclusion, they made ready for what they supposed would be a quick disposal of the antiquated troops; and early in the morning they were in the

field, and began their attack with a large force of Indians. The engagement was of the fiercest kind; they were so sure of whipping General Sibley that they fought with desperation, when it dawned upon them that it was by no means an easy thing to do, as they were met at every point, and defeated with heavy loss after an action of three hours; though never had the Indians been seen to fight as they did that day. In the evening after the battle, some of General Sibley's officers asked him to go to one of their tents, wishing to consult with him. He did so; and they then very respectfully suggested to him the propriety of his making a night march, and attacking the main camp. Meanwhile, the General listened attentively to the proposition, at the same time knowing that if they understood the Indian character, they would not for a moment think of such a course, nor suggest it; for as a result, they would kill every one of their captives and then disperse, and he would lose the most of them, as they were not mounted. However, the General was going to take that camp, but not that way. In his communication General Sibley assured Little Crow in the strongest language that he could present his case in, that *if he killed one of those captives, he would destroy his entire camp, without regard to age or sex.*

On the following day, they broke camp and marched up about seven miles in the direction of the Indian village, while the General had secret communication with a few friendly Indians, and had said to them in substance: "To-morrow, I am going to march up to Little Crow's camp, and I want you to get those captives together on one side as much as you can, and then raise a white flag, to indicate to me their position." Thus having arranged for concerted action with friendly Indians, the following day General Sibley started at the head of his column, and, with drums beating and flags flying, marched up past their camp and pitched his own tent within four or five hundred rods of them, holding them under fire of the artillery.

Doubtless by this time, Little Crow concluded that General Sibley's command was composed of something besides "*old men*." The General then took two companies of troops, with five or six of his principal staff and field officers, and went over to the Indian camp, where he left the troops, and, in company with his officers, went directly into the camp, although his men frankly told him he would be killed.

On his way he saw an old Indian, Round Wind, whom he knew very well, who, as the haranguer was, with stentorian voice, promulgating the orders of the chiefs and head men, and to this man the General gave orders to go around to the lodges and tell his people, that he wanted every one of those captives. He did as he was commanded, and they surrendered the poor creatures without delay; but such a sight rarely, if ever, met the eyes of civilized men. Out from the filthy, smoky teepees crawled those wretched girls, pushing and hurrying in their fear of being left behind, while they had scarcely rags sufficient to cover their bodies. Many a young woman, from the higher walks of life, had for weeks been dragged about the country with no clothing but an old skirt, allowed her by some poor, yet kindly-disposed, Indian woman. The half-distracted creatures gathered around the group of officers, and were so afraid that they were not, after all, going to be released, that they clung to General Sibley, holding on to his arms and hands with hysterical demonstrations pitiable to witness, so overcome were they with mingled hope and fear—a sight to move the stoutest heart. But he assured and reassured them that they were in the hands of friends, telling them to give up all anxiety, as deliverance had come to them at last, and immediately put them in charge of the troops and had them taken directly to his camp, where he had a tent put up for their exclusive use.

The command had very little that they could share with them; but notwithstanding the cold autumn weather,

General Sibley and the Rev. Mr. Riggs slept under one blanket that more might be used by the sufferers. The Indians made no resistance, and General Sibley's prompt, judicious and soldierly action commended itself universally, and ranks him high among the brave and sagacious military officers. Little Crow escaped; but the chiefs and head men offered to surrender if they could be promised exemption from punishment; but the General told them frankly that he was there to punish the murderers, and hang every one he found guilty. He remained there several days, but issued an order that no officer should go into the vicinity of the enemy's camp without his written permission; and notwithstanding that they could not quite comprehend why General Sibley was so inactive, he still had the best of reasons. Small parties of Indians had gone off fifteen or twenty miles from the main camp, presumably to see what he was going to do next, and to provoke some action; but those that remained, after a time, sent out word to them that the troops were doing nothing to them, and to come back, while it soon became apparent to the command that the Indian camp was increasing every day. There were two parties, however, that determined to escape; but General Sibley sent Colonel Marshall with a detachment in pursuit, and he finally overtook and brought them in, while another small party surrendered to Captain Merriman, who brought them in, also.

The next move made by General Sibley, now that he saw the camp again filled, and for which he had been passively waiting, was to throw a strong guard around the camp of Little Crow; and to their dismay they suddenly found themselves in the hands of the white soldiers. The sagacious Sibley had kept his own council; and not an officer in his command was aware of his plan, as he patiently wove the toils that were to entangle the hostile, murderous band; and the second move he made, was to arrest nearly four hundred warriors!

He then instituted a Military Commission with Colonel Crooks president, together with four other officers, and a Recorder, acting as Judge Advocate. General Sibley instructed the Commission to investigate, individually, the case of every one of the prisoners, to take testimony for, as well as against, so that each should have a fair trial. The Advocate to act for the criminals, as well as for the Government; and the result of the trial was the convicting of 303 Indians for crime punishable with death, and others were sentenced to terms of imprisonment, from one to ten years.

General Sibley took special care that no innocent person should be punished, but through the interference of outsiders, wholly unacquainted with what they were doing, or what the "Public Good" demanded, the execution, at their solicitation, was suspended by President Lincoln "until further orders." Mr. Lincoln sent a special message to General Sibley, and again he went over the whole evidence and made a careful synopsis of every case, and to the Rev. Stephens Riggs he entrusted the documents; as a result, this time only forty were set apart for punishment by death.

After the captives had been furnished suitable clothing, General Sibley sent them all to Fort Smith, in charge of Captain Marshall. Upon one of the Indians, that said he came from Beaver Creek, General Sibley found $90.00, and upon asking a Miss —— if her father had any gold, she informed him that he had a little, upon the strength of which, the General purchased two United States Bonds and gave one to the young girl, and the other to her brother.

General Sibley started down with 380 prisoners, under strong guard, and securely chained, the right leg of one to the left leg of another. On arriving at Mankato, and directly opposite to what is known as Sibley Mountain, those condemned to death were hanged.

Thus closed a memorable campaign that brought total defeat to the Indians, and the surrender of twenty-five

hundred men, women and children. But better than everything else, it brought release to the white female captives who were in a bondage worse than ten thousand deaths.

Again, in 1883, we find General Sibley in the field. After the defeat at Wood Lake, Little Crow had fled with. nearly 300 warriors, and it was safe to predict that they world return to their old haunts, in the coming spring, and again take up their work of pillage and slaughter among the settlers; therefore some action must be taken to ensure safety; and a meeting for consultation, in reference to it, was held in Milwaukee, with General Pope, Commanding the Department of the Northwest; General Sibley Commanding the military District of Minnesota; and General Sully Commanding the District of the Missouri. All those officers entered freely into the discussion of the situation, as it presented itself, while it became apparent to them that thorough, systematic work must be done; and General Pope there determined that he would organize two separate expeditions, to co-operate in a campaign against the hostile Indians. Of those, one should be commanded by General H. H. Sibley, consisting of 4,000 Infantry and Cavalry to enter the country from the north; the other under command of General Sully, with 2,000 Cavalry, was to ascend the Missouri river; the point of concentration to be in the vicinity of Devil's Lake, North Dakota. It was believed that the entire force of hostiles, which was composed of the renegades from Wood Lake, now joined to the powerful bands of their kindred on the distant, upper prarie, would there assemble, and, in conjunction with their allies, go to war with any armed force that might come within their borders. It was also probable, from such information as they were able to get, and reasonable to suppose, that from 4,000 to 6,000 warriors all told, would about constitute the strength of those bands; but they could be re-inforced to an indefinite degree from the numerous bands west of the Missouri river.

An expedition of that character and magnitude involved immense preparations, as it was to traverse long distances, and through a country uninhabited and untracked by the white man; but no time was lost—the work was pushed immediately, and as rapidly as possible. General Sibley's column was composed of 3,200 infantry and artillery; 800 cavalry; about 70 white and Indian scouts; with a train of 225 army wagons hauled by six mules each. With a partial glance, merely, the above might seem an unnecessarily great outlay, but when it is remembered that it was the only means of transportation for the rations, ammunition, tents, and the many essentials of an army moving over an unbroken plain, it does not then appear greater than the necessity. Everything having been completed, the troops gathered at Camp Pope, about twelve miles above Fort Ridgely on the Upper Minnesota river, and the famous march commenced on the 16th of June 1863. The distance marched each day varied from 10 to 18 miles, depending more or less upon the condition of the country traversed, and the temperature of the summer day. Although at times it was uncomfortably cold, at others the heat was unbearable, so much so that it often forced them to seek the shelter of camp in the early part of the day. Near the crossing of the Sheyenne river, General Sibley made his camp on the shore of "Lake Emily," a beautiful sheet of water which the gallant General named in honor of the wife of Colonel William Crooks, commanding the 6th Regiment of Minn. Vols., which composed a part of General Sibley's column.

While there, they were visited by 200 British half-breeds that were on their annual hunt, accompanied by a Catholic priest, the Rev. Father André. The party was much interested on finding that the United States Government had ordered out an army to overcome the hostile Sioux, and were very hearty in their expressions of approval and satisfaction; as they had quite too often been made

to suffer by their attacks, at such times as the Sioux were able to take them at a disadvantage. But they greatly feared that General Sibley's force was not sufficient to enable him to pursue them into their own country, and engage with such a formidable enemy, which in numbers far exceeded his troops. Notwithstanding all their apprehensions, the brave General was very undismayed; and quietly intimated that he was not unfamiliar with Indian warfare, and would make short work of all the Sioux that could be mustered.

His plan was well matured, that of leaving all his footsore and exhausted men and animals in the encampment by Lake Emily, entrenched with a sufficient guard of cavalry, not only to protect the camp against the attack, but to scour the country in rear of his enemy. Thence, he immediately began his march "with the *elite*" of his command, to engage the hostile Indians wherever they could be found. His Canadian visitors gave him a bit of information, which he was glad to learn, that the Indians had not gone north towards the British line, as he was fearful they might have, but were making their way towards the Missouri river, in the very direction of General Sully's advance. This was most welcome news to General Sibley, and he listened to them with agreeable anticipations of seeing the renegades soon overtaken and made to feel the iron grip which a civilized government applies to the bandit and murderer, wherever found.

Their conversation was necessarily carried on in French, which General Sibley spoke with unusual ease and fluency, as few, if any, of the listeners understood a word of English. But after thanking them for their information, and good wishes for his success, he told them that, in view of the fact that they were subjects of a foreign power, they had not the right to destroy buffalo on American soil; but must consider it an order from him, to return to the other side of the

line. They complied, naturally feeling somewhat disaffected: but they promised to obey the order, and gracefully retired.

Having completed the entrenched camp, it was left with about 1,000 effective and non-effective men in charge, and General Sibley marched on the 20th of July with 1,436 infantry, 520 cavalry, 100 scouts and a section of artillery, in quest of the Indians, in the direction indicated by the British half-breeds. On the 24th, the Command reached Lake Sibley, a handsome sheet of water two miles and a half long, but whose waters were too strongly impregnated with alkali to be suitable for man or beast. Two miles from it, they found a much higher elevation than any other point in that vicinity, called "Big Mound," and the battle that was fought near it took its name, and has since been known as "The Big Mound Battle."

The Indians had camped not far from there in considerable force, and were met, and in attack defeated with heavy loss. The weak earth-works erected by them were stormed, and large quantities of buffalo meat and robes, provided for their winter supply, burned. After suffering heavy loss the Indians found that their only safety was in rapid flight, and being closely pursued by the troops, they necessarily abandoned many articles that they had stolen from the whites the year before—wagons, carts, etc., still bearing the names of settlers in Minnesota, as they had time only to take along their ponies. But by an unfortunate mistake in the delivery of an order from the General in Command, a day was lost in following the fleeing enemy.

A second engagement took place at Dead Buffalo Lake, which resulted in the rout of the Indians, whose policy was, to retard the march of General Sibley's army by attaching it frequently, and by leading it through the most difficult part of the Missouri Coteau, and thus favor as much as possible the escape of their families, while they relieved them-

selves of every article not actually indispensable; their line of flight being strewn with their cast-off burdens.

On July 28th, the Indians concentrated their forces with an addition of 500 of their kindred from the west side of the Missouri, and thus numbering between 2,500 and 3,000 mounted warriors, made a furious attack upon General Sibley's entire line, a front, flank and rear assault; but not being able to break their lines, they confined themselves to a dash. They had failed in their plans, as they had expected to find the army in the confusion of breaking camp and unprepared to receive them at so early an hour; on the contrary, they were promptly repulsed, with heavy loss of men and ponies at every point. Learning from experience that such demonstrations were useless, while disastrous to themselves only, they suddenly retreated to the Missouri river, and in great haste crossed their women and children to the opposite bank near the point where the City of Bismarck stands.

General Sibley had no facilities for crossing his command, and no information could be had of the movements of General Sully's force, for the reason, as was proved, that his cavalry horses had suffered so much from the intense heat and lack of forage that a rapid march was impossible; and at the same time General Sibley's men and animals were too much exhausted to overtake them before they reached the Missouri. But on the following day a detachment was sent out, under Colonel Crooks, to destroy the abandoned articles of whatever description, that were scattered by the hundreds along their trail.

The campaign was now virtually at an end, and while General Sully had not been able to co-operate with General Sibley, the hostile renegades had been promptly and successfully dealt with, and at the same time had learned a lesson which they were not likely to very soon forget. On the return march of the army, detachments scoured the plains for straggling bands of hostiles, that might be found skulking about the settlements.

GENERAL H. H. SIBLEY, OF INDIAN WAR FAME.

And Deliverer of the White Female Captives.

But it was an undertaking of great magnitude to cross the Indian country, at that period, traversing a distance of over six hundred miles through a hostile, trackless region, inhabited only by roving bands of war-like Dahkotahs, in the scorching heat of a cloudless sun, which made the scarcity of good water something terrible for both men and animals.

In a dispatch, from General Sully to General Pope, Department Commander, giving details of an engagement with a hostile band of Sioux, he stated that prisoners taken by him, that had participated in the battles with General Sibley's command, acknowledged a loss of fifty-five warriors killed in action, with many more wounded. Both officers and privates in his command were highly complimented in Department General Orders, for their gallantry in the field against an enemy greatly superior in numbers, and, besides, noted for their skill and prowess in prairie warfare. While their gallant leader, Brigadier-General Sibley, was subsequently promoted to the rank of Brevet Major-General, U. S. Vol., by the President, and confirmed by the Senate.

The moving of General Sibley's army over the prairie, on a bright summer morning, such as are peculiar to the June days of this climate, must have been a magnificent pageantry, with its 3,200 Infantry and 800 Cavalry men, to say nothing of all the paraphernalia necessary to such an expedition of armed men, with their brilliant trappings.

As we leave this gallant Western soldier, I will only add, that from the day we found young Henry Sibley negotiating with John Jacob Astor relative to the trading posts of the fur companies, down to the present, over this long period of years, replete with unusual activities, whatever has pertained to the well-being and advancement of his adopted home, through all its splendid growth from Territory to State, there we find traces of his fashioning hand, and the grand results of his wise counseling, while the dignity of his

presence, superb and stately, crowned with the mellow years that have been given him, inspires to high aims and a higher manhood.

But Dakota, once a portion of Minnesota, does not relinquish all her claim upon General Sibley; albeit she has been "*Detached.*" He will, through the coming years, as he did in the early days, belong to the same family. Boundary lines are not heart partitions. Minnesota has long since given him lavishly of her best gifts and honors, and in the city of his pride, which no less proudly calls him her own, he walks amid an army of knightly friends that guard his march to the tented fields beyond.

CHAPTER IX.

BOATING ON THE MISSOURI RIVER—1825–1890—FROM THE "MACKINAW," TO THE COULSON AND BENTON "P." LINES, MANDAN—HIDATSA AND MANDANS, THEIR LEGEND.

The river transport, employed by the American Fur Company, was not "A floating palace," but rather a boat known as "The Mackinaw," to the river men that journeyed up and down the Missouri river, during the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century. This craft, sometimes called a keel-boat, was peculiar to the times; its locomotive power being the strong arms of the men that held the *cordelle*. But in the year following the building of Old Fort Pierre in 1829—Pierre Choteau decided that an improvement could and must be made in the boats that were needed to navigate the Missouri river, and thus carry on and extend the Fur trade. Consequently, an effort was made in the direction of steam as a substitute for the *cordelle*, the result being the building of the steamboat, "*Yellowstone*," at Pittsburgh, Pa., which arrived at Fort Pierre in 1831. Low water precluded a long trip that season, and the new steamer was taken down to St. Louis; but in 1832, it went on its way up through the wild northern country, and finally "anchored" at the confluence of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers; having crossed almost the entire Territory of Dakota. The *Yellowstone* was followed by the "*Assinniboine*," in 1833, and on its trial trip it also went as high as the Yellowstone river; but in 1835, it so far exceeded its former efforts as to reach the mouth of the Poplar river, in Montana. It was destined, however, never to return to St. Louis; as it was destroyed by fire nearly opposite to where the city of Bismarck has since been built.

Seventeen miles below Clark's Fork, Montana, and two miles above where Billings is now located, a hewn tree bore this inscription:

"*Here is the highest point on the Yellowstone river ever reached by steamboat.*" "*The Josephine, Captain Grant Marsh, Master, in 1875.*"

The Mackinaw continued in use in Montana, as late as 1859, when the building of the first stern wheel boat for the upper water, called the "*Chippewa*," was accomplished. It started on its first trip from St. Louis up the Missouri, completing it on the 17th day of June, just below Fort Benton. But in the following year, 1860, it was announced that the *Chippewa*, together with the *Key West*, had arrived at the desired port, and were the first steamboats to ascend the Missouri river so high as Fort Benton, the present head of navigation; and one can but faintly imagine with what astonishment the Indians, camped along the Missouri bottoms, must have first looked upon a steamboat, as it went up the river "A great canoe with pinions."

Later on, the people became familiar with the "Old Reliable," Coulson Line; and the "Benton [P] Line," whose magnificent boats were a source of pride to the cities up and down the Missouri. The Coulson line comprised the following commodius steamers, viz.: *Montana*, *Western*, *Josephine*, *Rosebud*, *Dakotah*, *Key West*, *Far West and Big Horn*—eight boats with a total tonnage of 5,800 tons. The steamboats were superior in every particular, and were among the largest and fastest navigating the Missouri river. Under the management of Captain D. W. Marratta, General Superindent, "The Coulson" took an enviable position in Missouri River transportation, as the boats carried their immense cargoes into port. While no one ever let an opportunity pass, to "go up the river" as a passenger, plying as they did between Bismarck and Fort Benton, as well as between all points on the Yellowstone.

THE ROSEBUD, ON THE MISSOURI, AT "DROWNED MAN'S RAPIDS."

120 Miles Below Fort Benton, Mta.

Of the Coulson line management, Wm. D. Evans was President, James C. McVey, Secretary and Treasurer. S. B. Coulson Gen'l Manager, of Yankton, South Dakota.

Of the Benton [P] Line, the Missouri River passenger steamers, were the *Benton*, *Helena* and *Butte*. They are built for transportation and traffic, running through to Fort Benton, and connected with the Northern Pacific Railroad at Bismarck; at Fort Benton, with the Helena and Benton Stage Line; and all points in Montana and British N. W. Territory.

This popular line earned a reputation that did honor to its efficient Gen'l Manager, Hon. T. C. Power, Helena, Montana, as well as its Gen'l Agent, Captain J. C. Barr—and its elegant steamers will long be remembered by those that have ascended the great river as their passengers. Captain Wolfolk, Braithwaite and Talbot have long been familiar with the Missouri waters, and have for years been numbered with the river-men. A class that has played an important part in the development and progress of the West.

Cap't I. P. Baker, Gen'l Supt. of the Benton Transportation Company, and the present popular Mayor of Bismarck, is one of the most enterprising and efficient "Boatmen," and under his management the proud Benton [P] maintains its old-time distinction.

MANDAN ACROSS THE RIVER—THE HIDATSA.

The original site of Mandan was one half-mile east of its present location, for the thriving city of Morton, of which it is now the county seat, had the customary "difficulties" peculiar to the incipient township of the West. But on that day when General Rosser, Chief engineer of the Northern Pacific Railroad crossed the Missouri river on the ice with his engine and car, and established his headquarters on the west side, the plant took root, and around him, in a brief space of time, the work of building a city began; and to-day

the tourist, after crossing the Great Bridge at Bismarck, will see the city of Mandan lying in the valley, walled in by verdant hills and the beautiful Heart River.

Mandan is at present the terminus of the Dakota division and the beginning of the Missouri division of the N. P. Railroad, which means freight buildings, round houses, machine shops and whatever pertains to the business. The city has a fine Court-house on a commanding site, banking houses, churches, flour-mill and fine stores, elegant brick hotel, daily and weekly newspapers—in short, *everything* that goes to make a wide-awake Western city, whose intelligent citizens are worthy the great State of which they are a portion.

Mandan took its name from the Indian tribe of *Mandans*, which tribe once lived on the west side of the Missouri River, above its site. The language of the Mandans was very like the Dahkotahs, and the Gros Ventres or *Hidatsa*, often called the Minnetarees. Howard Mandan, or "The-man-with-a-scared-face," son of Red Cow, is head Chief among them, and, with Henry Eaton, an Hidatsa young man, was educated at the Normal school, Santee Agency. The French gave them the name of "*Gros Ventre*," but the Mandans gave the name of "Minnetaree" to the Hidatsa, meaning to cross the water, still, they call themselves Hidatsa. As the Hidatsa were on the banks of the Missouri after their arrival, and seeing the Mandans on the other side they called out to them, and the Mandans answered back. "Who are you?" But the Hidatsa did not understand, perfectly, and thought they said: "What do you want," and so replied, "*To cross the water!*" Dr. Mathews, U. S. A., has given a Grammar and Dictionary in their language.

George Catlin, during his stay among the Mandans, came to believe that they had descended from a company of Welsh explorers who landed on the shores of North America about 200 years before Columbus greeted the natives on the shore of San Salvador. Of the ten ships which left Northern

Wales some time about 1290, in charge of Prince Modoc, no tidings were ever heard, but Catlin was of the opinion that they planted a colony in the region of Ohio, coming inland from the southern shore or coast; and after his sojourn with them in their fortified village on the upper Missouri he had no difficulty in tracing them back, and down the river, and up the Ohio to the immense fortifications of that country. Thus, finding constant tracks of those ruins, he became convinced that the Indians, with whom he had passed so much time, were descended from those ancient builders.

In some instances those forts had walls twenty and thirty feet high, with carefully covered passages leading to the water. Again, the similarity can be traced in the Mandan canoe, which was an exact counterpart of the "*Coracle* of the Welsh," made of buffalo hides stretched over a frame of willows, and fashioned as round as a tub. Catlin found the Mandans living in a massive stockade, with convenient port-holes, on two sides of which their city was fortified by standing back upon the edge of precipices that struck down a rocky ledge to the river's brink. Their lodges were circular in form, and from forty to sixty feet in diameter. As shown in the Journal of Henry, the *Mandans were good farmers*, and *believed in a diversity of crops too;* raising corn, squashes and pumpkins, etc. Their cellars for storing their dried vegetables and corn in winter were dug six or seven feet deep, smaller at the top, in a sort of jug-like shape, and no matter how severe the winter nothing ever froze! They raised large crops, and were a thrifty class of people, with clean homes, comfortable and commodious. Many of the women were almost white, with gray, hazel or blue eyes; hair of every shade but auburn, which they delighted to spread out, its long folds reaching to their knees. Many of the Ohio specimens of pottery dug from those archaic fortifications, were like the utensils used by the Mandans, who spent much time in molding pitchers, vases, pots and cups;

baking the clay in kilns built in the hill-sides; and from those ingenious artisans, the fur-hunters used to get a beautiful and durable, blue glass bead, of their own manufacture, but the process was never revealed by them to the whites. There is a legend among them that they once lived under a great body of water that is far away northeast; but that some of the people came out from their homes beneath the seas, and their glowing accounts led others to leave, also, for the outside country, although some of them were unable to climb out. From the time of their leaving their homes under the deep waters, they wandered over the praries, suffering much, but always delivered by their "Good Angel," through some miraculous interposition, and in time they were led by messengers who went south, "To the fertile land of the buffalo and elk, and a people who lived in houses and tilled the ground." But still they journeyed, and at length found themselves in the great valleys along the Missouri river; and there they dwelt and learned many arts. This legend certainly bears indications that give plausibility to the Welsh-colony theory.

Another tradition says that in those years of wandering the *Genius* of the Sun took up one of the Hidasta maidens, and their offspring came back, and under the name of Grandchild, became the prophet and teacher of his mother's people.

If we can look back through this misty tradition, and over so long a period of years with no written language to keep the past alive, nothing but these vague legends to guide, we may find the key to much that has been locked in mystery Without question or doubt, this is but a confused story of the Immaculate Conception, and the Birth of Christ, whose correct outlines have been lost in the darkness of ignorance, and made dim and uncertain by the effacing hand of time. Instead of coming from a country, *under* the water, as they suppose their ancestors to have come, they have, no doubt, descended from a people that came from the Eastern

Hemisphere *across* the water. Hence they say: "From under a great body of water, which is far away to the north-east."

This is all they know, and can tell of the past or their ancestry; but notwithstanding that the Mandans and Hidatsas have lived hundred of years together, their languages are kept distinct and unchanged.

CHAPTER X.

THE FAMOUS JOURNAL OF ALEXANDER HENRY—BRIMFUL OF INTEREST—THE PIONEERS OF PIONEERS—THOUSANDS OF BUFFALO SHAKE THE GROUND.

Deposited in the Library of Parliament, at Ottawa, is a manuscript entitled "Journal of Alexander Henry, to Lake Superior, Red River, Assiniboine, Rocky Mountains, Columbia and the Pacific, 1799-1811, to establish the fur trade." Through this valuable journal we learn that Henry was nephew of the celebrated Alexander Henry, who traveled through the Indian Territories in 1760-1776.

The Journal was kept to occupy Henry's mind and time, in the loneliness of the solitary region; but ere long it became agreeable employment. Having spent his first season in the Northwest in 1799-1800, west of Lake Manitoba, in the latter part of July, 1800, he started to return to the Red River. Leaving the Forks (the Red and Assiniboine rivers) he proceeded up the Red River; and among other notes, that he "Left the Forks with his party, consisting of one clerk, an interpreter, eighteen men, four women and four children, on the 22d of August." At Crooked Rapids they found an abundance of small fruits, such as red plums, paubians (pembina berries), grapes, &c. The paubian is of a beautiful red, fine and large, but requires the frost to mature it. Game along the Red River was so plentiful that in one morning's hunt, while the party paddled up with the canoes, a few Indians killed eight fat buffalo cows, three red deer and four bears, near the river bank. Continuing, Henry says: "We came to the Paubian river (Pembina) and crossed over to the old fort that was built in 1797-8 by Mr. Chaboil-

lez, opposite to the entrance of the river. On the east side of the Red River are the remains of an old fort, built by Mr. Peter Grant, years ago, and was the first establishment ever built on the Red River."

The Pembina river is referred to as taking its rise in the Ribbone lakes, or Lac-du-Pla Cotte; its banks along its course well lined with large wood, even to its junction with the Red River. "On digging a hole for clay at Park river, at eight feet depth, we found the carcass of a buffalo, which lay about forty feet from the level of the river, on a bank covered with oak."

At Salt Point, above the Red River and on the west of it, salt water issued from the bank only a few yards from the river. But it is supposed that this salt spring is now in the bed of the river, as the annual floods necessarily eat away the banks with incredible rapidity.

Below the Riviere Aux Gratia (Scratching river), which has its source in the Pembina Mts., they passed the great salt pit on the west side of the river. It lay about 100 paces from the water, at the edge of the plain, where it issued out of the ground, forming a small basin, "The center of which appeared continually agitated, and to be tumbling up like a pot of boiling water." This, he was told, was an "Excellent place for making salt, at all seasons of the year, as the water never froze in the middle of the winter." "But the process was tedious and slow; nine gallons of water producing not more than one pint of salt; however, it was fine and white; no grain, nor coarse substance." At Two Rivers, they found the best salt pit, where the plain comes down and forms an open communication with that of the west side, and at Grand Forks they saw evidences of a large Sioux camp. They had been out on the war-path, as it was a place of resort for them, there being an abundance of fish and game, sturgeon wintering in the deep waters at the junction of the two rivers. The grizzly bear at one time ranged as far east

as the Red River, and special notice is made by Henry, of the fact of the grizzly and black bear taking up their winter quarters on the banks of the Red River, generally taking to the hollow trees; while those of the Hair Hills burrowed in holes in the ground. "White buffalo are very scarce, but are of inestimable value among the Missouris," says the journal. "Bald eagles were seen all winter, and on the twelfth of March geese and swan were seen, and the ice began to break on the river. Immense herds of buffalo could be seen for weeks drifting down the stream, having fallen through the ice, and the vast numbers of drowned buffalo that lay along the banks in every direction, so far that no end could be seen, created a most intolerable stench."

On the 17th of May, Henry went up to the Paubian river on horseback to find a proper spot for building. He reached there at 12 o'clock, from Rosscan, crossed over the "Red River to the east side, with Desmarais, sowed a few garden seeds on the spot where Mr. Grant's fort once stood." They pitched on the north side of the Paubian river, on the point of land between that and the Red River, about 100 paces from each. Here, too, they found a heavy growth of large trees, fine large whitewood and oak as well as poplar. Everything settled, they slept for the night in the old fort on the south side; the same fort formerly occupied by Charles Chaboillez in 1797–8, at the time he was visited by the astronomer, David Thompson. Over this historic site, and by the ruins of the two old forts, landmarks of the Fur traffic of the past, the city of Pembina has risen.

On the 21st of December, Henry sent a stallion and mare to Mr. Cadotte, at Red Lake, who forwarded them to Mr. Grant at Rainy Lake. It is believed that those were the first horses introduced there. Very little, if anything, is known historically, of the Red River country between 1799–1809, the period immediately prior to the establishing of the colony of Lord Selkirk, and this Journal of Alexander

Henry supplies the valuable information. In August, 1801, he arrived at the Forks, and on the 22d, sent on the canoes to Pembina, going himself overland with his horse. At Pembina he found his new fort completed and fifty Saultean Indians awaiting his approach, the same that had traded with him in other seasons. September 1st, Henry sent out a party of men under John Cameron to Grand Forks to establish a trading post. He writes: "None of my neighbors have a horse, all their transportation is on their men's backs."

THE FIRST RED RIVER CART.

Here, and for the first time, the famous Red River cart makes its advent. "Men now go again for meat with some small, low carts, the wheels of which are of one solid piece sawed from the ends of trees, whose diameter is three feet. These carriages we find much more convenient and advantageous than to load our horses on the back, and the country being so smooth and level that we can make use of them to go in all directions." A year later he says: "We require horses to transport the property of which we now have a sufficient number for all purposes, and a new sort of cart. They are about four feet high and perfectly straight, the spokes being placed perpendicularly, without the least bending outwards and only four in each wheel. These carts will carry about five pieces, and all drawn by one horse."

The buildings in the fort at Pembina were of large dimensions, as one store-house is described as being "100 feet long and 20 feet wide, built of oak logs." The N. W. Company sent inland from Fort William in 1805, as that year's outfit of goods, 156 canoes, containing 3.200 pieces of goods, each piece weighing 90 lbs. Accompanying the goods were 1,771 pieces containing provision. By these figures we can get some idea of the enormous business carried on.

During the summer of 1806 Henry made a trip from his fort at Pembina to Fort Souris, and thence to the Missouri

river. The account is brimful of interesting facts. He arrived at a point opposite the Big Belly (Gros Ventre), village on the Knife river about a mile from the Missouri, but, as the Big Bellies would not ferry them over to the west side, he proceeded down four miles to the Mandan village, which was on their north side. There they were met by the Chief "Chat-noir," who came out to conduct them to a hut reserved for strangers. This hut in which Henry lived during his stay there, was "90 feet in diameter; the floor was a foot and a half below the surrounding ground; the fireplace in the center, about four feet square and sunk two feet in the ground; two holes about four feet square were made at two sides of the roof and were covered with skins; no other light nor chimney. The roof was thatched with willows and one foot of earth placed on top, while on the sides the wall was three or four feet thick. The door was five feet broad and six feet in height, with a covered way or porch on the outside, of the same height as the door, but seven feet broad and ten feet long. The doors were of raw buffalo hide stretched on frames and hung above by cords, and barricaded at night by bars."

The fire wood for the year was caught in the spring drifting down the Missouri. Long strings of dried squashes hung in the huts, while the beds were in the form of bunks, running around the sides. Of the Mandans he gives information similar to that received years after, through Catlin. He says: "An extraordinary circumstance struck me among these people, to see several children of about ten years, whose hair was perfectly gray, and bore the resemblance of an aged person; those I saw were all girls. The hair of their people inclines to brown, and in some cases almost fair, not coarse." "Their eyes are from gray to brown."

Of the women working in the fields, Henry writes: "Their hoes are nothing more than the shoulder-blade of a buffalo, to which is fastened a crooked stick, serving for a

handle." To such an extent was the land cultivated that he says: "In all directions are the plantations; the whole view together has really a very agreeable appearance, and had more the appearance of a country inhabited by a civilized nation than by a set of barbarous savages." "Corn was so extensively cultivated by the Gros Ventres, that they kept it in holes which contained twenty or thirty bushel." He was really surprised to see what quantities they still had on hand, and was confident that they had "a sufficient stock to serve them at least twelve months, without any supply of flesh or anything else."

With the Mandans, the corn was generally bruised or pounded in a wooden mortar, secured firmly in one corner of the hut, the first work performed by the women in the morning after they have paid their *devoirs* to their lovers and washed themselves in the Missouri. They make use of large, earthern pots of their own manufacture, made of a black clay which is abundant near their village, varying in size from five gallons to one quart.

While the guest of "Chat Noir" (Black Cat) the latter put up the American flag over Mr. Henry's hut. This flag, and also a medal, had been given him by Captains Lewis and Clarke, when they were there the year before, *en route* to the Pacific. Seventeen years before, in 1790, the Gros Ventres had been attacked by the Sioux (Tetons and Yanktons) in their village, but had fought them off, and in the battle killed 300 Sioux. A huge pile of bones was still to be seen there.

Henry's party left the Missouri on the 28th of July, and on the 14th of September, 1807, he writes: "I sent off a boat from above, William Henry, master, with T. Vendire, interpreter, and seven men, to build at the *Grand Fourche*." In a few days the Hudson Bay Company's people followed Henry's men to Grand Forks, to build a fort; and a large number of freemen, or discharged employés of the fur com-

panies, began to enter the Red River country to hunt and trade. Then it was that the foundation walls were built for the important city that was to come after.

On the 10th of June, 1808, Henry sent off the brigade to Fort William, returning to Pembina for the summer, at which time he refers to the great swarms of grasshoppers. The furs sent that year from the Red River posts, included 696 beaver, 161 black bears, 935 martens, 198 mink, 118 otter, 118 fishes, 46 raccoons; and 3,159 pounds of maple sugar were received at the Pembina river, from Leach Lake. Provisions consumed at the Pembina river, from September 1, 1807 to July 1, 1807, by 17 men, 10 women, 14 children, 45 dogs, were as follows: "147 buffalo (63,000 pounds), 6 deer, 4 bears, 3 swans, 1 crane, 12 geese, 36 ducks, 1,150 fishes, 775 sturgeon, weighing from 50 to 150 pounds, 410 pounds of grease, 140 pounds pounded meat, 325 bushels of potatoes and small vegetables, at a cost to the North Western Company of £ 54 6s. In buffalo, a fat cow weighs 600 and 700 pounds, a lean cow, 300; bulls average 550.

For cost of carriage to Pembina, in original invoices: Twine, 45 per cent; shot and balls, 26 per cent; gun-powder, 90 per cent; liquor, 210 per cent. In July, the 20th, 1808, the first trip with carts was made on the east side of the Red River. August, the 3d, Henry received orders to proceed to the Saskatchewan river, to take charge of the Lower Fort Des Prairies district, and a few days later bade adieu to the Red River, amid the sorrowful farewells of the Indians, with whom he had traded, hunted and lived for sixteen years, and encountered every danger and hardship known to such a life and to the times—and on the 22d of May, 1814, he was drowned in the Columbia river, near Fort George, of which he had charge in going to it in a boat, "The Isaac Tod."

THE PIONEER OF PIONEERS.

The oldest Dakota settler in the Red River valley is Mr. Charles Cavelier, a native of Springfield, Ohio. In 1835 he

MORTON COURT HOUSE, MANDAN, N. D.

left his home for Mount Carmel, remaining there until 1841, when he made a prospective journey into the Territory of Wisconsin, to a place now known as Red Rock, Minnesota. From there he made a trip into the northern country, and began trading with the Indians for furs. In 1845, he was appointed first Librarian of the State of Minnesota, by Governor Ramsey, being at that time in business at St. Paul; and retained the position till 1851. He then received the first appointment of Collector of Customs, for the district of Minnesota, at Pembina, the port of entry; including, also, the territory of the Rocky mountains.

This position was complicated with both Signal and Postal Service, yet, with all the responsibility and labor, he had secured out of it $1,000 only, at the close of 1852. In 1853, Collector Cavelier formed a partnership with Com. Kittson and Wm. H. Forbes, with a half-interest; managing the whole business at Pembina. Later Mr. Forbes withdrew, and a new company was formed.

The demands of the Hudson Bay Company seeming altogether too great, in December, 1851, Mr. Cavelier received $300 from it, and finally drove them out.

When he left St. Paul, two years later, for the Red River country, it was in company with Commodore Kittson, Father Bellecourt, Wm. Grady, James McKey and others. The latter gentleman was a guide for the English lords that had come over on a hunting trip. In those days, buffalo were very numerous in that section. Mr. Cavelier and the Commodore started out on the journey at Sank Rapids in the early morning, and at 10 o'clock they reached Lightning Lake; camped there through a thunder-shower with only a mosquito-bar for a rain-shed. On the second day the carts and tents came up, and they then camped with the others. Mr. Kittson was anxious to get home to set his house in order for the Governor and his party, who were to come up to make a treaty with the Chippewas.

The late Commodore Kittson, of St. Paul, the life-long friend of General Sibley, will be remembered in the history of Minnesota and Dakota as one of the stalwart men that led the way. The Indians there were all Chippewa bands and "good." The comrades found that Father Bellecourt wanted to go out with them, and together they made the trip in nine days; swimming the creeks and encountering various obstacles unknown to the latter-day traveler. In crossing Otter Tail river, Mr. Cavelier went on in advance of the party, and, not noticing where the water had washed the bank, his horse suddenly went in over its head, rider and all. One of the disagreeable episodes peculiar to those early-day expeditions, but always referred to with no little pleasantry.

In the winter of 1851–2, Mr. Cavelier left Pembina with a dog train, *tandem;* going officially, as collector of customs from the English, to Turtle mountains and Mouse river. He had the usual outfit essential for such a journey—a good set of men and careful drivers. "I was then a tender-foot," said the venerable but jovial ex-Collector. The party camped on the other side of Pembina Mts., in a deep ravine, surrounded by heavy timber and high hills, on the first night; and on the following morning, at 4 o'clock, they started out from the mountain to cross the plain. Not a tree now to be seen; but deep snow spread beyond and around them. After getting out a little distance upon the open plain, the first sight that greeted them was: "Countless millions of buffalo, all feeding and going northwest!" They traveled the entire day in sight of a living sea of buffalo. As Mr. Cavelier had no snow-shoes, he was obliged to sit in his cart for 16 hours, without leaving it, as they reached the mountain about sundown, but did not halt. Said Mr. Cavelier: "As we looked back up the plain, and saw the moving mass of those noble fellows, it was the grandest sight I ever saw!"

They traveled until 11 o'clock that night before they struck the camp, which consisted of 15 or 20 lodges of half-breeds. Here they remained through the next day, enjoying the hospitalities of the hunters, while feasting upon the choice bits of buffalo; and after sufficient rest they took an early departure to make the traverse to the end of the woods on Mouse river; and where there was a large encampment of their own people, and the Hudson's Bay Company half-breeds. As soon as they struck down the south side of Turtle Mountain, there they saw the same caravan, on their extended line of march. A vast and seemingly unconscious procession, save their occasional bellowings given in varied tones, traveling westward around the mountain. The Collector journeyed on through the day, and till midnight; and finally reached the camp on Mouse river, which comprised forty or fifty families, living for the greater part in log shanties for the winter. Here with his train, he remained for 21 days; and all that time, the same steady tramping of that countless host which never ceased its onward march. An army under orders, foraging as it moved. On the approach of spring, the hunters turned out and over 400 buffalo were killed with knives, in one chase.

On their homeward journey Collector Cavelier took the same track, but started too late to make the traverse between the mountain and the wood on Mouse river; and consequently darkness overtook them before they reached it; and they were obliged to camp on Willow river. There they made a little tea, ate their pemmican, and prepared for the night's rest. Said Mr. Cavelier: "I kept comfortable and warm, sleeping between the two half-breed boys who were with me, with plenty of robes; although the thermometer was 49° below zero at Pembina." "But when we came out of our robes in the morning, with no fire, nothing to eat, and got into the carry-all, then came the tug of wár."

But with no alternative, they went forward, and at 5

o'clock in the afternoon arrived at the half-breed camp, on Turtle mountain once more, as thankful as they were weary. There the evening was enlivened by a dance held in the largest of the log houses, with the usual jollity of such evening pastime, particularly under such circumstances. Remaining there through the following day, they then started on their homeward trip in earnest; coming upon the same army of traveling bison. Finally, they encountered a genuine blizzard, after crossing the Pembina mountains and river, and took refuge in a clump of poplars. On looking around to get "the lay of the land," Mr. Cavelier saw a *voyageur* of the "Hudson Bay" who was also seeking shelter, like himself. Both misery and men like company, and their mutual surprise was also a mutual pleasure; as they helped each other pass the long night by friendly conversation; varying the tedious monotony by occasionally making a cup of tea, and exchanging meat for bread. For although a fearful blizzard was raging outside, not one breath of it reached the benighted travelers inside the hospitable poplars; and in the morning they renewed their journey, reaching Pembina in safety.

Mr. Cavelier says: "We not unfrequently had on hand for sale, 4,000 lynx, 7,000 mink, 7,000 or 8,000 martens; of silver fox, 6 or 7 pairs." "A black fox was worth $100. In New York it would bring $200, and in Europe $600." It was the custom in those days to take Buffalo calves to St. Paul, and then sell them to Eastern people for $10 or $15. The calves would follow a domestic cow with no trouble. Black bears were then very plenty, often coming up very close to parties when fishing.

In 1857, Mr. Cavelier was married to Miss Isabella Murry, a young lady of sixteen years, the daughter of Donald Murry, who came over in 1815, one of the fourth party which left Scotland, and came to this country with Lord Selkirk. Of her childhood days, at Kildonan, Mrs. Cavelier says they had a quiet life, a few entertainments and holi-

days, such as New Years, Christmas, and the Queen's birthday on the 24th of May, and nothing whatever about which to worry. Their ministers were paid by the Hudson's Bay House, Missionary Society, in London, and they had only to pay the marriage license of 20 shillings, and 5 shillings marriage fee, with 62 cents for a seat in the church pew. Mr. Cavalier, in company with Commander Kittson, calling at the house of Mr. Donald Murry, near where Winnipeg now is, first met the daughter, Isabella, when only a child of 13 years. She "knew but a little English and a good deal of Scotch" in those days.

On their bridal tour, they came down and crossed the Red river at Pembina, in two dug-out canoes, taking the Crow Wing road for St. Paul; camping every night till they reached Lightning lake; fording all the streams; sometimes going up and sometimes down in order to cross. The happy pair arrived at Fort Ridgely for breakfast, camping by their own fire, and while keeping herself company by reading Fanny Fern's "Ruth Hall," in the temporary absence of her husband, two strangers rode up to where Mrs. Cavalier sat by her camp fire. Pretending not to understand English when they politely addressed her, she was entertained by hearing one of them say, "That is a pretty little girl to be with those half-breeds" "I've a good mind to steal her!" "It is a shame to see her with them."

At Lightning Lake they met Captain Anson Northorp, a well-known master on a Mississippi Steamboat, and there, too, they found rest at a hotel. They arrived at St. Paul, July 4, 1857, stopping two weeks at Commodore Kittson's, a great event in the life of the little Scotch bride. Here she had her dresses made in the English style, with two evening costumes; as they were *en route* East, for the home of Mr. Cavelier, at Springfield, Ohio. After a visit of nine days they retraced their steps, the journey occupying thirty-six days.

On their way back from St. Paul, they saw "herds of buffalo which actually shook the ground." Five were killed by hunters just in front of the carriage in which Mrs. Cavelier and a friend were riding. The huge body of the first one killed, was opened by the Indians, and after cutting out a piece of the "tripe," they scraped it a little, then dipping it in the blood as it formed a pool in the carcass, they rinsed it slightly and ate it with apparent relish.

At this time Mr. Cavelier and Mr. Kittson were in the fur trade; and there were then from 15,000 to 20,000 people, including Scotch, English and French settlers along the river from Fort Garry down to Lake Winnipeg, where there was an Indian settlement. Many of these trips made through to St. Paul, were attended with fearful exposure and suffering, often without food, but with drenched clothing and bedding, and frozen moccasins, while going through the water up to the neck at times; again wading for miles, in the melting ice, snow and slush. Thus those hardy pioneers made the path for those who were later to follow it.

The result of the repeated hair-breadth escapes, dangers braved, obstacles surmounted, was the making of Mr. Cavelier. "*A fatalist.*" But he is hail and happy. Many expressions of appreciation by his friends, and an unusually large acquaintance have been made and shown him from time to time The County of "*Cavelier*" was named in his honor, and the city of historic Pembina, which he has seen gather at his feet, has made him its Mayor, and given him many positions of trust.

Such as he, bind the Past and Present, of this magnificent valley of the Red River of the North, whose banks once trembled at the tread of the uncounted host of grazing bison; where now the wheat stacks stand as thick as did the lodges of the Sioux, when they followed the trail of the elk and the bear.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ADVANCE GUARD—HIS LORDSHIP, THE EARL OF SELKIRK. THE VALLEY OF THE RED RIVER OF THE NORTH, AND ITS QUEEN CITY, GRAND FORKS.

Hunters and trappers led the way, and the Fur Company had its posts and the necessary establishments for its peculiar commerce scattered in every available place; rightly called, "The Vanguard of Civilization," as its trading posts and branches presented the only sign of civilization at that time. The country from the Mississippi river to the Rocky mountains, and across and beyond their then almost impassable heights, to the Pacific coast, was the scene of an interesting activity, wherever a suitable locality presented itself, as the furs were obtained from those that depended upon the trading stations along the Mississippi, Missouri, Yellowstone and Red River of the North.

The Missouri Fur Company, from St. Louis, Mo., was the first to establish posts on the upper Missouri; and as early, too, as during the administration of President Jefferson. Through it, the first reports of the country beyond the Missouri State line were given; and the first civilized people to occupy the territory of Dakota were those connected with the American and British Fur Companies. Lewis and Clarke reported that the Indians were as surprised at seeing them, as "The savages were that greeted Columbus." Their arms, clothing, canoes, and the sagacity of their dogs, were all beyond their comprehension; but the "*air-guns*" were past finding out, the power of which they attributed to the Great Spirit. Meriwether Lewis and William Clarke,

although Virginians ,were experienced in Indian warfare, and not alarmed at trifles, nor intimidated by dangerous encounters, such as were incident to their long, perilous expeditions, of two years and a half in the fur-bearing regions of the unknown West. On their return to St. Louis, in September, 1806, Mr. Lewis was elected Governor of Missouri Territory; and died at Nashville, in 1809. Mr. Clarke also became Governor of Missouri Territory, and Superintendent of Indian affairs. He died at St. Louis in 1838.

The Upper Missouri and Yellowstone rivers were occupied by the Northwest & Hudson Bay Companies after their consolidation, and trading posts were also scattered along the James river. In 1839, M. Jean Nicholett and J. C. Fremont, after ascending the Missouri river, crossed over from the James, to Lac-qui-Parle, and also visited Devil's Lake. In 1832, the Company of John Jacob Astor became the most important of the Northwest; and over its various trading posts Henry H. Sibley was given supervision. A sort of inland commerse with the Indian trappers. In 1829, Old Fort Pierre was built on the Missouri river, by Pierre Choteau, who afterwards relinquished his claims to the United States troops, the Government paying him for his improvements.

In the autumn of 1855, General W. S. Harney arrived at Fort Pierre, with twelve hundred men, having marched from the Platte river. Here he went into camp for the winter, following the battle at Little Blue Water; and among the officers known to have been in that expedition, were General Nathaniel Lyon, who afterwards was killed in the Civil War, and Capt. J. B. S. Todd, a cousin of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln; also Captain Gardener, afterward a Confederate general.

Captain Sully was now ordered to Fort Pierre, with two companies of infantry. He accordingly marched across the country from Fort Abercrombie (Richland County) and

remained at Fort Pierre until it was abandoned by the Government in 1858. He was then ordered, with his command, to Fort Ridgely. Old Fort Lookout, near where the flourishing city of Chamberlain, S. D., is located, was, in 1856, occupied by General Harney—of Seminole and Mexican war fame. He was a man whom the Indians feared, a "dead shot" both with the rifle and arrow; six feet, four inches tall, and one of the finest looking men in the army. The Indians around Fort Snelling used to call him "Thunder Bull". In the spring of 1857, the site for Fort Randall, South Dakota, was selected by General Harney; and the month of June saw it ready for occupancy. But Captain Lyon continued to hold Fort Lookout, until 1858, when it also was abandoned.

The first white men known to have occupied the lower Red River valley, were those located at a trading post on the Red River, established about the year 1736, by La Verandyre, a French-Canadian. But following 1770, English merchants and Montreal traders sent out fur-traders with goods into the country west of Lake Superior. Still, permanent posts were not established on the Red and Assiniboine rivers, until they united with the Hudson Bay Co. in 1796.

But forts were built at different points, and on different dates from that time on. At Pembina, in 1796, Peter Grant built a fort on the east bank of the Red River, directly opposite to the mouth of the Pembina river. And in 1801, another fort was built on the north side of the Pembina, by Alexander Henry, a few hundred yards from the deserted post on the south side. Those were all owned by the Northwest Co. Although the Hudson Bay Co. claims to have had a trading post on the Red River, as early as 1796, where the East Selkirk village is now located. But little is known of the fur trade of the north until the arrival of *Lord Selkirk* in 1812.

From the family record of the distinguished gentleman

we find that, "*Thomas Douglas*," fifth earl of Selkirk, Baron Daer and Shortclaugh in the Scotch peerage (1771-1820) was the seventh and youngest son of Dunbar (Hamilton) Douglas, the fourth earl. Born at the family seat in Kirkcudbrightshire, on the 20th of June, 1771. He was educated at Edinburgh, Scotland, associating there with Sir Walter Scott, who in future years was a firm and steadfast friend. Such, in brief, is the early and family history of the Scottish nobleman, who was instrumental in bringing a colony of Highland peasantry from their homes to the wild region of the Northwest, known as the fur-bearing country. Having succeeded to the earldom of Selkirk, on the death of his father, May 24, 1799. In 1803, his plans had so far matured that 800 selected emigrants were landed at the Island of St. John, since known as Prince Edward's Island.

While in Montreal, Lord Selkirk interested himself in the Fur Companies, and there studied carefully every detail of the fur business. He profited by the knowledge to the extent that he returned to England to arrange for perfecting a grand scheme; no less than getting control of the management of the H. Bay Co. He purchased £40,000 of the £100,000 of the H. B. Company, and manifested his power and influence by substituting his own friends and relatives, for members already on the committee. In 1811, the Governor granted to his Lordship, in fee simple, 116,000 square miles of territory in the Red River valley, on conditions that he should establish a colony on the grant, and furnish, on certain terms, laborers from among them for the Company in their trade. It was an expensive and lavish gift; and 25 years later, it cost the company £25,000 to restore to their own possession the 44,000,000 acres, comprising most valuable lands. No protests daunted the Scotch Highlander; and he carried out his long-cherished desire, to settle the banks of the Red River of the North with families from Scotland.

Lord Selkirk arrived in Montreal with his family in 1815.

While there, he enlisted in his own service 4 officers and 80 men of the *De Meuron* regiment, and 20 men of the Watteville regiment at Kingston. These men were clothed in the uniform of the British army, and fully armed, and were re-enforced by more than an equal number of *voyageurs*. But his reign was not wholly serene; the Northwesters resented the many abuses, and his Lordship was tried, in 1818, on a charge of conspiracy to ruin the trade of the N. W. Company. When, broken down in health, and chagrined by his adventures, he returned, in 1818, to England, and on the 8th of April, 1820, he died at Pau, in Southern France, while seeking rest and health.

"THE ORKNEY GIRL."

This unfortunate young woman came out to James Bay, from the Orkney Islands, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company; having followed her lover, dressed in male attire, but for years her sex was not revealed to any one. While she staid at the Partridge House, she was the companion of a young man by the name of John Scart. Often on his return from his hunting trips he would find his young friend crying and generally depressed, seeming constantly troubled; meantime doing very little work. Still, not until years after was "his" real sex discovered.

She was finally sent to Pembina, to act as cook for the master there, who went by the name of "Mad McKay;" and where in time it was made known. She left very suddenly, one day, going to the Northwest Fort, to Mr. Henry; and on the following morning her child was born, to the great astonishment of every one in the country; as they had always supposed her "a mere boy." The mother and child were in a short time sent back to Orkney. But history will record her as the *first white woman* in the Red River country. Her lover, of more recent date, was then living at Grand Forks; and John Scart, the *father* of the

first white child, born Dec. 15, 1807, was therefore a resident of Grand Forks.

THE VALLEY OF THE RED RIVER OF THE NORTH.

The section of land along the Red River of the North is doubtless the richest valley in the world; covering an area of from 60 to 80 miles east and west, by 300 miles north and south, and of these famous acres North Dakota can proudly call 72,000 square miles her own. Professor Denton, the distinguished Massachusetts geologist assigns as causes that led to the formation of the deep, rich soil of the Red River valley the following—"When the cold of the glacial period gave place to the present climate, the indications are that the change took place instantaneously, and the great ice sheet then covering this northern region—in some places a mile or more in thickness, was, by a sudden inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit, suddenly introduced to a temperate climate; melting in the hot summer suns, it produced a flood, the effects of which are observable to the geologist from North Minnesota to the gulf.

But such a body of ice melted not in one, nor a dozen summers. For many years lay the great ice-field to the north, preventing the passage of waters in the direction the general slope of the country here would have led them; and thus as far south as the slope of the land would permit, a lake existed. At the bottom of the lake mud was continually being deposited, produced by the ground down Silurian, Devonian, and Cretaceous beds lying to the north, over which the ice, still for many years, continued to move, bearing masses of their earthly substances. Boulders, gravel etc., are covered deep beneath the lake mud, and that mud is now the soil of the country, admirably adapted to the production of grain best fitted to build up the physical system of man."

Through this valley flows the notable Red River of the North, upon which steamboats of two and three hun-

dred tons burden, very much like those on the Missouri, are busy during the season; going up as far as Fargo, and even beyond, a distance of 400 miles. The first steamboat to ply the waters of the Red River, was the "*Selkirk*," built by Captain Alexander Griggs, prominent in political and railroad circles. Later on its first master, Captain Griggs, transferred the command to Captain M. L. McCormack, since then, Secretary for the Territory of Dakota, and in the winter of 1890, the active *Democratic Senator* for North Dakota. In the year 1871, the "Selkirk" and one barge did the whole fall business, which amounted to 150 tons. In the year 1874, they had 10,000 tons—an increase of remarkable proportions—9,850 tons in four years! In the second year, they employed three steamers instead of one; and in the fourth year, seven steamboats and twenty barges.. In 1882 the amount of freight that was shipped on the river from Pembina to Fargo was 63,303,673 pounds. While millions of feet of logs are annually run down the Red River to Grand Forks, with a steady yearly increase. During those years of early steamboating, the whole of North Dakota was in one county,—*Pembina*—and there was not an acre of land under cultivation in the great Red River valley, save here and there a garden patch at Pembina and Fort Abercrombie. But in 1888, Grand Forks county, alone, raised 5,460,000, bushels of wheat; while six counties of that region raised the astonishing amount—24,000,000 bushels! While it is a fact, beyond controversy, that in quality the Red-River-valley wheat has no equal.

But just here we are reminded of a bit of history,—perhaps too well known to be worth repeating—that of the investigation given Dakota, in 1871, by *General Hazen*, for the purpose of ascertaining what it promised. The learned gentleman then reported Dakota: "A barren, alkali desert; upon which nothing could even be made to grow." The entire country traversed by the Red River, is naturally of a

of a rich productive character. Small fruits in variety, such as the raspberry, currant, strawberry, crab-apple, are abundant; as well as the bush-cranberry, somewhat resembling the red cherry. The latter fruit was known among the Indians as the "Anepemminan," Nepem (summer) Minan (berry); but in time the whites reduced the word to "Pembina" from which the river flowing into the Red took its name, as well as the venerable town which stands upon its shady banks; and which is the present county seat, of Pembina county.

Pembina is on the Northern Pacific railway (Grand Forks—Pembina line), and the St. Paul and Minneapolis and Manitoba branch. It is a town of good hotels, excellent schools; and several churches with such earnest workers as the Rev. Charles McLean, and others, to watch over their interests and growth. Pembina is in the midst of a charming landscape, with its verdant fields and handsome shade trees, affording pleasant drives over the country. While the Military post is one of its handsome features.

For years, Pembina has been the home of many sturdy pioneers; among whose number are Landlord Winchester, H. E. Nelson, Esq., formerly clerk of the Custom-house, who was followed later on by Hon. Judson LaMoure, who first appeared as Surveyor, when the settlers began to take up land, but who has gone on from one position of trust to another, until the winter of 1889–90 finds him in the Senate Chamber of the new State of North Dakota, a valiant worker in the ranks of the Republican forces.

Grand Forks City, is the county seat of Grand Forks county, in the Valley of the Red River of the North. It is a growing city with great expectations and promise, located on the Red River, and desirably laid out; showing to advantage its fine public buildings and handsome residences in the midst of well kept lawns, while a luxuriant growth of trees materially adds to the beauty of the city.

A noticeable feature of Grand Forks is its substantial bridges, which have cost her citizens $100,000, at once impressing the stranger with the enterprise and public spirit of the inhabitants. Electric lights, water works system, various manufacturing houses, and mills capable of turning out 200,000 feet of lumber per day, elegant churches of all denominations, and some of the grandest hotels in the Northwest, among which, and taking foremost rank, is the palatial "Dacotah." All this considered, gives Grand Forks a position on the list of leading cities in the new States.

Among her banking institutions we find the Citizens' National, Wm. Budge, president; Merchants' Bank, E. P. Gates, president; Second National Bank, Alexander Griggs, president; The Grand Forks National Bank, M. L. McCormack, president. This lively Western city, with its 7,000 inhabitants, has also excellent facilities for the education of its youth in its public schools, together with the University and the Ursuline Academy (Catholic). The latter, a chartered institute, is in the city limits, within six blocks of the Manitoba Depot. For the benefit of those unacquainted with the history of the order, and that such may know what it means to the youth of North Dakota to have its advantages within reach, the following information is given: "The Ursuline Order was founded in the sixteenth century by an Italian lady, St. Angela of Merici, immortalized by the work of Manzini (I promessi sponsi). St. Charles Borromeo called for a colony of "Ursulines," and when the work of succoring the sufferers from the famine was over, he gave the Ursulines their costume and set them apart for the sole purpose of educating the youth of his diocese. Later on a house was founded in Paris under the auspices of the famous Cardinal DeRetz, whose members bound themselves by a vow to the work of education. Through the instrumentality of Daniel O'Connell, a colony of nuns from the city of Cork was obtained from this Parisian house. In 1837, Bishop England,

of Chorlestino, S. Carolina, obtained a colony from Cork to found a house in his diocese; this sent out a colony to Springfield, Ill., headed by one of the original foundresses from Cork, and from the Springfield house the Ursulines of Grand Forks. This order is the oldest of the teaching orders among women in the Catholic Church. All its rules are made with a view to facilitating the object of its institution—the education of youth. It has spread all over the world, and with a membership of about 12,000, and has claimed among its members some of the proudest houses of Europe; but their devotion has far outshone their social elevation."

The success of the Institute at Grand Forks, has been most gratifying to its friends and patrons, and an enrollment of 267 pupils is a tribute to their efforts. To be so fortunate as to meet Mother Stanislaus, in this pleasant home for the young, is to carry away the memory of a woman, whose daily walk is an exemplification of that which is noble and true in life; a woman not only of rich attainments, but rich in the esteem of every citizen of Grand Forks of whatever Church or Order.

The newspapers of this city are in keeping with its general enterprise, and wherein the press is represented by the *Daily Herald*, Editor and publisher, Geo. B. Winship. The *Daily Plaindealer*, H. G. Mendenhall, editor and publisher. *Northwest News*, W. R. Bierly, editor and publisher. All of whom are keenly alive to the great issues of the day, and to the interests of their city, and the State of North Dakota.

The University of North Dakota, was opened September 8, 1884. It is located on the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railroad at Grand Forks, North Dakota, within a mile of the city limits. This institution has seen a steady and very encouraging growth, and during the year 1889, has enrolled 200 students. Its library numbers 2,000 volumes, also a good collection of standard works, in History, Poetry,

THE FAMOUS RED RIVER CART, OF WOOD AND SINEW.

Fiction, Science and Metaphysics, together with a reading room supplied with the leading magazines and newspapers

The following from its charter says: "The object of the University of North Dakota shall be to provide the means of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the various branches of learning connected with scientific, industrial and professional pursuits; in the instruction and training of persons in the theory and art of teaching, and also instruction in the fundamental laws of the United States, and of this Territory, in what regards the rights and duties of citizens, and to this end it shall consist of the following colleges, viz.: Arts, Science, Letters and a Normal Course."

To carry out its object the University is furnished with the necessary apparatus and appliances. A Chemical Laboratory as well as Physical Laboratory, and everything in keeping with its high aim. The University building is a fine structure, four stories in height, including basement; furnished throughout with modern appointments and comforts. The Dormitory seems to promise everything, essential to the happiness and well being of its inmates, within its province. Surely the University of North Dakota is an honor to the new State, and a source of satisfaction to every one that desires a thorough educational training for its youth. While under the care and tuition of its President, Homer B. Sprague, M. A., a man of extensive knowledge, and the efficient Faculty, great things may confidently be anticipated. Both President and Mrs. Sprague are especially qualified to reap, abundantly, in the broad field given them to sow and cultivate.

CHAPTER XII.

BISMARCK IN 1872—WITH ITS PIONEERS—BISMARCK, THE CAPITAL OF NORTH DAKOTA—LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE CAPITAL BUILDING—GENERAL GRANT—VILLARD, OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC—BARON VON EISENDECHER—LETTER FROM PRINCE OTTO BISMARCK—FORT LINCOLN—PENITENTIARY OF NORTH DAKOTA.

Eighteen years ago, on the 14th day of May, 1872, a party of men interested in land speculation along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, known as the Lake Superior and Puget Sound Company, made that day, one of historical interest and importance, by halting where the city has since been built, which bears the name of the Great German Prince.

Col. Geo. W. Sweet, attorney for the Railroad and also the Sound Company, was in command and led the expedition, and planted the stakes. It was the intention of Col. Sweet to locate the site between the Missouri River and where the city, first called "Edwinton," now stands, but he was unable to carry out that plan, through the interposition of another party, consisting of John J. Jackman, John H. Richards, Wm. Woods and Geo. Sanborn, with others that occupied the land in advance of him. During the same summer the township, in which Bismarck is located, was surveyed, although the land was not subject to entry until the spring of 1873. The land still belonged to the Indians, none of it having been ceded prior to this, and the only whites to be found were at the military posts and Indian Agencies, with the few brave wood-choppers, whose pluck and enterprise kept them in the procession, already on the way.

Among such, were Joseph Miller, H. H. Mercer, and Bismarck's worthy citizen, Henry Suttle, all prosperous, deserving men. The townsite was laid out by J. E. Turner, engineer for the Northern Pacific Road, assisted by Geo. W. Sweet and John Bowen, afterwards Judge of Probate Court; the latter becoming agent for town lots, with Colonel Sweet, who represented the Puget Sound Company in connection. Dr. Wm. A. Burleigh—with whom we parted in the Struck By-the-Ree valley—now under contract for the building of 50 miles of road, east from Bismarck, was early on the ground. He built the first two houses in the city: a mess-house where Bragg's market once stood; and a ware-house, where T. W. Griffin is now so desirably located, corner of Third and Main streets. The famous "Burleigh county" taking its name from this distinguished pioneer.

There was the usual "squabbling" over desirable sections and lots by outside capitalists that kept their men in the field, "watching for opportunities." Prominent among whom were the Puget Sound Company, represented by Colonel Sweet, and the J. J. Hill, of rialroad fame, by the indefatigable J. J. Jackman, who has since continued to hold the position first taken. E. A. Williams came to this country with Dr. Burleigh's expedition, and afterwards was employed as clerk for Colonel Sweet. Mr. Williams opened the first law office of this city, and in the fall of 1872, with Major W. P. Lyman, was elected to the Legislature. In 1883 he was Speaker of the House; a member in 1885 and 1887; an active member of the Constitutional Convention, and in 1889 the Republican party elected the Hon. E. A. Williams to represent the State of North Dakota; and the spring of 1890 finds him Surveyor General of the new State—a gentleman of superior attainments, and whom city, county and State are glad to honor.

In the spring of 1872, Camp Hancock was located south

of Main street, west, with Company *D* 17th Regiment of Infantry, U. S. A.—Captain Charles Clarke, a brother of Grace Greenwood, in command, with Lieut. Humbert and Lieut. Josiah Chance. The latter, long a favorite in social circles at both Bismarck and Fort Lincoln. Also Dr. B. F. Slaughter, contract doctor and Post Surgeon; who for years after made his home in the vicinity, until failing health took him to his old southern clime.

In June, 1878, Congress approved an act providing for the construction of a Military Telegraph line from Bismarck to Fort Ellis, via the Missouri and Yellowstone; connecting Forts Buford, Keogh and Custer; and one from Fort Sully to Keogh and Deadwood. Accordingly, Lieut. A. W. Greeley was ordered to Bismarck to establish the Headquarters of the U. S. Signal Office, and also of the North West Division of Military Telegraph Lines; with Posts at the Forts and Agencies.

Lieut. Greeley made his Headquarters on First street, fitting up the building that afterwards became the old Land Office. The work of constructing the lines began in August, 1878, under his supervision, and was vigorously prosecuted. So much so that it was confidently expected that "Telegraphic communication would be had with each other, and the War Department," by the end of December of the same year. The first line was erected on the 29th of August, and was opened for operation to Fort Keogh on the 5th of December, a total distance of 646½ miles. The line supports at the same time were erected for a distance of 60 miles, between Fort Custer and Ellis. On the 28th of Dec. Fort Meade was connected with Deadwood, 12 miles distant.

General A. W. Greeley came to Dakota with his bride, and on his arrival at Bismarck he was sent by Capt. Marratta to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Pye; in whose hospitable, cozy home they at once found a welcome, and substantial comforts; for which the home of those worthy and popular

pioneers of 1873 has been noted. They remained in the young city six months, when Lieut. Greeley was relieved by Lieut. Geo. S. Grimes; and even then, he was turning with longing eyes towards the ice fields that came so near being his final resting-place. But the accomplished gentleman and his charming bride will long be remembered by their Bismarck friends of 1878.

John P. Dunn, the County Treasurer for 1889–90, came to Bismarck in May, 1872, and established the first drug store, which with the stock was burned in 1877. Dr. Wm. A. Bentley at an early date cast his lot with the people of the young Western metropolis, and has seen it come up from the tent and log cabin of the border town, to the Capital of a great Territory. Meanwhile he has occupied almost every position of trust and responsibility that the county and city could bestow; besides many others outside their borders. Colonel Bentley is the present Mayor of Bismarck, having three times been elected to the office, which is equivalent to saying, that he has faithfully and honorably discharged the duties pertaining to it. Bismarck has long had a strong advocate and admirer in Colonel Wm. Thompson, a retired army officer, and formerly the Colonel of an Iowa regiment, as well as a member of Congress from that State. This venerable man was one of the first to undertake farming in the vicinity of Bismarck, and still believes it, the fairest land that the sun shines upon.

O. S. Goff, returning from a trip up the river as far as Fort Buford, established a photograph gallery at Fort Lincoln, in Oct. 1873; in connection with the one opened at the same time in Bismarck. In 1876, he discontinued the business at Lincoln, and remained permanently in the growing city on the east side of the Missouri; for years the pioneer and leading photographer of the Northwest; making the first photograph of the hostile Sitting Bull, whom he accompanied on his first trip to Standing Rock, after surrender.

R. R. Marsh, County Auditor for 1889-90, built the Capitol hotel, and became the first hotel proprietor in the city of Bismarck. In 1872, Prescott and Bly, the latter better known as the landlord of the Sheridan House, located near the mouth of Apple Creek, and from their saw-mill furnished building material for the new city; pine lumber then being worth almost its length in gold.

In May, 1872, Asa Fisher, a native of Massachusetts, arrived, and opened the "Pioneer Billiard Hall." He is now the president of the Merchants' Bank, the owner of a palatial home, and one of the substantial, public-spirited men of Bismarck.

The following persons spent the winter of 1872-73 in the little city, viz.: Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bailey; Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Marsh; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Plumner; Dr. and Mrs. Slaughter; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Comeford; Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Hackett; Mr. and Mrs. Matthew O'Brien; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Joy; Mr. and Mrs. James Emmons; Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Davis; Mr. and Mrs. Hildebrand; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Galloway; and the Misses Comeford; and among the pioneer women of "the class of 72" we note some of the best and most worthy that ever came to the city of Bismarck; and in proportion to the number of inhabitants, no succeeding year has furnished a better showing.

It is also noticeable that in this same winter, "Base Ball" was among the industries of the city; affording many a lively afternoon during the pleasant days that characterized that season; and the indications are, that the popular game came to stay.

Joseph Deitrich, left Sioux City, Ia., Aug., 1869, on the steamer Ida Rees, Capt. Frank Horn; and came up as far as Fort Thompson, when an accident to the boat detained them there three weeks. But the Penniah, Capt. Dan. Brady, coming along, took on the passengers, and they steamed up the Missouri, with the late Capt. Johnson, a well remembered river man, as pilot.

Mr. Deitrich landed at Painted Woods, where, with his brother and W. H. Mercer, he remained till the spring of '70. In June, he went up to Fort Stevenson, on the Emily La Baze, as clerk for F. F. Girard; from there to Berthold, and finally to Fort Buford, remaining till Jan. '71. When the Secretary of War ordered all the settlers, but one, to leave the various posts, A. C. Leighton was the favored one at Buford; consequently, Mr. Deitrich went up to Fort Union, but returned in April, built a boat, and came down to Knife River near where Stanton now is; here he furnished wood for the steamboats. Finding his solitary quarters a rather dangerous place, with Indians so plenty, he was obliged to walk, under cover of night, to Fort Stevenson; and after, while thus employed, he made his trips up and down the river by steamer. In 1871, Mr. Deitrich formed a partnership with Charlie Reynolds, afterwards killed in the Reno battle, 1876, for hunting game for the Steamboats, selling their first elk to R. R. Marsh, who was steward on the Nellie Peck. In the spring of '72, finding that the Northern Pacific Railroad was going to cross the Missouri, he dissolved partnership, and with Mr. Mercer started down, remaining at what was known as "Burleightown," till the spring of '73, when a change, by surveying, caused its removal to the present site of Bismarck, and where, he recognizes no man as his predecessor. Freighting at first for the settlers, Mr. Deitrich in time enlarged his business, and was known throughout the country by his Express and Omnibus Line, and later by his fine store and market on Main Street.

In 1873, John Whalen reached Bismarck, in company with J. W. Raymond, and was for a time partner of the firm. Mr. Whalen has continued in the city, has a large real estate property, and one of the handsomest crockery stores in North Dakota; the store now owned by Claude B. Holley of Bismarck. J. H. Marshall also arrived in 1873; establishing himself in the boot and shoe business; mean-

while holding responsible offices, and, as one of the honored pioneers, is still found among the business men of the capital. Dan Eisenberg spent the winter of 1872 3 in the new town, and has continued up to the present; and for years has been one of the leading dry-goods merchants of the Northwest. W. B. Watson was also, for a time, one of the prosperous and enterprising dry goods dealers of the frontier of North Dakota. In the fall of 1873, John A. McLean erected the building for his supply store, and with Robert Macinder, as head clerk, the business assumed large proportions. In 1875, the latter became partner in the establishment, which for years was the leading house of its kind in the North. Both these men have been repeatedly honored with positions of trust; the city of Bismarck made Mr. McLean its Mayor and Mr. Macinder was a member of the Council in the 13th Session; and late treasurer for Burleigh County.

Also among the widely-known of the early settlers, is John Davidson. He left Canada in 1870, for Duluth, where he was employed as bookkeeper in Sargent's Bank, the first bank started in that city. At the opening of the L. S. & Mississippi Railroad, now the St. Paul and Duluth, in 1870, he was employed as its cashier. In 1872, was appointed Agent for the N. P. R. R. at Stillwater; from January, 1873, to Oct., 1874, paymaster; when he was appointed Agent at Bismark, arriving Apr. 16, 1875. Mr. Davidson has been a competent and faithful man in his positions, as 18 consecutive years therein would indicate, and which he still occupies.

Geo. H. Fairchild, son of President Fairchild, of Oberlin College, one of North Dakota's most respected citizens, came with his wife to St. Paul in Oct., 1873, to make a home in the "Far West." In the spring of 1874, he came to Bismarck to enter into partnership with J. W. Raymond, carrying a large stock of General Merchandise; and continuing with the house till 1878, when he engaged in banking,

"Merchant's Bank, Walter Mann of St. Paul, president, Geo. H. Fairchild, cashier." In 1879, he started the First National Bank, in which he remained as Cashier till Feb., 1882, when he was chosen president, with W. A. Dillion, cashier. Although absent for a time to regain his health, Mr. Fairchild is still, as its president, found in the elegant First National, Cor. of Fourth and Main Streets, the *pioneer banker* of Bismarck.

D. F. Barry, has been in Montana and North Dakota most of the time since 1878; and as photographer of the Standing Rock Indians, has a *well-merited* reputation throughout the United States; being in possession of, no doubt, the largest and finest collection of Indian photographs found in the Northwest. Alexander McKenzie, one of the early settlers and heavy land holders of Burleigh, in which county he was for years sheriff, has been identified in all the public enterprises and events of the city and vicinity. Although a man of few words, he is known as one of generous impulses, and a recognized leader of men; untiring in zeal for the interest of his friends. Among the substantial and reliable old-time firms is found the "Strauss Brothers, jewelers," on Main Street. Loyal to Bismarck, they have never forsaken their first love nor her interests, but have here made one of the most elegant homes of the city.

In July, 1873, the county of Burleigh was organized, and it required no little diplomacy and skirmishing to decide upon three men for "County Commissioners." But in process of time, and with the usual amount of political labor, on the part of the faithful, from among the many deserving ones they were finally selected; and with John P. Dunn, Wm. H. H. Mercer and James A. Emmons, the new county started on its journey, duly "commissioned," with Dan Williams, now the popular warden at the Penitentiary, as Register of Deeds, and I. S. Carville, Judge of Probate; John E. Wasson, County Attorney; Major Woods, Sheriff.

Mrs. Dr. Slaughter was the first person to interest herself in the instruction of the children of the settlers, and gathered around her the half dozen that were of suitable age. A work in which she has continued up to the present, and with marked success. The first white woman of this section was Mrs. J. B. Plummer.

Colonel C. H. Lounsbury reached Bismarck on the 11th of May, 1873; and when the second railroad train arrived, June 6th, it brought the material for printing a newspaper; and on the 11th of July, the first number was published, and "*The Tribune*" started on its career of usefulness. While from that day on, it has been part and parcel of Bismarck; loyal to what it believed to be for the best interest of Dakota as a whole, and of North Dakota especially. Politically republican, both Colonel Lounsbury and Editor Jewell have advocated the principles of that party; and through the changing administrations have "stood by the flag." Several other newspapers have, from time to time, come into the field where they would run well for a season, but drop out by the way. M. H. Jewell is also the able editor of the "*Weekly Tribune*." "*The Settler*," a republican weekly published by W. P. Moffet, has become quite a favorite among the country people and farmers; and receives a good share of city patronage, although comparatively a young newspaper; and with it, and "*Weekly Tribune*," the people that would fail to see the Daily, have excellent facilities for obtaining the current news of the day. "*The Commonwealth*," a Democratic weekly, published by A. B. Grey, has recently made its appearance, and will no doubt meet the demand, and succeed.

The Bismarck of to-day is a well laid out, pleasant city, standing back and up from the river and the bottoms; thus affording the best opportunities for drainage, as well as a delightful view of the Missouri, the bluffs, and surrounding country. Broad streets, good walks, electric lights, well

kept lawns and costly private residences are among the attractions of the city; together with good stores, commodious churches of the various denominations, and the best of schools. Of her High school and its building, costing $25,000, the city is justly proud. While St. Mary's Academy, established in 1878, has since been a factor for good among the youth of the vicinity; having been patronized, not alone by Catholics, but by many from Protestant homes. The Hospital of the St. Benedictine Order, in charge of the Sisters, and known as the "*Lamborn Hospital*," is a most useful and important institution. There the best of care and skillful nursing is given every one that may be so fortunately unfortunate as to find a home therein, while suffering. The four costly brick bank buildings are occupied by the First National Bank, Geo. H. Fairchild, president, O. H. Whitaker, cashier. The Bismarck National Bank, T. C. Power and I. P. Baker; with J. B. Keenan, cashier. Capital National Bank, C. B. Little, president, E. L. Whitford, cashier. The Merchants Bank, Asa Fisher, president, W. A. Dillon, cashier.

The capital of the Territory of Dakota was located at Bismarck, June 3, 1883, and to accomplish which the people of the prospering city, of four thousand inhabitants, contributed $100,000 in money and 160 acres of land. The building of the Capitol was at once began, the contract having been given to Chas. W. Thompson, of Bismarck. The part now completed is three stories high, 92 feet in width, by 153 feet in length, the foundation resting upon solid clay and shale, with all the interior partitions of brick. The outside walls of the structure are 8 feet thick at the base, while the walls for the tower rest upon solid concrete and brick work, 31 feet in diameter at the base. The first, or main, floor is 18 feet to the ceiling, and has four halls that center in the rotunda. Here are found the various offices of state, with fire-proof vaults in the office of both Treasurer

and Auditor. On the second floor is the Hall of the House of Representatives, 50x90 feet, and 35 feet to ceiling. This capacious room comprises all of the west end of the building, and is one of the most elegant halls in the Northwest; with a seating capacity of nearly 150, besides a large gallery, and handsomely furnished. The Council Chamber is in the east end of the third story. Both Hall and Chamber are temporary, as the finishing of the south wing will give an addition of 100x130 feet.

When the building is completed, it will have four entrances and four fronts, each with corresponding finish, and over and above all will rise a tower, 186 feet above the ground level, while the building stands 100 feet above the main street of the city. Eighteen acres have been set apart for a park around the Capitol, which has since been planted with trees and shrubbery. Both the building and grounds will become an honor to the State, and from their conspicuous location will present a magnificent appearance. Meanwhile, the increase of residences, gravitating toward, it will obviate the distance.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE CAPITOL.

Few capital cities of the Union have ever, upon a like occasion, greeted a more distinguished assembly of visitors than that which gathered in Bismarck on the 5th day of September, 1883. The proud young city, clad in her brightest dress, gave the hand of welcome to her honored guests with the suavity of one long accustomed to entertaining the *noblesse.*

The triumphal journey of Mr. Villard across the country, accompanied by such a retinue of eminent and titled personages, both of Europe and the United States, was an appropriate *finale* of the great work about to be consummated. Statesmen, Barons, Jurists and Bankers, and our own peerless Warrior, ex-President, General U. S. Grant, one of the "Crowned-heads" of America. were among the multitude

which stood under the fair Dakota sky, and witnessed the impressive ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Capitol building of the Territory.

The gay procession formed under the superb leadership of Captain Wm. Harmon, U. S. A. Chief Marshal of the day, and proceeded to the Capitol grounds. After the preliminary exercises, and at the close of a brief address by Mr. Villard, president of the Northern Pacific railroad, Governor Ordway requested him to place his hand upon the Corner Stone, which he did; prayer was then offered by the Chaplain, thus closing the formal ceremonies. The famous Bavarian then added: "Now that this corner-stone is laid, may I ask you all to join with me in the hope and prayer that this building may be reared and completed as it has been designed; that it may soon be the Capitol of a great sovereign State; that it may be the source of wise legislation, and that it may be the home of justice and liberty, the birthrights of all free people.

FROM GOVERNOR ORDWAY TO PRINCE BISMARCK.

Governor Ordway presented the following testimonial to Baron Von Eisendecher, Imperial German Minister.

To His Excellency, Prince Otto Bismarck, Chancellor of the German Government: We, the citizens of Bismarck, desire to embrace the opportunity, afforded by the presence of a distinguished representative of the German Government, to tender to your Highness our respectful compliments. We believe that this greeting will be welcome, coming from a distant land, where so many Germans have found prosperity and happiness, and where your name is honored by all men, and from a city which bears that name, and which has become a centre of commerce and civilization, and the Capital of a great Territory.

Proud of our city's name, we are confident that our future career will not be unworthy of the fame of your Highness, whose brilliant services in war and peace have achieved unity for the German people, and greatness for the German empire.

With sentiments of profound respect we subcribe ourselves your Highness' Obedient Servants.

Done at the city of Bismarck, in the Territory of Dakota, this 5th day of September, 1883. Signed by the Mayor, City Council and Governor.

Baron Von Eisendecher responds in behalf of the great German statesman:

"*Mr. Governor:* I accept this token of esteem, for the German Chancellor, with gladness and pride. I am glad as the representative of him, in accepting this testimonial, and proud of having been chosen as such. I shall not fail to send the document to Prince Bismarck at once, and I will assure you that he will feel highly honored by the handsome remembrance from the city which bears his name. I can only wish for your city that you will make its name sound as well in your own land, as the name of its father sounds in ours."

At the close of every speech a multitude of voices loudly called for General Grant! And he finally yielded to the importunate appeal, and was conducted to the front, and thus spoke to the happy throng:

"Ladies and gentlemen, and fellow citizens of Bismarck, the capital of Dakota: It is with some reluctance, at this hour, so near the time fixed for our departure, that I come forward to make a speech, as you are well aware that when I get to talking to a crowd I scarcely know when to quit. I am sure that if I did attempt to tell you what I have seen in your Territory, and what an impression it has made upon my mind, our train would not get started in time to drive the golden spike. I will be brief, and will say that although I have been in almost every other place in the United States, I never put my foot in Dakota Territory until yesterday. I had heard of this great country, and its fertile soil, but was not prepared to see what my eyes have gazed upon since my arrival; with Mr. Evarts, I predict for you a happy, prosperous future, and that within a few years you will rank far ahead of any of the Eastern States, and will be a State with two representatives, and it may be three (unless Congress is opposed to more republican members). Well, I am glad to see you all here. I am glad that I have

participated in the ceremonies, but I am sorry that you called me out."

At the close of General Grant's speech, the tremendous burst of applause, told how near the great Western heart he had made a dwelling-place.

After the depositing of memorials in the vault, among which were the Steele *Herald* and the Bismarck *Tribune*, the Governor said: "Let us hope that this stone, so propitiously laid, will remain unbroken through the coming ages as a token of the faithfulness and fidelity of those to whose energy and foresight it is due; and a reminder of the great name which the city has the honor of bearing, and which we hope it bears worthily."

Appropriate addresses were also made by several other distinguished members of the Villard party. And at the close of the exercises, the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. I. O. Sloan, of Bismarck, which concluded the interesting ceremonies.

But a more inspiring and beautiful scene never has been and never will be witnessed upon the Western plain than this; including the gala dress of the city, the crowds of people, magnificent turnouts, gaily caparisoned ponies that could speed with the wind, bands of music, military display, and the matchless view of the city, the grand Missouri and its bluffs of charming outline; all united in a remarkable panorama of beauty and life.

The following letter of recognition was received by the city:

"FOREIGN OFFICE, FRIEDRICHSRUH, Oct. 27, 1883.

"In response to the address of the 5th of Sept. last, so highly complimentary to myself, I would express my heartfelt thanks. I wish the young city, whose career I shall follow with the greatest interest, the rapid development which its fine situation, and the energy and intelligence of its citizens give reason to anticipate. BISMARCK."

FORT A. LINCOLN.

In April, 1872, Captain Green was ordered up from Fort

Rice to establish a camp on the west side of Sibley Island, for the protection of the surveyors of the Northern Pacific Rail Road, known as "Camp Green." Soon after, a Commission was appointed, consisting of Colonel Huston, Quartermaster Scully and Dr. Slaughter, to locate a military post. By this Commission the "Old Fort on the hill," on the west side of the Missouri river across from Bismarck, was then located. At that Fort were established two Companies of the 6th infantry, and one Company of the 17th infantry. While one Company of the 17th was stationed at Fort Hancock, Bismarck. The garrison on the hill was known as "Fort McKean." In the following spring, General Geo. A. Custer, with the 7th Cavalry, was ordered from his headquarters at Louisville, Ky., to Dakota, as escort for the "Northern Pacific Survey." Accordingly, six additional cavalry quarters were built between the hill and the river; after which, Fort McKean received the name —"Fort Abraham Lincoln," by order of the Secretary of War. Later on, it was changed for convenience, and was officially known as "*Fort A. Lincoln*," and as headquarters of the 7th Cavalry, with a fine military band, and "A 9 Company post," it became a point of no little importance in frontier army circles. At the time of the laying out of the city of Bismarck, there were military posts at Fort Buford and Stevenson; on the Missouri, thirty miles below, was Fort Rice, the principal post, in command of General Thomas Crittenden, with 4 Companies of infantry. East of Bismarck one hundred miles, Fort Seward was located on the James river, commanding an extensive country in the surrounding valley; and although now an abandoned post, a visit to its ruins affords a delightful view, not only of the country and its winding river, but of Jamestown. one of the smartest cities in the James river valley.

But of all the military posts of the Northwest, none will longer be remembered than Fort Lincoln. In the prime

1. C. W. THOMPSON. 2. JUDGE C. B. LITTLE. 3. ASA FISHER. 4. COL. E. L. WHITFORD, BISMARCK.

days of the 7th Cavalry the "society" of the little frontier post, was a source of much pleasure; and within its narrow limits a *coterié*, led by General and Mrs. Custer, such as would have graced any fashionable town, did much to relieve the monotony of military life; tender recollections of which will last as long as memory, with those that still count themselves among the number. Fort Lincoln will for years be a necessity, where so large a number of Indians are "massed" in a region of settlers, and small settlements. It stands to-day—as it should continue to stand—a monument to that slain command, and to the Commander-in-Chief whose name it bears. A baptism of costly blood has conserated Fort A. Lincoln, and the Department should see to it that it is kept in remembrance!

NORTH DAKOTA PENITENTIARY.

This institution has long been winning praise and the just approval of all that have the best interests of our public reformatories at heart. Many very noticeable improvements have been made, both inside and out, from time to time. The much-needed work upon the grounds has been done to a considerable extent; the labor being largely performed by the inmates, and the erection of buildings that had become a necessity was also accomplished by them. While improvements in other localities, by the same hands, testify to the judicious management of those imprisoned. This penitentiary is located about two miles east of the business center of Bismarck, North Dakota, upon a tract of land comprising 43 acres; and presents quite an imposing appearance as it is approached. All its belongings and arrangements are after the most approved models; the result of careful investigation and experiments by older states, and a good degree of perfection has thus been possible for the Penitentiary of North Dakota. But too much cannot be said, in commendation, of the warden, Mr. Dan. Williams.

In the first place, he is a man of a charitable disposition, recognizing a human being in every criminal. He does not sit in judgment over the imprisoned men, but realizes the fact that they have already been "tried" for the crime of which they have been found guilty. As a result, order and discipline prevail, and a feeling of satisfaction and confidence is everywhere manifest, nothing of which is ever found in the realm of a tyrant.

While a penitentiary is a place for pennance and expiation, it is not a court of tribunal, nor is it the province of a warden to act as an *untiring avenger*. On the contrary, if there were more prison officials acting up to the spirit shown the thief on the Cross, more convicts would leave their cells to take up the broken threads of life, with something of hope and ambition, by which to hold the warp and woof, that can yet be mended, though soiled and tangled, and will whiten in the sunshine of compassion.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LIFE OF SIXTY YEARS AMONG THE INDIANS—BEAR'S RIB, THE ROYAL CHIEF OF THE UNKPAPA—TRIP TO STANDING ROCK—HOW IT GOT ITS NAME—THE WRITTEN ROCK.

Mr. Primeau is a native of St. Louis, and was born in 1814. His father was a French Canadian, and his mother a Creole. When a boy, less than eighteen years of age, he left home and came up the river on the boat, Yellowstone, as far as the famous trading point, at Fort Pierre. There he remained a few days only, and went up to the new fort "Union," on the Missouri, nearly opposite to the mouth of the Yellowstone river. He made but a short stay here, returning in about twenty days to the fort from which he started; and at once engaged in the employ of the American Fur Company, in whose service he remained sixteen years.

At that time the inhabitants were all Sioux, of the Unkpapa and Two-Kettle bands, and there were no troops, until General Harney purchased the fort from the Fur Company in 1855, and there located his regiment. When Mr. Primeau first landed, it was known as "Old Tecumseh," and remained a trading post until 1857; but as early as 1837, Indians went in there to get traders to go out on the Cheyenne and buy their furs. In 1843, Mr. Primeau was placed in charge of Fort Clarke, on the Missouri River. One day, while there, a war party of about one hundred Yanktons paid him a visit. He was too familiar with raids of that kind not to understand them; and knew it certainly meant plunder, if nothing more serious, consequently he frankly told them that he had been ordered by the Rees and Mandans, to prevent them from destroying their *caches* of corn-

But they would not listen to him; and wild and jubilant at the prospect, directly divided their band; part remaining where they already were, in the fort, "making a big hole in the ammunition and vermillion;" while others went into the village and appropriated the forbidden corn. Although Mr. Primeau had a trusty gun, he had not, up to that point, made any use of it, knowing that he was really powerless to drive that number of theiving, boisterous Indians, bent upon mischief and reckless bloodshed; which latter they indulged in, by wantonly killing a half-breed Ree woman that had been raised among them, as an opening act.

During this lawless affray, Mr. Primeau got out as far as the gate, yet as he thought of his men that were four miles away, cutting wood and herding the stock, he went no further. The men were met by the Indians, as they were coming in, and they took away their horses, sixteen in all, finally killing them in a quarrel. Their departure, however, was not the last he was to know of them; three or four days after, the fort needing meat, Mr. Primeau made necessary preparations for going on the hunt, but for some reason changed his mind, sending on the others while he remained at the fort. The hunters crossed the river in a skiff, and on reaching the opposite side, landed and jumped ashore. Immediately the Indians, that in ambush had watched their approach, shot both the men, killing them instantly. The interpreter, who was with them, after successfully hiding from them, returned the next day to the fort, and reported to Mr. Primeau, who, on learning of the murder, took the boat and crossed over, bringing back the dead men for burial. In 1845 he established trading quarters on the Running Water. He had taken out sixteen horses to the camp, with which to bring back robes and smaller pllfries. But on going out the next day among his herd, he found every one of them dead, stabbed by the Brules. From there he went into winter quarters at White

River, and in the same year, 1845, we find that this intrepid frontiersman had started out with seventeen men from the Platte to meet a wagon-train from Fort Laramie. And we must not forget that trips across the country in those days were something beside pleasure excursions. But this time he was obliged to retrace his steps, and return to camp, having lost his men.

Again, on the 8th of May following, the Company ordered him out the second time. His party, while encamped at the Running Water, discovered the wagons coming along the Raw-Hide, and at first they thought they were a band of Crows, but instead, an agreeable surprise awaited both parties. In 1859, Frost and Atchinson bought back their interest, and, in 1860, consolidated with "Pierre Choteau and Company," from whom the flourishing city of *Pierre*, took its name. In 1862, Mr. Primeau sent a trader out on the Moreau, where he remained hunting and trapping through the winter; and in the spring following, he returned to see if he could make arrangements for teams, with which to freight his fur crop. On his way coming along Fox Ridge, in sight of the Big Cheyenne, he was suddenly stopped by some Indians. They immediately relieved him of his rifle, and then after frightful threatening, one of them drew a large three-bladed knife, keen as a razor, which he brandished uncomfortably near, preparing to stab him, but the trader made a partially successful dodge, as the sharp cleaver came down upon his shoulder, laying open two deep gashes. The name of this man, Louis Agard, is familiar to many a Dakotan of the present day. He was finally spared further torture, by the interference of Carry-The-Lodge, who not only saved his life, but afterward accompanied him a long way on his journey to camp. On the following day, however, the hostiles came on to the Fort, and were driven off by three men. Again, nothing daunted, they returned re-enforced by more than a thousand

warriors. This time they took everything; one hundred deer skins, two hundred bear skins and forty-five hundred robes; cutting up the wagons and destroying everything in their reach and closed out by taking the stolen furs up to Fort Berthold and there selling them. While Mr. Primeau was away for a time at St. Louis in 1863, the Indians took every one of his horses, and it seems that troubles and losses, as various as they were perplexing, beset his path. A path that often led where the way was trackless and hard to follow. It was his privilege to see the ransomed women when they were brought in at Fort Sully near Pierre. Among the captives was Mrs. Kelley who had been taken from an Arrow-breaker and brought by Crawler, an Unkpapa. Mr. Primeau remarked with grave significance that "An Indian is at the very worst when he has used alcohol. But they do get it! although it is prohibited by the Government. As soon as they get drunk they are dangerous and blood-thirsty. Still I never face an Indian who threatens."

The subject of this sketch has lived at Standing Rock Agency since 1879, and most of that time has been in the employ of the Government. While looking over the brief history of a life spent from boyhood among the hostile Indians and Fur Companies at the different trading posts and camps of the far West, one gets an insight of what it meant to live on the Western border in those days, notwithstanding it is necessarily brief and incomplete. But it is a noticeable fact that with those men that have faced dangers, seemingly of every kind, encountered and overcome difficulties of appalling magnitude, there is an air of quiet, self-assurance and apparent *suppressed emotion* peculiar to those that have fought with perils by day and by night. To me, it was an hour of special interest, when I listened to the tremulous voice and provincial accent of this veteran of frontier life, as he went back into the misty past and rescued for me some facts and personal memories of those years, when

in his prime he put his shoulder to the wheel of progress and advancing civilization; still there were no blood-curdling tones and airs made use of when he talked of the early days.

The rugged heroes who battled, step by step, with adverse circumstances, and constant dangers, exhibit very little of the tragical when they talk of their own experience. Although Mr. Primeau now gives some signs of physical infirmity, such as a long life filled to repletion with constant struggling and hardships would naturally occasion, he is still found in the hours of business, behind the counter in the little store at the Standing Rock Agency where he resides, surrounded by his sons and daughters. One of the few living links of that shortening chain which binds Dakota's past to the present.

BEAR'S RIB, THE ROYAL CHIEF OF THE UNKPAPA.

Bear's Rib, was an Unkpapa; and descended from royal ancestry. During the last months of his life, the Chief lay sick in his lodge, on the right bank of the Cannon Ball river, near its junction with the Missouri. It is a charming spot! A shady, sheltered nook, in a meadow of green, over-arched with trees; where at their feet the rivers' banks are bearing the loveliest shubbery, and aromatic vines that hint of purple fruit yet to come. A more beautiful and picturesque place could not have been selected for a kingly palace, than this, wherein the noble Bear's Rib held silent council.

"The military" would often accompany Mrs. Galpin on her visits to him, carrying articles for his comfort, and in many ways contributed for his necessities, as "He lay like a warrior taking his rest," in the lonely lodge that stood in the little cape-like corner, overlooking the meeting of the waters. At his death they buried him with military honors, becoming his rank, in the military burying-ground at Fort Rice.

He was the son of "Bear's Rib the First," and at his death, his son, Bear's Rib, now at Standing Rock, succeeded him. A quiet unpretentious Indian of the Agency, but in whose views flows the royal blood of the Unkpapa.

A TRIP TO STANDING ROCK ON KILLING DAY.

On a trip from the Parkins Ranch, Cannon Ball, to Fort Gates, both the Porcupine and Cannon Ball rivers are forded, streams of no mean width, at high-water periods. The latter makes some quite deep inflections on its way to the Missouri; forming sheltered little bays, shaded with a heavy growth of trees that are exceedingly pretty. The waters of the Cannon Ball, are very clear, and, together with its broad sandy beach, afford delightful places for bathing, opportunity for such healthful pastime being habitually taken by the settlers in the vicinity.

To a person with an eye for the picturesque and lovely in nature, the drive is one of exceeding interest. At times, the road suddenly winds up to the top of a high hill, and before the traveler is spread a landscape of peculiar beauties. The majestic Missouri, broadened by the bend it is taking, is overshadowed by the tall, stately cotton wood and elders that rise from out a clean, thick undergrowth and trailing vines, back from which are spread the meadow lands, radiant with yellow and purple flowers, framed by the river and the long ridge of bluffs that rise abruptly, sweeping away inland like huge fantastic waves. Each seemingly more graceful and unequaled in its curves and lines than the other. To have a trip to Fort Yates one of more than ordinary interest, it should be made on the day previous to "killing day." Then the different bands of Indians are all *en route* for Standing Rock Agency, and an opportunity is thus given to see a most interesting part of Indian life under civilized rule, but a difficult scene it is to describe. Nearly, or quite every one of the many roads, or trails to the

Agency, are thronged with Indians going for their rations. For on such occasions the turnout is general. They are on the right hand, and on the left hand; before and behind; as far as the eye can see, and in whatever direction you turn. Mounted on ponies, in some instances two on one pony; some on foot, and some with teams.

Large covered wagons are filled to overflowing, with women, children and men, bedding, tents, tent-poles, pails, frying pans, etc., etc. In fact, *all* their belongings are taken, when they start for those semi-monthly visits to the Agency. Often as many as eight or ten horses are following one wagon-load; colts of all ages, from the suckling to the "four-year-old." Many of the carts and wagons are drawn by oxen, but leisurely they all trudge along, up hill and down, till they reach their destination. Occasionally a young man will break ranks, and dart away over the hills at the right or left, and as he lopes and circles, his fleet pony seems to enjoy the sport, and together they make a pleasing diversion. When just above the Agency, they halt and prepare to put up their tents, and get ready for two or three day's feasting; the hillsides and valleys presenting an interesting and animated scene, with the people all busily engaged in pitching their tents here and there among the log houses already there, the homes of those that live near the Agency, together with the large herd of horses grazing in the vicinity. In the Autumn, on all sides fields of grain, corn and potatoes are ripening, and which make harvesting quite an event among the Indians that own them. Quantities of sweet corn can be seen drying, spread out on canvas, suggesting thrift and economy. After the cattle have been butchered, and the allowance of meat and the other articles have been allotted, they spend two or three days in dancing, feasting and visiting; then pick up, and return, in the same manner, to their lodges back on the plains.

The location of both Fort Yates and Standing Rock is

admirable. They have been built back upon the ridge which, rising above the bottom lands between it and the river, forms a broad, level table upon which are the buildings, stores, ware houses, school houses, churches and offices. A fine view is there obtained of the Missouri river as it winds along on its way to the Gulf. The first school at Standding Rock, was organized and taught by Mrs. Louise Van Solen. In 1878, she gathered together 15 or 20 scholars, all that could be induced to attend, and opened a day school. It was continued for over two years, with apparent success and profit, notwithstanding that the difficulties were many and great; as would be natural under such circumstances, and with the primitive surroundings of the good women that undertook to teach letters to a people so recently hostile, and fresh from the wild, free life on the plains; and she is indeed deserving of great credit for her efforts. The first mission-school work was by Bishop Marty, and it has since gradually grown to a prosperous school for both sexes; although for a time, girls had not been admitted. Commodious buildings and grounds, the neat little chapel, and everything connected with the work indicating thorough and judicious oversight, in this pleasant home for the Indian children that share its comforts. To the Standing Rock Mission—"St. Elizabeth"—was given $5,000 by John J. Astor, taken from the $25,000; appropriated by him from Mrs. Astor's estate, to carry forward the work in which she had been so interested and a small boarding school is being erected for the education of the children of the church, from this donation.

After the surrender of the Indians of the Northwest, some of them at Fort Buford, and some at Fort Keogh; among them Sitting Bull and Gall, they were taken down the Missouri river on the steamers Sherman, Helena, Eclipse, Josephine and Far West, escorted by United States troops, and turned over to the agent at Standing Rock; and it is not unwarrantable to say that few Government Officers have a

more important and peculiarily trying position than Major McLaughlin has, at the Standing Rock Agency; and no Government officer discharges his duty with more complete satisfaction to all concerned. Major McLaughlin is respected and believed in by the Indians, over whom he reigns. Universally trusted, but by none more than by the unlettered, yet sagacious, people that look to him as their friend and counselor. Firm, kind, unswerving in truthfulness, he holds them by a silken thread, where armed troops would be as straws.

THE WRITTEN ROCK.

There is a legend among the Sioux, wherein we are told that on the banks of the Cannon Ball river, several miles from its mouth, there is a large rock, and that in this rock two strange wicked women live, and have their home; they are never seen by human eyes, as the legend goes, but their wild laugh is often heard. A wonderful thing about the rock, is that upon it may often be seen imprints, or writing, which can be easily read; it is not always the same, but changes in accordance with the intent of the message. The Indians claim marvelous things for this rock; for instance, a man once lost his dog, and in looking for it, far and wide over the country, he at length came to the *Written Rock;* and upon going up to it he saw, to his amazement, the image of his dog imprinted upon the strangely-plastic surface, with his nose pointing towards his lodge! Joyful over the intelligence, he hastened home, and there found his lost canine, safe, wagging his tail to express the happy greeting which he was thus trying to give his master.

The Indians believe that those women who hide in the cleft rock, are demoniacs, possessed with some evil spirit; and that through its instrumentality they are given the power by which, in the darkness of night, they write their sibylline message upon the stony page, and then retire to their living tomb, to await the coming of some curious reader of the Written Rock.

HOW STANDING ROCK GOT ITS NAME.

An old 'Ree women gives the following version: That at the time her people lived in the Grand river country a 'Ree that already had a wife took a Sioux women to live with him; as a natural consequence his wife was displeased and jealous of her husband, and the invader of her "happy fireside." But he always made an effort, when there was any fresh demonstrations on the part of his wife to pacify her; assuring her that she was his first and best beloved, and would always be, still this did not cure her heartache; for so long as the cause of her sorrow remained, and was allowed a place in her lodge, so long would the trouble continue. She could not tolerate a second woman, of whatever rank; and furthermore, she surmised that all her people were in sympathy with this Sioux woman that had not only come into her home, but had stolen her husband's affections, and the unhappy wife was suffering from fancied injustice, as well as grief.

At length there came a day when she could bear it no longer; so she took her little boy and her dog, and silently bidding her home and friends forever "Good Bye," she started out, down the river. Some of her people suspected that something had gone wrong, by her movements, and followed her; they knew she had nothing for herself and child to eat, and made an effort to have her return with them. During the first night they staid close by her, and frequently renewed their requests, but each time with no better success. Yet they continued to follow her, and when within about a mile of where Standing Rock Agency is now located, the broken-hearted wife sat down and would proceed no farther either way.

She sat there through the entire night and the whole of the following day and night. Nothing that her friends could say had any effect upon her; there she remained. Finally, she made this announcement to them: "There is no

use for you to wait for me to go back with you, because I shall not do it! I can't walk if I wanted to, and I don't want to. I am turning to a rock." True enough, in a short time she had changed into a solid rock! and the faithful dog was ready to share the fate of his mistress, as now seen in the smaller rock; while ever after, it was the custom of the Indians to paint them when passing near, believing them "Wakan."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RT. REV. WILLIAM HOBART HARE, D. D.—THE LABOR OF HEARTS AND HANDS—"ST. PAUL"—"HOPE"—"ST. JOHN"—"ST. MARY"—BOARDING SCHOOLS.

Bishop Hare, although born and educated in the East, had spent several months in Michigan and Minnesota, where he had seen something of the Indian problem. In November, 1872, he was informed that the House of Bishops had elected him Missionary Bishop of Niobrara. The latter name was given to a tract of country extending northward to the Niobrara river, over which the Poncas and different tribes of Sioux and Dakota Indians habitually roamed. He was, at the time of the conferring of this new honor, Secretary and General Agent of the Foreign Mission of his church, and overwhelmed with work, body and soul. In order to combine the efforts of the Church as much as possible, the Missionary Bishop of Niobrara was authorized to take charge of the Rocky Mountains in connection.

The Reverend gentleman accepted the appointment after careful deliberation, and on Thursday, after the feast of the Epiphany, January 9, 1873, at St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, with which he had been intimately connected in his early ministry, he was consecrated at the age of 34 years. Only one of the Bishops having been consecrated so young. He made the one-hundredth in the line of the American Episcopate. His father-in-law had next preceded him. His grandfather, Bishop Hobart, of New York, was distinguished for his labors in behalf of the Indian tribes

of New York State. Bishop Hare was anxious to see the condition of semi-civilized Indians first; and for that purpose paid a visit to the Indian Territory; and while on his way, the "Modoc massacre" filled the land with demands for vengeance. Extermination of a nation, for the treachery of a few; "ignoring the good of tens of thousands of the same people." From the Indian Territory, he went to Yankton, passing up the Missouri river, where he found that mission work had been established on the Santee, Yankton and Ponca Reserves. And the beginning of the work among the Indians of the Lower Brulés, the Crow Creek and Cheyenne River Reserves, by these brave young Deacons from the Berkley Divinity School. "Here," says the Bishop, "the scenes grew wilder, as I passed farther on." "The service held in the open air, at the Cheyenne agency, left a deep impression on my mind." "It was a strange scene." "In front of us, forty or fifty feet distant, rolled the Missouri river; nearer at hand, grouped in a semi-circle, fringed with a few curious soldiers and employés of the Agency, sat the Indians; many of them bedecked with feathers and paint, carrying tomahawks and guns; others in a soberer guise, betokening that they were inclined to the white man's ways." "All gazed, apparently half amazed, half awestruck at the vested missionary of the Station, as he sang the hymns, and offered the prayers of the Church; also at the Indian Deacon and to me, as we spoke the words of Life." Bishop Hare became thoroughly convinced by his visit in the Indian Territory that the *Boarding School* should be a most prominent factor in his missionary work, and from this decision he formed plans that bore such choice fruit as the St. Paul's, St. Mary's, Hope and St. John's boarding schools, St. Paul's being the first to take its place upon the honored list. The Episcopal Church now has missions among the Sissetons, Wahpetons, Santees, Yanktons, Lower Brulés, Yanktonaise,

Blackfeet, Sans Arcs, Unkpapas, Mimeconques, Two-Kettles, Upper Brulés and the Ogalolles.

The reader will better understand what has been accomplished in Bishop Hare's great work, when told that in 1872 there were only six congregations; but, in 1890, the clergy number thirty-three; mission and parishes, ninety; communicants, two thousand two hundred and seventy-nine; Sabbath-school scholars, two thousand, forty-five.— While there was not a single boarding school among any of those Indians then, the year 1890 finds four in successful operation: St. Paul's School (for boys), Yankton Agency, the Bishop President; Mrs. Jane F. Johnston, Principal. St. Mary's, Rosebud Agency (for boys and girls), Bishop President; Miss Amelia Ives, Principal. St. John's, Cheyenne River Reserve (girls), Mr. J. Fitch Kinney, Principal; Bishop, President. Hope School (girls and boys), Springfield, Rev. W. J. Wicks, Principal; Bishop President. During the past year a new school building for St. John's has been completed. It was erected by means of a fund raised several years ago for a "memorial building" to the late William Welsh; to whom the Niobrara mission is especially indebted for its existence, and the management has furnished a fitting monument to the friend and benefactor of the Indian children of the Niobrara, in the handsome, substantial and commodious structure that now adds character and importance to the Reserve of the Cheyenne River. All of the churches and mission residences have been erected under the supervision of the Bishop, and are free from encumbrance. In 1883, an important change was made, by which the Missionary Jurisdiction of Niobrara would be made identical, in outline and area, with that portion of the Territory of Dakota lying south of the 46th parallel of latitude, so as to include the Santee Indian Reservation, in Nebraska, and to be changed from Niobrara to South Dakota.

The Dean of Dakota, Dr. Hoyt, who has already reached

HOPE BOARDING SCHOOL, FOR INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS, SPRINGFIELD, S. D.

the venerable age of seventy-six years, entered heart and soul into the project; doing his last work at Scotland, South Dakota; having been spared to see a fine house of worship well on towards completion. In September, 1885, Bishop Hare was cheered in his labors, by seeing the enterprise and generosity of the people of Sioux Falls culminate in the laying of the corner-stone of the "All Saints' School" building; where it stands in the midst of grounds containing five acres; free from encumbrance, the pride of the city and admiration of visitors. Could the benefactors of the Indian mission schools that show by so many, substantial ways their interest in the education of the children, visit the schools when the work is being done, they would be equally surprised and gratified.

St Paul's School, was opened in December, 1873, at the Yankton Agency, being the first on any Indian reservation in the Northwest.

The building, whose principal material is chalk-stone, has a front of forty-one feet, and fifty-six feet deep, very handsome; with its pleasant hall and commodious parlors, an air of comfort and refined associations being present, throughout. Situated within convenient distance is Harrison Hall, in the upper story of which the pupils assemble for study and recitation, in a school room furnished with every thing to faciliate the work; the basement being reserved for shops for the use of the boys.

In front of the buildings, a fine growth of shrubbery and shade trees, together with the broad verandas, give an inviting appearance, and a home of genuine comfort and refinement opens wide its doors for the Indian boys, where once the noble Struck-By-The-Ree, held his councils. Discipline and system, of a most practical kind, are marked features in the training. The boys are taught to make their own beds, keep the dormitory and other rooms in perfect order, lay the table and wash dishes; while habits of neatness, combined with promptness and polite attention to all within

the range of their every-day life are producing a most salutary effect upon the children, and under the care and training of Mrs. Johnston, House Mother, whose method embodies mildness and firmness, we find "a home" in its full sense.

Hope School, at Springfield, South Dakota, formerly took the place in the Mission work of the Crow Creek Agency Boarding School, begun by the Mission in 1874. Bishop Hare had long entertained a desire for a Boarding School, *outside* the Indian Reserves, where the children would be beyond daily contact with their own people and their thriftless habits. And a most desirable thing, too, to thus surround them by the intelligent and industrious, and with whom they must constantly be associated. For that aim and purpose the town of Springfield, S. D., was wisely chosen; a growing city, delightfully situated, and in many ways admirably fitted for the accession of such an institution into its midst. The school grounds lie between the Yankton and Santee Reservations, and back up from the Missouri river, in a charming country. The new building was completed in the fall of 1884, and furnished with every convenience and many luxuries, among which are plenty of sunlight, and pure air and water. The building is of chalk-stone, on a limestone foundation; substantial and handsome, and may well be called the chief attraction of the city, an honor to the Church, as well as to the Bishop. Everything that culture and refined taste can add, to make complete the happiness of the members of a home in which sympathy and earnest love prevail, I think may be found in this Boarding School Home; if one can judge after a delightful visit, in looking carefully over the work. The Rev. W. J. Wicks, Principal, and Mrs. Wicks, House-Mother, have proved themselves well adapted to their important field of labor; practical evidence of which is shown in the fact of their retaining such superior assistants as Miss Maude Knight, "Teacher;" and Miss E. Bailey, "Industrial Teacher."

The St. John's Boarding School, for girls, is situated on the Missouri river, three miles above the Cheyenne River Agency and Fort Bennett. In the school are assembled about forty girls, gathered from the different tribes of Sioux. It was originally intended for boys, and opened as such in 1874 by the Rev. Swift, but hostile and suspicious Indians made great trouble for the teachers, upon whom they imposed in every possible way; until Mr. and Mrs. Swift, after bravely bearing it as long as seemed wise, gave up the field and took up work at St. Paul's Station, 25 miles farther up the river, in 1875. The St. John's school was then put into the hands of the Rev. Mr. Fennell, who was afterwards murdered by two Indians, to avenge the imprisonment of a relative by the Military, when the school was put in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Fitch Kinney, who assumed the burden with right good will and ability; and the result has been most gratifying to all interested in the grand work.

St. Mary's School, on the Rosebud agency, is one of the best, and for the education of both boys and girls.

The work is carried forward in an excellent manner, in the fine house that stands on the Rosebud reserve, only a few miles from the agency, with ample accommodation for forty children. This school was the outgrowth of the fire on the Santee reserve which blotted out church, home and school, on the 7th of February, 1884. The property was insured for $9,000, which was promptly paid, but to transfer it to Rosebud seemed likely to bring it within reach of a large number of Indians, consequently, the building was erected there. The boys and girls are happy, neat and orderly, while learning to become good housekeepers and laborers outside—in short, civilized citizens. Under the instruction and guardianship of Mr. A. Hays, Principal, and a competent corps of assistants, and more recently, in the hands of its former popular Principal, Miss Amelia Ives, the St. Mary's still retains its proud position.

CHAPTER XV.

PECULIAR TRAITS—WEEPING FOR THEIR DEAD—NEARER MY GOD TO THEE—DAHKOTAH MONTHS—RELATIONSHIP OF FAMILIES—MYSTERIES OF THE MEDICINE DANCE—THEIR COAT-OF-ARMS—SECRET CLANS.

Naturally the Indian is taciturn, which, together with a peculiarly haughty indifference, is characteristic of the race, but by the aid of those traits they were, in time past, able to execute their plans with a wariness unequaled by any other nation, as all their preparations, for attack and defence, were made stealthily and cautiously. Besides being quick to hear and unerring in sight, they were unsurpassed as expert horsemen; at the same time fearless of personal danger and suffering, a combination which rendered them a most powerful and dreaded enemy. Consequently, when once they were in the possession of horses, they became quite too formidable to promise anything better than annoyance, and bloodshed, for those whom they never ceased to look upon as trespassers. Mounted upon their fleet ponies, with gay feathers, gaudy paint and tinkling bells, cutting the clear air of the Western prairie, the Indian of the past, was the very impersonation of recklessness, and lawless freedom; flying, being the only term to express the speed and grace of motion.

In winter different bands traveled south with their buffalo skins, where they tanned and prepared them for the Mexican traders. But during those visits, they also made themselves a source of trouble, rendering the life of the whites, one of constant anxiety and fear, until the estab-

KILLED THE OFFICER AT FORT RICE.

lishing of troops by the United States Government, made the condition of things more tolerable. The introduction of horses among the Sioux Indians, wrought a decided change in the character and general life of the nation; and it is safe to say that it was through the Mexicans and Spaniards that it was done; although the British traders have the credit of furnishing firearms to the *Tetons*, a band generally considered quarrelsome and jealous, always ready to engage in some kind of conflict with their enemies, the Mandans, Rees and Minnetarees, however small the provocation. The Arickarees, like all the bands of the plains, were also expert horsemen.

The whites have been accustomed to think that affection is almost, or quite, unknown among the Indians, but such is not the fact. More loving mothers can not be found, than are known to be among the Indian women; none more indulgent and watchful lest some harm come to their offspring, than are the mothers of Indian children. For an example of their love of kindred, one should see an Indian when sickness has come to his lodge, and some member of his family is about to die, and upon whom the Medicine man has practiced all his arts and skill, but to no purpose. He will silently gather his blanket about him, and without a word or sound pass out of the lodge, and go away up into some mountain or hill, and there stay for days alone, as if to get as near the Great Spirit as possible, where, without eating or drinking, but with most sorrowful moaning and wailing, he entreats the Wakan Tanka to spare the sick one. He realizes that earthly aid is of no avail, and goes in his extremity to the source of all strength, and by fasting and prayer lays hold of the Invisible. What matter, if the object of this solicitude is copper-color and lying on a bed of willows and robes? The fairest lady of the land can have no more done for her, when *human skill fails.*

The fondest lover can tell his love in no stronger lan-

guage, than is the desolate Indian telling his, as in his lonely vigils he cries for help on the mountain-top! Is there not a beautiful exhibition of human affection in this? A looking "away unto the Hills" for relief, whence cometh help.

But not until an opportunity has been given to hear the cries of an Indian Mother after the death of her child, can one realize how much of sorrow and anguish can be expressed in the human voice. Unlike any other tones ever listened to, come those wailing cries upon the evening air as the poor mother, in solitude, sits by her dead, away on the lonely hill. Again, at day-break, come the same wailings. Sounds that once heard, are never forgotten, but are distinctly present, whenever the circumstances are recalled. "Rachel weeping for her children" as we read, ever after has a peculiar significance. The following paraphrase of the lament of an Indian Mother, by Mrs. Stephen R. Riggs, is full of tenderness and beauty. "*Me choonkshee!*" "*Me choonkshee!*" (My daughter, my daughter) alas, alas, my comfort has departed, my heart is very sad. My joy is turned to sorrow, and my song to wailing. Shall I never behold thy sunny smile? Shall I never hear the music of thy voice? The Great Spirit has entered my lodge in anger, and taken thee from me, my first born, and my only child. I am comfortless and must wail out my grief. The pale faces repress their sorrow, but we children of nature grieve out our anguish. Me choonkshee! me choonkshee!

"The light of my eyes is extinguished; all is dark. I have cast from me all comfortable clothing, and robed myself in skins, for no clothing, no fire, can warm thee, my daughter. Unwashed and uncombed I will mourn for thee, whose long locks I can never more braid; whose cheeks I can never again tinge with vermilion. I will cast off my tangled hair, for my grief is great, Me choonkshee! me choonkshee!

How can I survive thee? How can I be happy and you a homeless wanderer to the spirit-land? How can I eat if

you are hungry? I will go to the grave, with food for your spirit. Your bowl and spoon are placed in your coffin, for use on the journey. The feast for your playmates has been made at the place of your burial. Knowest thou of their presence? My daughter! My daughter!

When spring returns, the choicest of ducks shall be your portion, sugar and berries also shall be placed near your grave. Neither grass nor flowers shall be allowed to grow thereon. Affection for thee will keep the little mound desolate, like the heart from which thou art torn. My daughter, I come, I come—I bring you parched corn; Oh, how long will you sleep?

The wintry winds wail your requiem. The cold earth is your bed, and the colder snow your covering. I would that they were mine. I will lie down by your side, I will sleep once more with you. If no one discovers me, I shall soon be cold as thou art, and together we will sleep that long, long sleep from which I can not wake." "Me choonkshee! Me choonkshee!' 'The Dakotahs believe that a Mother is *with* her children, whenever they think of her. And whenever anything of special importance happens to her child, at that same moment she feels a pain in her breast.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Mita, Wakantanka,
  Nikiyedan,
Kakix mayanpi xta,
  He taku sni:
Nici waun, wacin,
Mita Wakantanka
  Nikiyedan.

Wanuni se waun,
  Kopewahda,
Wauin amatpaza,
  Imunké tka,
Wiwahanmde waxte,
  Nikiyedan.

Canku Migecago,
Wakan ekta;
Qa wokoyake ska
Nix mayaqu;
Wakanpi micopi,
Heci waun wacin,
Nikiyedan.

Dehan igoganpa,
Qa Ciyatan,
Wicocante xica,
Wanna Wanin;
Zani waun kta ce
Mita Wakatanka,
Nikiyedan. (Dakota Odowan.)

DAKOTA MONTHS.

Jan.	Witehi.	Hand Month.
Feb.	Wicatawi.	Raccoon.
Mar.	Istawicayazanwi.	Sore Eyes.
Apr.	Majaoka Iawi.	Goose laying.
May.	Wojupi wi	Planting.
June.	Wajustecasawi.	Red Strawberries.
July.	Canpasa wi.	Ripe choke cherries.
Aug.	Wasutonwi.	Harvest.
Sept.	Psinhuaketuwi.	Rice gathering.
Oct.	Wajupi wi.	Drying (rice).
Nov.	Tahecapsunwi.	Shedding horns.
Dec.	Tahecapsunwi.	Shedding horns.

RELATIONSHIP OF FAMILIES.

On the father's side, all his brothers are "father" to his children; and always so addressed. On the father's side, all his sisters are "aunt" to his children. On the father's side, his brothers' children are brothers and sisters to his children. But his sisters' children are cousins to his children. On the mothers' side all her sisters are "mother" to her children.

But her brothers are "uncle" to her children. On the mother's side, the sisters' children are "brother and sister" to her children. But her brothers' children are cousins to her's. The Indians strictly observe this relationship; and no greater mark of disrespect can be shown, than to call a relative by his *name*, instead of using the term that indicates the relative rank which he holds in the family.

A boy's name: "Where-are-you-going—where-are-you going — we-are-only-this-many — lets-all-go-together-to the ghost-land." *A girl's name:* "Rock-of-ages—four-lives—one all-black — the-buffalo-that-scratches-as-she-walks." Rather lengthy, yet they rank well with names given to children of Royal parents, in many instances.

MYSTERIES OF THE MEDICINE DANCE.

To be eligible to the priesthood of Medicine Man, the person must be initiated by what is known as "The Medicine Dance." This ceremony was instituted by *Oanktayhee* the patron of Medicine Man. And when a person is to be received into this Society as a member, it becomes his duty to take a hot bath, four days in succession, as a preliminary step. In the meantime some of the elders instruct him in the mysteries of the Wahmnoo-hah (shell-in-the-throat), also provide him with a dish and spoon. On the side of the dish, the head of some voracious animal is sometimes carved, in which resides the spirit of Eeyheh (glutton-god). This dish is always carried by its owner, to the Medicine Feast, whose duty is to eat all that is served up for him. He is also instructed as to what paint he shall use, and in what style he shall apply it to himself; which must always be the same, whenever he appears in the Dance. There is supernatural virtue in the paint and its manner of application, and those that have not been furnished with a better one, by the regular war-prophets, wear it into battle as a life-preserver.

The Medicine bag contains claws of animals, with the

toanwan of which, they believe that they can inflict disease and death on whomsoever, and whensoever they desire. The candidate having been prepared for initiation, and having already made the necessary offerings, a lodge is prepared on the evening before the Dance; where from ten to twenty of the more influential members pass the night in singing, dancing and feasting, and on the following morning the Medicine Dance commences. After a few appropriate ceremonies have taken place, preceding the grand performance, the candidate now takes his place on a pile of blankets that he has contributed for the occasion, naked, with the exception of the Regulation Suit, viz.: Paint, breech-cloth and moccasins. Thus prepared for the mysterious initiation, an elder is stationed just behind the novice while the master of ceremonies, with his knees and hip joints bent to an angle of about 45 degrees, advances with an unsteady and unnatural step, with the bag in his hand, uttering the word "*Heen, heen, heen*" with great energy; when raising the bag up near a painted spot on the breast of the candidate he gives the discharge; while at the same instant the person in the rear gives him a quick push forward and as he falls headlong throws a blanket over him. Then as the dancers gather around him and chant, the master throws off the covering, and chewing a piece of the Oanktayhee, spirts it over him, when he revives and assumes a sitting posture. All then return to their seats except the master, who approaches making indiscribable noises, pats upon the breast of the novice, till with agonizing retches he vomits the Wahmnoo-hah or shell which falls from his mouth upon the bag which has previously been placed before him for the purpose. Life being now completely restored, the new member with the magic shell in his hand passes before the others and exhibits it. They regard it with evident astonishment as lively as though it were all new to them; thus ends the ceremony. But the dance continues interspersed with mock-shooting, smoking,

resting and feasting, until all have jumped to the music of four sets of singers. The drum, gourd-shell and rattle are all-important instruments in the orchestra in addition to the vocal music.

The medicine pouch is made from the skin of an otter, fox or a similar animal, and is used as a receptacle for certain articles that are considered sacred. A quotation from a chant popular in the Medicine Dance, will give some hint of what the character of the mysterious "Institution of Oanklayhee" is:

"He created it for me enclosed in real down,
He in the water with a mysterious visage gave me this,
My Grandfather.
My Grandfather created for me mysterious medicine,
That is true.
The mysterious being in the water gave it to me,
Stretch out your hand before the face of my Grandfather
Having a quadruped, stretch out your hand before him."

It is plain that the Indian's Medicine Man is really his doctor, who calls to his aid various charms and incantations, instead of solutions and potations. With those Esculapian wizards, steaming is a remedy both ancient and common. They erect a tent, covered with buffalo robes, inside of which they place hot stones; the patient is then unclothed, and put into the tent, then water is thrown upon the red-hot stones, and the result is a powerful vapor bath, from which they at intervals take out the sick person, and plunge him into the river or lake, as the case may be, alternating with "massage," while giving zest and interest to the proceedings by weeping bitterly. For when an Indian is sick, especially a Dahkotah, he thinks he is possessed by the spirit of an enemy, or perhaps some animal or insects. In sending for their medicine man they accompany the call with a present of a horse or blanket, or something valuable. Some carry a lighted pipe and present that to the doctor, making

use of means rather than words; another will rush in, unceremoniously, and strike the doctor with his fist, and depart as abruptly as he came, for the sick man's lodge; while the Medicine Man pursues in hot haste. On reaching the lodge he disrobes at once, leaving only breech-cloth and moccasins; and strangest of all, ignores the patient, wholly; having obtained a sacred rattle, simply a dried gourd filled with beads or kernels of corn, the doctor, begins to shake it, and sing in doleful monotones. Then he gets down upon his hands and knees and crawls up to the patient. After a little time he rises and violently retching takes up a bowl of water into which he douses his face and makes a gurgling noise; while into the bowl he professes to expectorate the offending spirit which has caused all the sickness and suffering. The kind of animal, now determined upon by the Medicine Man, an image to represent it is made from bark, and placed outside near the lodge door in a vessel of water, to be shot by Indians in waiting, as soon as the word is given by the mysterious healer. If any fragments of the animal are found, after having been shot, they are secured and carefully buried; thus putting an end to the *cause* of the disease. They certainly give evidence of an *idea* of what constitutes real medical skill, and around many a sick bed there are quite as senseless proceedings as those just described, and among people that lay great claims to intelligence.

Among many Indian tribes the family symbol of the name of some honored ancestor, is regarded with as much veneration as that bestowed upon the family armor of the most noble family of knighted ancients. The coat of arms among the Outchipouses (Ojibways), is an eagle perched upon a rock devouring the brain of an owl. Of the Dahkotahs, a squirrel sitting upon a citron, gnawing its rind. When a man died, belonging to the Ojibway tribe, the coat of arms was marked upon his grave with royal formality and parade; the custom was also common with the Algonquins, as

remembered by engravings by "the unscroupulous Hontan." For centuries the Dahkotahs have had Secret Clans with their own secret signs, and no force nor influence can be brought to bear upon them, of sufficient power to induce any member to divulge their rites or proceedings.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TRADITION OF THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN OF THE CLOUDS—AND BESTOWING THE SACRED PIPE.

There is an ancient tradition, and one of no little interest among the Dahkotahs, which, undoubtedly, holds the key to their religious customs and creed. Nine hundred years ago, as the legend has it, an old man, from God, came among their people; whom they describe as wearing a scalp-coat.

The garment known among the Indians as a "Scalp-coat" is made of deer skin, more or less elaborately trimmed; while upon it are sewed locks of human hair, and the hair must be taken from the head of a living person. Tradition says that this old man's scalp-coat was elaborately ornamented with porcupine quills, and exceedingly beautiful. After his arrival, he told the people that God's son had died upon a cross, and his blood had been shed; therefore, if they wanted to live forever, in other words, "obtain eternal life," they must shed some of their blood. Accordingly, this man from God erected a cross which he made by placing a long forked stick in the ground, laying another stick across it. And then around this rude semblance, the people reverently gathered with him. The strange visitor further told them that a woman would some day come to them, and tell them of other important things. "That she would bring with her a Sacred Pipe," and would then refer to what *he* had said while with them, so long before. Faithful to his teachings, for years after the old man had fulfilled his mission and left them, they still tried to carry out his

directions, and live as he had instructed them. Every year they would gather around the Cross, which had become very sacred to them, at the best time of the year, doubtless in July and August, and there sing and pray, and dance, and make a great noise to God. While some of the number, on those occasions, would tie themselves to the Cross, and pull upon the cord—others would nip bits of flesh from their bodies, that blood might be shed; extending their hands up towards the sun, at the same time blowing a whistle with an eagle's feather tied on at the end (in imitation of a horn), meanwhile fasting for two days and nights. Although, they would so far break their fast, as to smoke occasionally. This act they would perform several times during a twelve-month.

But at length, after many years, they say that the woman indeed came, just as foretold by their prophet. And her advent was in this wise. On a certain day, two young men went out for a deer hunt, and after they had been in pursuit for a while, suddenly they heard exquisite strains of music; listening, they knew it to be a human voice, but far sweeter than any sound they had ever heard. Soon they found that it was the voice of a woman singing in the clouds, whose rapturous song filled them with amazement and delight. But, as they watched and listened, to their unutterable astonishment, a woman came floating slowly down, borne upon the rosy, fleecy cloud, sustained by invisible hands, and stood upon the earth. Spell-bound, they gazed at the lovely being, whom they describe as a creature surpassingly beautiful. That upon her queenly head rested a crown of twelve stars, whose brilliancy outshone everything they had ever seen.

The bewildered young men saw that she was not at all like the women of their nation. But was robed in a white dress, bound by a lovely belt of gold color, or yellow snake skin—they were not sure which. She was enveloped in a blue blanket, which reached from her head to her feet,

which rested upon a half-moon, and beneath which, she was trampling a huge, live snake. In one of her exquisite hands she held a string of beads, and in the other a large pipe.

The legend says that the heart of one of those young men was good, but the other was quite the reverse; and the bad Indian youth at once addressed the heavenly messenger in language sacriligious and unbecoming. Whereupon his companion rebuked him, saying: "How dare you speak like that to her?" "Why, this may be the woman that was to come!" Upon hearing the words of the profane young man, her anger knew no bounds, and as she poured out her bitter curses upon him, her voice, even, pierced the very marrow, and froze his blood to icy hardness, and he fell powerless upon the ground; while the rotting flesh dropped from the bones, and the reptile beneath her feet, at her bidding, uncoiled its loathsome folds, and came out and devoured what was left of the reckless, unwise sportsman.

The other young man was a terrified spectator of all the strange, horrible scene, but the woman told him not to fear, no harm would come to him; that his companion had been only justly punished for his evil mind. And furthermore, she wished him to understand that such words as he had addressed to her should be punished nothing less than by death; that in future, if such language should be used by any one in the presence of anything sacred, his ears should be cut off and nailed to the pipe, and he then should be put to death. After the woman concluded her words of warning and instruction, she gave to him the pipe, which she held in her hand, and charged him to keep it as a most sacred legacy as long as he lived, and at his death to give it to some other good person. She also charged him most solemnly that this pipe be used only in the *Sun-Dance*, and never after dark. And it does continue to be used, or others

like it, in all sacred ceremonies and in Council. First smoked and then offered to God.

Over this pipe they take their oaths; but the one that fills it can not, according to the rigid law of custom, take the first draw or smoke. He hands it to the person on his right hand, who takes it and presents it to God, by holding it up with the stem forward, and at the same time asks Him to accept it with this prayer: "Great Father, I present you this." "I wish to live, etc." It is claimed that a pipe, to which is attached a dried human ear, older than any Indian uow living, and of whose origin none of the tribes have knowledge, is carefully kept and hidden somewhere in the Sioux nation. In view of some of the prominent features of this legend, it appears most probable that this "Man from God," who wore the scalp-coat, was none other than a "Chief-of-the-black robe," or Catholic Priest. The scalp-coat that the Indians claim he wore, was undoubtedly the Bishop's Delmatic, as that, too, is in four pieces, similar to it. While the priest's teachings of Christ's death upon the cross, and his blood for atonement, they took in their literal sense. And in the mists of centuries, the truths as well as ceremonies grew none the less vague and unreal.

What was taught them of the Virgin Mary, and at the time made more distinct and plain, possibly by paintings or pictures, gradually assumed the form and dignity of prophecy, telling them of "A Woman yet to come." All of which, mingled and confused with their own rude rites and beliefs, in time took on the form in which it appears to us of the Nineteenth Century, and we have, as an outcome, the religious ceremony of the Sun-Dance, which to those early northern Naduessioux was really *the shedding of atoning blood upon a cross;* as they fastened themselves to the ill-formed substitute, and tore, and cut their flesh, while with fasting and prayer they paid some vow to God, or asked protection and subsistence for themselves and the nation. In the ornamen-

tation of the Sacred Pipe there is evidence of a desire to symbolize the truths of some Christain doctrines that must have been taught them long age. The Druids had their pipe ornamented with the Mother and Child. The Child represented with eyes open, but the Mother's as closed; indicating, as they claimed, that the Child had always existed, but the Mother was yet to come; and it is plain that the Dahkotah religion has many elements that are purely Druidical in their nature, and easily traced. It has led to the supposition that the Medicine Men of the Indians, sustain the same relation to them that the Druids did to the Britons; as they are regarded superior to the rest of the tribe in power, and peculiar attainments; little less than gods in some bands.

Medicine Men claim a miraculous origin. Prior to their existence here, they profess to have visited the abodes of the gods, and there to have been received into intimate communion with the celestials. Having been wafted upon the breeze, as the thistle down carries its seed, safely encased, upon the wings of the wind. After learning the mysteries of the spirit-world they go forth to study and learn the character of all the Indian tribes. And at length, having decided upon a residence, they enter the body of a woman about to become a Mother, that they may be ushered into the world by her. A majority of the M'dewakantanwans, are medicine men.

THE CALUMET.

The Calumet is the most important of all the Indian's implements of War or Peace. The bowl of this sacred pipe is made of red pipe-stone. The stem is a long reed, fancifully ornamented with feathers; carved upon which are two crosses, together with three colors of paint, used to typify the Trinity, and still another of blue, for the Mother of God. Attached to, and hanging down from the stem, are red horse hairs representing the blood of Christ. The Calumet

is the Indian's law and gospel. In Council it ratifies all contracts; it is his welcome to the stranger, and a hospitable greeting to relatives and friends; and a safe conduct across strange countries, and a never failing comfort and companion.

It is an erroneous belief entertained by the whites that the Chiefs of the different tribes have sole authority. When any special question is to be decided, they canvass the band over which they preside, and having ascertained how the *majority* stand, they at once take a bold position on that side! Indian "Politics" is not so very different from that of the white man's; after all their supposed ignorance of "Civil Government." The Sioux Nation has no General Council, but the affairs of each band, are controlled by the people constituting the band.

THE SUN DANCE.

Probably no Indian custom or rite has been so unjustly misrepresented, and, therefore, so little understood as the Sun Dance. Before its corruption it was purely and wholly a religious act. When this dance was to be given, a certain man was delegated to extend invitations, and announce when and where the ceremony was to be conducted. Being duly apprised of the important duty imposed upon him, he makes the necessary preparations, not forgetting his toilet; donning a handsome buffalo robe, and with pipe in hand he starts out upon his pleasant mission. According to the prescribed plan, he stops before each door, and smokes with the master of the lodge. Which act is in itself a summons, without further notice for him to attend—and as the Sun Dance was usually a prayer for the Nation, all were obliged, if possible, to be present. Although it was not unfrequently given that greater possessions might be obtained, and also to ensure success in their "*Affaires du cœur.*" After all the village had been notified, they set out in search of a tree that will

make a suitable pole. As soon as one has been found, they carry out to where it stands, a number of articles such as they especially value; among which must be eagles' feathers and red cloth, and in the vicinity of the tree they proceed to burn them, instituting a sort of burnt-offering, made to drive away everything sinful. This having been done, and the surroundings thus cleansed, so as by fire, one of their number takes an axe and pretends to strike the tree twice; then he passes the axe to a young girl that represents the Virgin Mary; whereupon the Virgin, assisted by other young girls, cuts down the tree. This much accomplished, they then carry it to the place where it is to be erected, and plant it firmly in the position required. When all the arrangements have been perfected, the spectators and those more directly concerned in the ceremony, gather around this pole in a large circle, while upon all sides feasting is going on; such festivities being an essential feature of the rite, and largely indulged in during the entire celebration.

At length, everything in readiness, the "Tona-wi-way-ang-wacipi-kte," or those that are to participate in the dance, approach. Their bodies are without clothing, with the exception of a deer-skin tied around the waist. They advance, slowly walking side by side, holding up to their faces branches of sage-grass; while with bowed heads they are singing a kind of wordless chant, which sounds exceedingly mournful, and lends to the grotesque scene almost a funereal solemnity. They pass directly into the circle, and take their places by the pole, to which cords have previously been fastened. Incisions having been made in the flesh upon their chests and shoulders, these cords are drawn in, under portions of the flesh and tendons, or both, and securely tied. Some nip bits of flesh from the arms and thighs that blood may be shed. In his mouth, each devotee holds a whistle, on the end of which eagles' feathers are fastened. This they constantly blow, in imitation of a horn. And all the while they

are extending their hands towards the sun, at which they steadily gaze, and are pulling and swaying to break loose from the pole. For two days and two nights they continue this, fasting meanwhile; although they are allowed to smoke occasionally if they desire, but they cannot eat, nor drink; while tempting feasts are spread in plain sight on every hand.

Sometimes the flesh, into which the rope has been fastened, gives way with such difficulty that the poor man becomes nearly exhausted, together with the prolonged fasting. Often in that event some one of the friends will come forward and say: "I will give a horse," and having thus paid for the privilege, this person is allowed to cut the flesh a little; by which it is weakened, and the breaking loose facilitated. The vow having been faithfully kept, and the ceremony properly conducted, the participants are then at liberty to mingle with their people again.

But it must not be forgotten that this ceremony, which implies such an amount of pain, and terrible suffering from hunger and thirst, and the physical weakness which soon follows, was performed not as many people suppose, for the purpose of seeing how much bodily torture a young Indian could endure that he might thereby earn the coveted title, "*A Brave*," but on the contrary, it was religiously done, to pay some vow to God to save themselves, or a friend, from danger or sickness; as the shedding of atoning blood is a tenet of vital importance with the Indian. The Sun-Dance was a most sacred ordinance for centuries among the tribes, until contact with another nation, and partial civilization, had a tendency to vitiate and destroy the faith and religious sentiment which was natural to the Aborigines.

Each person has four ghosts. Indians, particularly the Sioux, held to the belief that every person has four ghosts, and it is a serious matter to them. They believe that one ghost passes on after death to the Spirit-land; while one

stays where the death took place; another flies in the air; and the fourth hovers around the grave. To rid themselves of the ghost that lingers near the burial-place, they erect a pole for it to go up and down on; for the one that stays around the lodge, they prepare the Ghost Feast.

The poor superstitious Indian has a strange fear of death, as well of the dying and dead. Partly from fear of disease, and partly from fear of the ghosts. As soon as a person dies they wrap the body in a blanket, and carry it away up on to a hill, usually; or remove it as far from the lodge as practicable, and place it upon a scaffold. There it will remain as long as the four posts will stand and support its weight, but when it falls to the ground, it can then be buried.

The same superstition prevails among the Indian tribes, as among the Persian nation, viz.: "That a corpse must not touch the earth," which they regard as sacred, because a dead body defiles whatever it comes in contact with.

THE GHOST FEAST.

When a friend dies, the Indians believe that they can retain his ghost, and such being the case, a receptacle must be made for its abode. Consequently they make a round bag something like a shawl-bag; this they ornament with porcupine quills and tassels, as elaborately as their fancy, may dictate. In this satchel they deposit a piece of some article once worn by the dead friend, or perhaps a lock of hair. Outside of the lodge they arrange four sticks, after the fashion of a saw-horse, and across this frame they lay the ghost-bag where it is to remain during the preparatory season, whether longer or shorter.

These curious little frames I have often seen, in traveling among the different tribes, although a person unacquainted with the custom would not suspect what they are, nor their purpose. During the period of preparation, if other relatives

die, they add their ghost, placing them in the same bag All through the coming months, the family are sewing—making garments, moccasions, and every article usually worn by them—in anticipation of a great feast. Notwithstanding, it may not be given for a year or more. But during that time many will deprive themselves and families of the actual necessities of life, that this approaching event may be suitably honored. There is a certain condition of affairs enjoined upon the survivors, which tends to make the domestic machinery run pretty smoothly. Inasmuch as they have to do away, temporarily at least, with all grades of scolding and fault-finding and evil of whatever nature, during these weeks of preliminary work, else the celebration is "sure to be a failure." Sickness, suffering of various kinds, terrible storms, etc., being among the many calamities that follow the non-compliance with this rule.

When they finally fix upon a time for the festival, they prepare all kinds of food, boiled, roasted and stewed. Quantities of pemmican, cones, coffee, dried turnips, beans, and the like. They also prepare "Feast Lodges" for the women and children. For all are to share and to eat all they can, which has a deep meaning, when an Indian is to be the performer. Another lodge is set apart for the occupancy of old men especially, and in that they gather all the most influential patriarchs and seat them.

Previously, they have prepared long sticks of wood, at the end of which are images of human faces; these they put into the ground, leaving them out about two feet, to represent the ghosts. On the outside of the tents they arrange all the articles and gifts contributed; and there let them remain on exhibition for a time. Following this, they carry them in and cover the ghosts with them, so that nothing but the faces show. They then take food to them and feast them as generously as they do the other relatives and invited guests.

As the ghosts stand in full dress, with military precision and immobility, in the banquet halls of their fathers, they certainly present a most grotesque appearance, with their faces peering out from the clothing which has been so lavishly heaped upon them, and for ghosts, they are quite substantially clad and fed, before the feast ends. But when the programme has been fully carried out, they at once take their final departure from earthly scenes; needing the care and attention of their bereaved friends no longer.

> "Perform due honors to Patrocleus' dead,
> Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,
> Some rites remain to glut our raging grief."

Twins. The belief is entertained by the Indians, that twins have lived upon the earth prior to their birth, which they consider merely returning to an earthly existence, from which they chose to withdraw for a time. When an Indian learns of the death of a twin, he will shake his head, slowly, and with a very wise, I-told-you-so, expression, soliloquize: "He has gone home, and for some good reason that we know not of; but we can't help it"! "He will some day come back again." Twins are held in reverence not only by their parents, who realize the distinguished honor conferred upon them, but by relatives and friends.

All their actions possess wonderful significance, and are watched and commented upon, in a manner which would seem to border on the ridiculous, somewhat, to people not in sympathy with the notion. Sayings, that are in no way wiser than those of children so unfortunate as to be born without a mate, are pondered and repeated to friends and neighbors with inflections and coloring bordering on the mysterious; while the parents are troubled by an uncomfortable insecurity in regard to their treasure.

They never lose sight of the fact, that perhaps they are only making a *transitory visit* upon the earth, and should they become tired of it, or unhappy, are liable at any time

to take their departure for a more congenial home. Even if they should, in the future, chance to return, the poor Indian mother understands that it is by no means certain that the wanderers would come to her, or that she would be in the old home.

Hence, it is not strange that much solicitude is felt for the precious little pair from the moment they are found with the dark-skinned mother; nor that the unconscious authors of all this anxiety are looked upon as heavenly visitants, whose wings are already plumed for flight, rather than little black-eyed, rolly-poly Indian babies.

But when we consider that it is, with the Indian, a settled fact, an absolute certainty, remembering the unquestioning faith which they have in the teachings and traditions of their ancestors, we cease to look upon it as a foolish whim. For, whatever may be the theory maintained by any person or peoples, and conscientiously believed in, it should be esteemed sacred; and the dignity, which surrounds every honest purpose and belief, should be its safe-guard from ridicule. No matter how widely it may differ from our own views, or how fallacious it may seem.

THE MEADOW LARK TALKS TO THE INDIAN.

To have listened to the song of the Meadow Lark, as it gaily rises from the flower-strewn prairie, is to have heard an exquisite bit of melody, whose only fault lies in its tantalizing brevity. This little song is loved, too, by the Indian. He hears not only music in the tones, but to him it is a bird-song with words. For Indians claim that the Meadow Lark talks to them, and not unfrequently foretells the future, thus revealing to them future events. Sometimes they hear in the tones words of strange import to them, mingled with the silvery notes; then again, what would be to us sweetest music, may be to the Indian a doleful death-song, telling him in language not to be misunderstood that life has little

left for him of its fleeting hours. The Sioux are very strong in this belief, and assure us that the Meadow Larks among the Rees talk in a very different language from those with them. In many instances they claim that they are familiar with the names of different persons, and will call out to them by their right names.

"*Siyocika-nitikte-lo!*" (Quail, you are going to die!) several Sioux most emphatically declared to have been repeated over and over again; until Quail finally became not only greatly disturbed, but actually frightened by the prophetic threnody of the little brown, innocent songster, which he vainly tried not to hear. But it is an interesting fact that one of the counties of North Dakota is named for this same man Quail, using another name, however.

THE CUSTOM OF HUNKA.

When a band of Indians are about to confirm a *Hunka*, they usually select from among their number some child, whom they consider pure, or it may be an adult, if he is believed sinless; for it is to such only that the honor is given. "*Without sin*," is the only recommendation that can avail, or make the person eligible to the important office. It is to the Indian a kind of nobility, or distinguished fraternity; the office being one of very sacred ministration. Having agreed upon the person, they assemble where the Council is to be held, and with great formality and solemnity, too, gather around the chosen one, singing and praying. And from that time he is believed to be vested with hidden power.

Their prayer consists in beseeching God to keep him pure, and free from the vices of men; that his good deeds and saintly life may be pleasing to Him, even when they wander from the right way, or indulge in the sins peculiar to the less consecrated. In short, the *Hunka* it to act as Mediator between the people and God, at all times, and especially when He is offended, on account of their evil

deeds. If the person elected for *Hunka* should chance to be a child, they advise him as to the necessity of maintaining a life of unquestioned purity, the same as if he were a person of mature years; and never doubt his ability to comprehend what this implies. A *Hunka* is universally honored by the people. To him they look for a pattern and guide; as he is the personification of all that is good and true. No one would be allowed for a moment to presume upon him in the slightest, much less to offer an insult to him. Among the Indians, their is a peculiar motion of the hand, made by extending the palm down, at the same time snapping the second finger against and out from the thumb, letting all the fingers fly out toward the person, for whom it is intended. This act implies the greatest contempt, and under no circumstances could it be made to a *Hunka!* That this person of the *elect*, may be distinguished from others of the tribe, he wears his paint in narrow, perpendicular, even stripes, and were you to interrogate one, as to what grade he belongs, you would have to do it by asking: "How many times have you been made a *Hunka*, and by how many horses?" Because at each ceremony horses have to be presented and given to the poor as an act of mercy.

An acquaintance with this religious rite, and a careful examination into what it requires, will reveal the fact that this people, whom many have been taught to believe little above the brutes, has a very correct idea of sin; furthermore, in consequence of sin, the Indian realizes the necessity for, and the efficacy of a Mediator. But, stranger than all, is the fact that their Mediator must not only be without sin, but a being as human as themselves! Yet such are the requisites enjoined upon the Indian's vicarious intercessor. When, and from whom, did they take their pattern?

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PRETTY WATER-BEARERS—BUFFALO KILLING AND COOKING—THE ARMOR FEAST—SCALP DANCE—THUNDER AND LIGHTNING—THE WAY OF SOULS—FATHER DE SMET STILLING THE STORM—THE HORSE DANCE—THE ELOPEMENT AND DOG STEW.

In the early days going for water must have been a pretty sight. It was the custom among the Indians in olden times, for several girls to regularly start out for the purpose in single file; and the careless-hearted Rebeccas, with their long braids, and soft deerskin skirts and beaded moccasins, doubtless presented to their admirers a bewitching line of beauty. Not slow to learn just the hour when the lovely water-bearers would pass, the young men idly stationed themselves in convenient places; and as the girls went chatting gaily by, would pluck at their robes, and by so doing detain them for a confidential talk.

By the simple act of retaining her, was the maiden to understand that this particular young man desired to pay court to her. But he thus leaves her to infer by his manner, what it takes weeks of persistent effort, and a good deal of talking, to accomplish among the youth of some nations. In other words, the Indian girl had to accept circumstantial evidence, for proof of her lover's regard, rather than any open declaration and passionate avowel. It answered every purpose, however, and sent the glad, sweet thoughts of "Love's young dream" dancing softly through her light heart; and when she stooped to dip her bucket, the water mirrored a face as bright and shy as the face of the playful fawn when from rollicking bounds, it stops to mingle its sweet breath with the cooling waters, into which its timid eyes, for a moment, gaze.

To-day, when a young Indian starts out "*Wickiya*," or for short, to see his best girl, he has a rather ghostly appearance which is sure to call forth an exclamation of surprise from a person that has never before seen one in that costume. The gallant young man certainly would never be taken for one who would "a-wooing go," judging from the style of dress. He is completely enveloped in a white sheet which falls very gracefully down to his feet, leaving one eye sufficiently exposed for practical purposes; that is, to see to find the way to his beloved. But you may look very carefully as he passes, to learn, if possible, how he was able to array himself in that generous piece of muslin in such a really artistic manner, yet in vain, as he evidently understands a peculiar way of draping; for while it seems to arrange itself in natural folds, it also finds opportunity to pass across the forehead, like the plain fillet worn by "The Sisters," and is decidely picturesque.

When the girl has finally been found by the white-robed suitor, he suddenly throws the sheet over her head, and after considerable scuffling and wrestling, they emerge; and although the affair has been conducted, somewhat on the "*Sub-rosa*" plan; he has thus duly announced his preference for her. Surely no visible improvement upon the former custom.

Buffalo Killing. It was the practice among the Sioux, when a buffalo chase was to be engaged in, for the whole camp, men, women and children, to turn out for a grand frolic. In the absence of guns they used long sticks with which to round them up; and when within suitable range, they would shoot them with arrows. The excitement was of the wildest, freest kind; and looked forward to, by young and old, with great interest and pleasure.

But far back in the antiquated past, the Sioux were very destitute, even of the actual necessities; and especially of what might be termed, conveniences. They had neither

knives nor needles; and their only way of boiling their buffalo meat, was to take a piece of the skin, fasten it at each end to sticks, making it assume a dishing form. Into this unique dinner-pot they would pour water, then put in the pieces of meat; meanwhile having ready stones, heated red-hot, which they would lay in, renewing them as fast as they cooled, until the "pot boiled" and the meat was sufficiently cooked.

THE ARMOR FEAST.

Offering propitiatory sacrifices to the gods, was practiced by the Greeks at stated periods, and upon all occasions when any special interests were at stake, even as far back as when the patriarch, Hellen, reigned over Thessaly; and the same customs, or nearly so, we find to be universally indulged in by the American Indians. While the same implicit faith in a direct commnnication with the presiding deities, inspires them, as they extend both supplication and gifts to the Ta-koo Wakan, which actuated the Grecian warriors when with their choicest offerings they sought the Delphic shrine.

In accordance with such sentiments, we find that it is the custom among the Indians, before a young man starts out on the war-path, to offer a feast to the War-God. Not unfrequently he will go away by himself, up on some hill, and there sing and pray, all day and all night, promising that if successful, he will perform the Sun Dance, or make offerings. In celebrating what is known among them as the Armor Feast, it occupies the entire night. The exercises consist, mainly, in dancing and singing; which they intersperse with distracting noises and cries, when, at the close of the night's entertainment, they start off in high glee into the enemy's country, confident of victory. If they return with scalps, they paint themselves black; comb out their long braids, letting their hair hang loosely about their

shoulders, returning with all the pomp and ceremony of a conquering hero. They then seek some convenient hill, and upon its summit seat themselves, and sing the war-dirge; wild with the intoxication that warm, human blood produces, as it trickles fresh from a victim's heart, and an enemy of the slayer. A scalp is always very carefully prepared for exhibition; first stretched upon a hoop which is fastened to a pole. If it were taken from a man, it is decked with an eagle's feather; if from a woman, with a comb.

In a Scalp Dance, both men and women form in a circle, facing each other, dancing and shaking the rattle, which is an important instrument in their somewhat meagre orchestra; while the men are also shouting a monotonous song, in which they are joined by the women. If it should chance that the scalp is taken in summer, the dances continue till winter; and "*vice versa*." During those weeks the scalp is freshly painted four different times; and upon each important occasion the Indians indulge in the wildest, maddest carousels. At the close of the protracted orgies, they burn and bury the scalp; which is a final ending of the festivities.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

Thunder and lightning are said to be a "Great Bird." When this remarkable feathered creation of the storm, opens and shuts its eyes, the blinding, dazzling, and often fatal light that is seen by us, poor terrified mortals, is merely the result of a little innocent winking of this wonderful bird; but at which we exclaim: "*It lightens.*" Should the lightning happen to come down to the earth, and in its course hit some object in its path, then we say: "It struck!" While the Indian puts another and entirely different interpretation upon it, and says that this strangely-endowed bird "has shot at the object and hit it."

A Sioux woman remarked that she had had a fearful dream, and was told in it that if she did not at once prepare

for, and give a great feast to her people, the Lightning Bird would shoot and kill her. In this ominous dream she saw geese flying from the *south*, and they, also gave her timely warning, she added, with much suppressed alarm in voice and manner. Whatever an Indian once believes in, he has henceforth no troublesome doubts about. It is so, and there he lets it rest. And we may feel sure that the death-averting feast was forthcoming in the case of the Indian dreamer.

The Starry Lane across the heavens, known to us as the "Milky Way," is called by the Indian, "The Way of Souls." The long branch is believed to be the path along which the good, pass on to the Wakan Tanka, but the shorter one is the path for the wicked, fleeing along which, in their thoughtless haste they fall over, and are precipitated into a frightful abyss. There the helpless beings find themselves in torture such as can not be described, and are made to endure the sufferings of a still worse, and "second death."

The Dahkotahs claim to have come from the West. While their sacrifices and customs strongly indicate a Jewish origin, such as selecting stones for their altars, using the same number as there may be different bands in their tribes. Their laws of sacrifice are essentially the same. A student of Josephus will be surprised at the many similitudes, and yet there are also many indications of a Persian origin, from the fact of their using the sun as an emblem of God, and the moon as the mother of God. They say that the sun, being a sphere, round, has consequently no beginning nor end, but is eternal; so *it is like God*, representing his eternal attributes. That we get our light and warmth, also the life of the animals and plants from it, therein again it is like God. While in some peculiar manner the relation of the moon to the sun is the same as that of the Virgin Mary to Jesus. If it is a fact, and it is not impossible, that the American Indians are a remnant of the lost tribes of Israel, which were

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known to have traveled across Persia through Syria, then we are able to account for the analogy. At the same time there is a kind of Pantheism, such as addressing everything religiously, or *Wakan*, meaning holy and sacred, as one uses the terms "Holy Bible," "Sacred day," etc. But the main features of their worship are apparently of a much later date.

FATHER DE SMET STILLING THE STORM.

This Jesuit Priest of the early days was regarded with great veneration by the tribes along the Missouri River. His periodical visits among them were seasons of temporary comfort and cheer. For the Reverend Father labored for years looking after the education of the half-breeds, and speaking words of peace and encouragement, and in various ways striving for the amelioration of the race so far as lay in his power. The Indians delight to tell of an incident wherein they believe that he displayed *miraculous gifts*. It is the story of a fearful tempest which once overtook him and a party of Indians out on the plains. The violence of the storm was terrific; the wind blew and lashed everything that stood in its way; and with such fury that it was impossible for them to pitch their tents for protection; while the hail and lightning were something appalling to the unsheltered travelers as they crouched 'mid the battling elements. Finally one of the men dispairingly said, "Father you are Wakan, perhaps the Wakan Tanka (Great Spirit) will hear you if you ask for mercy." Father De Smet told him that he was very willing to ask, and extending his hands to God prayed for mercy and their lives. Then, all at once, the inky cloud, which up to that moment had threatened destruction, seemed to part and pass each side, while the blue sky appeared above their heads, and instead of going into camp, they at once proceeded on their journey, coming upon immense hailstones and evidences of the devastation wrought by the storm, at every step. In this little narrative

we are given an instance of what Lord Macauley would term "The plentitude of belief."

THE HORSE DANCE.

The Horse Dance is usually a prayer, asking God for water and meat. In the first act of this melodrama several men start out in advance, singing and beating a drum. These are followed by two others, one of whom carries a vessel of water, colored red, and the other a pipe. Next in order comes the Medicine man, who is also Master of Ceremonies. He is painted black, and mounted upon a horse that is also painted black; while directly behind him, coming in rank, follow the others that are to participate, all upon fine horses. As they ride slowly along, simultaneously they extend one hand up to God, and with the other hold the bridle rein, and with this hand, assisted by the heel, they are able to make their horses execute a sort of prancing movement which they call *dancing*. At intervals they stop to smoke, and at such times they proffer their pipes to the Great Spirit; also put red paint in places on their horses, in addition to the sable coat already on. The Indians claim that some mysterious influence or power clings to those horses ever after; and that in future whenever or wherever they meet, they recognize the peculiar brotherhood, and will invariably whinny, and in various ways indicate their consciousness of the mystic tie which binds them.

THE ELOPEMENT AND DOG STEW.

Once upon a time, a pretty Indian girl was married, and alas, it proved unhappily. However, it happened that not so very long after the unfortunate marriage, she found among her acquaintances a young man that did, indeed, win her affections, notwithstanding her hand had already been given to another; and in secret, she was bestowing upon him the love she had promised her husband, and which he, no doubt, *supposed* he was receiving. But she found very little genuine comfort is such dissembling, and daily racked

her brain to discover some feasible plan that would enable her to break the banns which enchained her to her unloved lord, and were fast becoming galling fetters.

At last, she hit upon a scheme that promised well, and by which she believed their wishes could be successfully carried out; and she did not allow many days to pass, before undertaking the work. One morning the young woman was taken very ill—this being the preliminary step toward the coveted freedom—and after a great deal of (apparent) pain and suffering, the much afflicted daughter called her mother to her side, and told her that she was going to die! and would soon be away from her, and also from the unhappy life she had been living. Such an announcement, naturally overwhelmed the poor woman with grief; while her child continued the strange conversation, saying: "I have still this request to make: I wish you would kill a dog, and cook it in a kettle, and when I am dead place it by me, on the scaffold where you put my body." The mother, in amazement, listened to this last request and then sorrowfully went about the task. Strange to say, just as the toothsome dish was cooked, the sick girl-wife passed on to that bourn, whence all may return, according to the Indian's belief. Then, as their custom is, she was at once made ready for the simple burial of her people, and tenderly laid away, while in close proximity was placed the kettle of stew, in accordance with her "dying request."

The bereaved young husband went often to mourn by the body of his dead; when lo! on the second day, to his utter astonishment and grief, he discovered that it was no longer on the scaffold, nor was the kettle of stewed dog to be found. Both had evidently been removed by some unseen hand. But the prestidigitator had made a success, altogether a strange resurrection. Meantime, under more favorable conditions, the unfaithful Indian wife had with her lunch-kettle joined her "affinity," very much alive and ready to take upon herself new vows.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PREPARING FOR THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE INDIANS OF THE NORTHWEST—HE HAS FOUGHT HIS LAST BATTLE—GENERAL TERRY'S AND MAJOR RENO'S REPORT.

General Crook was sent to Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory, to there organize a body of men, consisting of ten companies of the 3rd Cavalry and two of the 5th Infantry, comprising altogether 883 men, also a large pack and wagon-train. The General left Fort Laramie on the first of March, and went into camp on the Powder River near old Fort Reno. Shortly after their arrival, General Reynolds took the Cavalry and pack-train down the river, and when about fifty miles below Fort Reno, discovered and made an attack upon Crazy Horse's camp of about 100 lodges; returning the last of May. Meantime, Gen. Crook was engaged in organizing the army, and started on the 27th of May with 1,050 fighting men and 250 civilians, as scouts, teamsters and packers, making a permanent camp at Goose Creek, a fork of the Tongue River.

General Gibbon, with four companies of the 2d Artillery and two companies of the 7th Infantry and one Gattling gun battery, went down the Yellowstone from Fort Ellis to join General Terry who was coming up from below and had arrived the last of May at nearly the mouth of the Rosebud, where, on the 15th of June, General Gibbon's and General Terry's commands formed a junction. The scouts saw by the signs, that the hostiles were united in camp at the head of the Rosebud on the Little Big Horn, and were of the opinion that the number of warriors must be not less than

5,000! But, unfortunately, the commanding Generals favored their own supposition that they did not number over 1,000. Entertaining that belief, they broke camp on the morning of the 22d of June. Gibbon, with his entire force, moved up the Yellowstone, while Custer proceeded up the Rosebud with the Seventh Cavalry. General Terry, with the third column—twelve companies of the Seventh Cavalry and seven companies of the Nineteenth and Fourth Infantry, and two Gattling gun batteries, having left Fort Lincoln, Dakota, May 16th, reached Powder River the last of the month. Major Moore and three companies of the Sixth Infantry preceded their arrival, having gone up the Missouri on the Steamer Josephine with supplies, and at the mouth of Powder River established a supply depot, Lieut. Josiah Chance, quartermaster.

General Terry's Report in brief. Headquarters department of Dakota, camp on Little Big Horn River, June 27, 1876. To Colonel R. C. Drum, Adjutant-General, Military Division of the Missouri, Chicago, Illinois. It is my painful duty to report that day before yesterday, the 25th, a great disaster overtook General Custer and the troops under his command.

At 12 o'clock of the 25th he started, with his whole regiment and a strong detachment of scouts and guides, from the mouth of the Rosebud. About twenty miles up the river he struck a very heavy Indian trail, previously discovered, and found that it led, as was supposed it would, to the Little Big Horn; here he found a village of unexampled extent, and at once attacked with that portion of his force immediately at hand. Of his movements, and the five companies under his command, scarcely anything is known from those who witnessed them, for no officer or soldier has yet been found alive.

At the mouth of the Rosebud I informed General Custer that I should take the supply steamer, Far West, up the

Yellowstone, to ferry General Gibbon's column over the river; that I should personally accompany that column, in all probability reaching the mouth of the Little Big Horn on the 26th inst. The steamer reached General Gibbon's troops early in the morning of the 24th, and at 4 o'clock all his men and animals were across the Yellowstone, and at 5 o'clock had crossed Tulloch's Creek. Starting out, the Infantry made a march of 22 miles over the most difficult country I have ever seen. That the scouts might be sent into the valley of the Little Big Horn, the Cavalry, with the battery, was pushed on 13 or 14 miles further, reaching camp at midnight. The scouts discovered three Indians, at first supposed to be Sioux, but, when overtaken, they were found to be Crows who had been with General Custer. They brought the first intelligence of the battle, but their story was not credited. It was not believed that disaster could have overtaken so large a force as 12 companies of Cavalry. The Infantry very soon came up, and the whole column moved up the valley. During the afternoon efforts were made to send scouts through to what was supposed to be Custer's position, but they were driven back by parties of Indians hovering in General Gibbon's front. At 20 minutes before 9 o'clock in the evening, the Infantry had marched between 25 and 30 miles, and were very weary, daylight failing, the column came to a halt for the night, at a point 11 miles in a straight line above the mouth of the stream.

This morning the movement was resumed, and, after a march of 9 miles, Major Reno's entrenched position was reached.

Extracts, also from *General Terry's second dispatch* to General Sheridan, Camp Yellowstone River, near the mouth of the Big Horn, July 2d.—While at the mouth of the Rosebud, I submitted my plan to General Gibbon and Custer; they approved it heartily. That he should not follow

the trail directly to the Little Big Horn, but send scouts over it, and keep his men further south, so as to prevent the Indians from slipping in between himself and the mountains. He was to examine Tulloch's Creek, and send me word of what he found. I asked Custer how long his marches would be; he said at first about thirty miles a day, and our calculations were based on that rate. I suggested that perhaps it would be better for me to take Gibbon's Cavalry and go with him, and he replied that he would prefer his own regiment alone; that as much could be done with it, as with two combined. He expressed the utmost confidence that he had all the force he could need, and I shared his confidence. I offered Custer the battery of Gatling guns, but he declined it, saying that it might embarrass him, and he was strong enough without it. General Gibbon carried out the proposed movements to the letter, and had the attack been deferred, I can not doubt that we should have been successful.

From Captain Benteen, I learn that on the 22d the Cavalry marched 12 miles, on the 23d, 35 miles from 5 A. M. to 8 P. M., on the 24th, 45 miles; then after resting, but without unsaddling, 23 miles, to the battle-field. The proposed route was not taken, the trail was struck and followed. I can not learn that an examination of Tulloch's creek was made. I do not tell you this to cast any reflections upon General Custer, for whatever errors he may have committed, he has paid the penalty, and you can not regret it more than I, but I desire you to know the facts. In the action itself, as far as I can make it out, General Custer acted under a misapprehension. He thought the Indians were running, I am confident, and for fear they would get away, he attacked them without getting his men all up, and divided his command, so that they were beaten in detail.

ALFRED H. TERRY, Brigadier General.

GENERAL CUSTER ON THE LITTLE BIG HORN AND THE LOSS OF HIS COMMAND.

This is the chapter in the history of Dakota pertaining to the subjugation of the hostile Indians of the Northwest, whose leaves we turn with something of that mournful interest with which we lift the covering from the face of the dead. It tells of General Custer, and the loss of his command upon that memorable June, 1876; and its crimson pages will be read as long as the word Dakota shall be spoken; as long as the Little Big Horn River flows, and the sunlight falls upon that ridge above, so long will it be read and told. A brief story—but yet, so full of sorrow! So freighted with direful imaginings, and harrowing suspicions of how they struggled, how they prayed and at last welcomed death and the freedom from torture which its pale, cold hands brought to each and every one of those heroic soldiers, and their gallant leader!

Hope forsook every heart, as they found themselves beyond help, surrounded by thousands of infuriated Indians that rent the air with war-cries, such as can only come from an exultant hostile; and a whole life-time curdled into those few moments, as they closed in deadly combat with the enemy. Each thought of the one that loved him the best, and fought for a life that was precious to some one, with a desperation known only to the God of battles.

Although the dark shadows of uncertainty may never lift, the dreadful facts and sad details being alike, hidden as by a veil, yet this much we know, beyond all question, they were brave men and true! Disciplined by the Commander of the Seventh cavalry, and as such, ready to follow and to die, if need be, with him.

Hence, obedient to his call, they respond for the last time on that fatal day, full of expectancy and hope for victory, as they advance toward the marvelous Indian City by the Little Big Horn. A sharp firing is the next and only

thing heard of them—volleys, followed by an ominous silence which awakens anxious forebodings. But ere long a thousand wounds, eloquent in their mute appeals, are telling the story their sealed lips are powerless to repeat, to the comrades that have come in search, only to find them beyond all need of earthly succor.

Brave soldiers of the Seventh, farewell and forever! From glory's dream you waken where the sword is sheathed and the bugle call hushed. While Fame covers your uncoffined forms with her emblazoned robe.

MAJOR RENO'S REPORT—HIS SEPARATION FROM CUSTER, AND HIS TERRIFIC BATTLE ON THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

Headquarters 7th Regiment Cavalry, Camp on Yellowstone River, July 5, 1876. Captain E. W. Smith, A. A. G.—The command of the regiment having devolved upon me, as the senior surviving officer from the battles of June 25th and 26th between the 7th cavalry and Sitting Bull's band of hostile Sioux on the Little Big Horn River, I have the honor to submit the following report of its operations from the time of leaving the main column until the command was united in the vicinity of the Indian village. The regiment left the camp at the mouth of Rosebud river, after passing in review before the Department Commander under command of Brevet Major-General Geo. A. Custer, Lieutenant Colonel, on the afternoon of the 22d of June, and marched up the Rosebud 12 miles, and encamped. On the 23d marched up the Rosebud, passing many old Indian camps and following a very large lodge-pole trail, but not fresh, making thirty-three miles. On the 24th the march was continued up the Rosebud, the trails and signs freshening with every mile until we had made 28 miles, and we then encamped, and waited for information from the scouts. At 9:15 P. M. Custer called the officers together and informed us that beyond a doubt the village was in the valley of the

Little Big Horn, and that to reach it, it was necessary to cross the divide, between the Rosebud and the Little Big Horn, and it would be impossible to do so in the daytime without discovering our march to the Indians, and we would prepare to move at 11 P. M. This was down, the line of march turning from the Rosebud to the right of one of its branches which headed near the summit of the divide. About 2 A. M. of the 25th the scouts told him he could not cross the divide before daylight. We then made coffee and rested for three hours. At the expiration of which time the march was resumed, the divide crossed, and about 8 A. M. the command was in the valley of one of the branches of the Little Big Horn. By this time Indians had been seen and it was certain that we could not surprise them, and it was determined to move at once to the attack.

Previous to this no division of the regiment had been made, since the order was issued on the Yellowstone, annulling wing, and battalion organization. General Custer informed us he would assign commands on the march. I was ordered by Lieutenant Cook, Adjutant, to assume command of companies *M*, *A* and *G*—Captain Benteen of companies *H*, *D* and *K* under his immediate command. General Custer retaining companies *C*, *E*, *F*, *I* and *L* under his immediate command. And company *B* to Captain McDougal in rear of the pack-train. I assumed command of the companies assigned me, and without any definite orders moved forward with the rest of the column, and well to its left. I saw Captain Benteen moving further to the left, and as he passed he told me he had orders to move well to the left and sweep everything before him. I did not see him again till about 2:30 P. M. The command moved down the creek toward the Little Big Horn valley. Custer with five companies on the right bank, myself and three companies on the left bank, and Benteen farther to the left, and out of sight. As we approached a deserted village and in which was

standing one teepee, about 11 A. M., Custer motioned me to cross to him, which I did, and moved nearer to his column, until about 12:30 P. M. When Lieutenant Cook, Adjutant, came to me and said, "the village was only two miles ahead and running away," to move forward at as rapid a gait as I thought prudent, and to charge afterwards, and the whole outfit would support me." I think these were his exact words I at once took a fast trot and moved down about two miles, when I came to a ford of the river, I crossed immediately and halted about ten minutes, or less, to gather the battalion; sending word to Custer that I had everything in front of me, and that they were strong. I deployed, and with the Ree scouts on my left, charged down the valley, driving the Indians with great ease for about two and a half miles. I, however, soon saw that I was being drawn into some kind of a trap, as they certainly would fight harder, and, especially as we were nearing their village, which was still standing. Besides, I could not see Custer, nor any other support. And at the same time the very earth seemed to grow Indians, and they were running toward me in swarms and in all directions. I saw I must defend myself and give up the attack mounted. This I did, taking possession of a point of woods, and which furnished near its edge a shelter for the horses; dismounted, and fought them on foot, making headway through the wood. I soon found myself in the near vicinity of the village; saw that I was fighting odds of at least five to one, and my only hope was to get out of the wood, where I would have soon been surrounded, and gain some high ground. I accomplished this by mounting and charging the Indians between me and the bluffs on the opposite side of the river. In this charge First Lieut. Donald McIntosh, Second Lieut. Ben. H. Hodgson, 7th Cavalry, Acting-Assistant Surgeon De Wolf, were killed. I succeeded in reaching the top of the hill with a loss of three officers and twenty-nine enlisted men killed, and seven men

wounded. Almost at the same time I reached the top, mounted men were seen to be coming toward us, and it proved to be Col. Benteen's battalion, *H*, *D* and *K*. We joined forces, and in a short time the pack-train came up.

As senior my command was then companies *A*, *B*, *D*, *G*, *H*, *K*, *M*, about three hundred and eighty men, and the following officers: Capts. Benteen, Weir, French, McDougal; First Lieuts. Godfrey, Mathey and Gibson; Second Lieuts. Edgerly, Wallace, Varnum, Hare, and Acting-Assistant Surgeon Porter. First Lieut. De. Rudio was in the dismounted fight in the woods, but having some trouble with his horse, did not join the command in the charge out, and hiding himself in the woods joined the command after nightfall of the 26th.

Still hearing nothing of Custer, and with this re-inforcement I moved down the river in the direction of the village, keeping on the bluffs. We had heard firing in that direction, and knew it could only be Custer. I moved to the summit of the highest bluff, but seeing and hearing nothing, sent Captain Weir with his company to open communication with the command. He soon sent back word by Lieut. Hare that he could go no farther, and that the Indians were getting around him. At this time he was keeping up a heavy fire from his skirmish line. I at once turned everything back to the first position I had taken on the bluffs, and which seemed to me the best. I dismounted the men, had the horses and mules driven together in a depression, put the men on the crests of the hills making the depression, and had hardly done so, when I was furiously attacked; 'twas about 6 P. M. We held our ground with a loss of eighteen enlisted men killed and forty-six wounded, until the attack ceased at about 9 P. M. As I knew by this time their overwhelming numbers, and had given up any support from the portion of the regiment with Custer.

I had the men dig rifle-pits, barricaded with dead horses and mules and boxes of hard bread the opening of the depression towards the Indians, in which the animals were herded, and made every exertion to be ready for what I saw would be a terrific assault the next day. All this night the men were busy, and the Indians holding a scalp-dance underneath us in the bottoms, and in our hearing. On the morning of the 26th I felt confident that I could hold my own, and was ready, so far as I could be, when at daylight, about 2:30 A. M., I heard the crack of two rifles. This was the signal for a fire that I have never seen equaled. Every rifle was handled by an expert and a skilled marksman, and with a range that exceeded our carbine, and it was simply impossible to show any part of the body before it was struck. We could see, as the day brightened, countless hordes of them pouring up the valley from out the village and scampering over the high points designated for them by their chiefs, and which entirely surrounded our position. They had sufficient numbers to completely encircle us, and men were struck on opposite sides of the lines from where the shots were fired. I think we were fighting all the Sioux nation, and also all the desperadoes, renegades, half-breeds and squaw-men between the Missouri and the Arkansas and east of the Rocky Mountains. They must have numbered at least 2,500 warriors. The fire did not slacken until about 9:30 A. M., and then we discovered that they were making a last desperate attempt, and which was directed against the lines held by companies *H* and *M*. In this attack they charged close enough to use their bows and arrows, and one man lying dead within our lines was touched by the "coup-stick" of one of the foremost Indians. When I say that the stick was only ten or twelve feet long, some idea of the desperate and reckless fighting of these people may be understood. This charge of theirs was gallantly repulsed by the men on that line, led by Captain Benteen. They also came close enough

to send their arrows into the line held by companies *D* and *K*, but were driven away by a like charge of the line which I accompanied. We now had many wounded, and the question of water was vital, as from 6 P. M. the previous evening until now, 10 A. M., we had been without. A skirmish line, under Colonel Benteen, was formed to protect the descent of volunteers down the hill in front of his position to reach the water. We succeeded in getting some canteens filled, although many of the men were hit in doing so. The fury of the attack was now over, and, to our astonishment, the Indians were seen going in parties towards the village. But two solutions occurred to us for this movement: that they were going for something to eat, more ammunition, as they had been throwing arrows, or that Custer was coming. We took advantage of this lull to fill our vessels with water, and soon had it by the camp kettleful; but they continued to withdraw, and all firing ceased, save occasional shots from sharpshooters, sent to annoy us about the water.

About 2 P. M., the grass in the bottom was set on fire and followed up by Indians, who encouraged its burning; and it was evident to me that it was done for a purpose, and which purpose I discovered later on to be the creation of a dense cloud of smoke, behind which they were packing and preparing to move their teepees. It was between 6 and 7 P. M., when the village came out from behind the clouds of smoke and dust. We had a close and good view of them as they filed away in the direction of Big Horn Mountain, moving in almost perfect military order, the length of the column fully equal to that of a large division of the Cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, as I have seen it in its march. We now thought of Custer, of whom nothing had been seen and nothing heard since the firing in his direction about 6 P. M. on the eve of the 25th, and concluded that the Indians had gotten between him and us, and driven him towards the boat at the mouth of the Little Big Horn river, the awful

fate that did befall him never occurring to any of us within the limits of possiblities.

During the night I changed my position, in order to secure an unlimited supply of water, and was prepared for their return, feeling sure that they would do so, as they were in such numbers. But early in the morning of the 27th, and while we were on the *qui vive* for Indians, I saw with my glass a dust some distance down the valley. There was no certainty for some time what they were, but finally I satisfied myself that they were cavalry, and if so, could only be Custer, as it was ahead of the time I understood that General Terry could be expected. Before this time, I had written a communication to General Terry, and three volunteers were to try to reach him. I had no confidence in the Indians with me, and could not get them to do anything. If this dust was Indians, it was possible they would not expect to leave. The men started, and were told to go as near as was safe to determine if the approaching column was white men, and to return at once in case they found it so; if they were Indians, to push on to General Terry. In a short time we saw them returning over the high bluffs already alluded to. They were accompanied by a scout from Terry to Custer with a letter, saying that Crow scouts had come to camp saying he had been whipped, but that it was not believed. I think it was about 10:30 A. M. that General Terry rode into our lines, and the fate of Custer and his brave men was soon determined by Capt. Benteen proceeding with his company to his battle-ground, and where were recognized the following officers, who were surrounded by the dead bodies of their men: Gen. G. W. Custer, Col. W. W. Cooke, adjutant; Capts. M. W. Keogh, G. W. Yates and T. M. Custer; First Lieuts. A. E. Smith, James Calhoun; Second Lieuts. W. V. Reilly, of the 7th Cavalry, and J. J. Crittenden, 20th Infantry, temporarily attached to this regiment. The bodies of Lieuts. J. E. Porter, H. M. Harrington

and J. G. Sturgis, 7th Cavalry, and Assistant-Surgeon Lord, U. S. A., were not recognized, but there is every reasonable probability that they were killed. It was now certain that the column of five companies with Custer had been killed.

The wounded in my lines were, during the afternoon and evening of the 27th, moved to the camp of General Terry, and at 5 A. M. of the 28th I proceeded with the regiment to the battle-ground of Custer and buried two hundred and four bodies, including the following-named citizens: Mr. Boston Custer, Mr. Reed, a young nephew of General Custer; Mr. Kellogg, correspondent of the New York *Herald*. The following-named citizens and Indians who were with my command, were also killed: Charles Reynolds, guide and hunter; Isaiah, colored interpreter; Bloody Knife, who fell immediately by my side; Bob-Tail-Bull and Stab, of the Indian scouts. After following over his trail, it is evident to me that Custer intended to support me by moving farther down the stream, and attacking the village in flank; that he found the distance greater to the ford than he anticipated; that he did charge, but his march had taken so long, although his trail shows that he moved rapidly, that they were ready for him; that companies *C* and *I*, and perhaps part of *E*, crossed to the village, or attempted it at the charge, and were met by a staggering fire, and that they fell back to secure a position from which to defend themselves, but they were followed too closely by the Indians to permit him to form any kind of a line. I think had the regiment gone in as a body, and from the wood in which I fought, advanced on the village, that its destruction was certain, but he was fully confident they were running, or he would not have turned from me. I think after the great number of Indians there were in this valley, that the following reasons obtain for the misfortune: His rapid marching for two days and one night, attacking in the day-time, at 12 M., and when they were on the *qui vive* instead of early in the morning; and lastly,

GENERAL G. A. CUSTER, SEVENTH CAVALRY, U. S. A.

his unfortunate division of the regiment into three commands.

During my fight with the Indian I received the heartiest support from officers and men. But to the conspicuous services of Brevet Colonel F. W. Benteen I desire to especially call attention, for if ever a soldier deserved recognition by his Government for distinguished services, he certainly does.

The harrowing sight of the dead bodies covering the height on which Custer fell and which will remain vividly in my memory till death, is too recent for me not to ask the good people of this country whether a policy that sets opposing parties in the field armed, clothed and equipped by one and the same government, should not be abolished. All of which is respectfully submitted.

M. A. Reno,
Major 7th Cavalry, Commanding Regiment.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAPT. J. S. PAYNE—LIEUTENANT VARNUM—CAPT. McDOUGAL—DR. HENRY R. PORTER—SCOUT HERENDEEN—ON THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

Capt. Payne, of the Fifth Cavalry, says he found by measurement that the distance from the point commencing where General Custer was killed to the position known as where Major Reno was entrenched, was 4 miles and 160 yards. He saw bones of men and horses on the battle-field, and pieces of human bones in the grass on the left bank in the bottom on the line of Major Reno's retreat. The knoll where Capt. Calhoun's company was found, is about the highest point in the immediate vicinity; but could hardly be called a defensible position against Indians; would have taken but a few minutes to dispose of General Custer's command, say 20 or 30 minutes.

Lieut. Charles A. Varnum, Seventh Cavalry.—As long as we remained where we halted, on the top of the hill, we were in no position to injure the village; we were out of range, and could certainly create no diversion. At the time Major Reno's line dismounted at the bottom, just as I joined them with Lieutenant Hare, as the skirmish line was being deployed, in looking up, on our right, in the general direction of the river, I saw the Gray Horse company of the battalion moving along the bluff. I could see that the head of the column was just back of the bluff. General Custer always rode a very fast-walking horse that would make the whole command trot when he was riding at the head of the column. I think that was

just the gait at which the command was moving. It was about an hour before Capt. Benteen joined Reno on the hill-top, and General Custer must have been engaged at that time. A little time after Captain Benteen came up I heard firing down the stream, and spoke of it to Lieutenant Wallace. It was not a volley, but a heavy firing,—a sort of crash, crash; I thought that General Custer was having a pretty warm time. From the far point of the ridge down the stream you could see all over the plain, where I afterwards saw Custer's battle-field had been. It was covered with Indians coming from that direction back to us. From the time Major Reno got on the top of the hill till the whole body of Indians were coming up, was about two hours. Major Reno seemed to be exercising the function of Commanding Officer in the presence of great danger. I suppose everybody felt as I did, "where is Custer? and what in the world has become of him?"

The feeling was that he had been cut off, and was corralled as we were, or had been thrown off towards the mouth of the river, where General Terry's command was. Of the number of wounded on the night of the 25th, I don't know, I did not go down to where Dr. Porter was with the hospital till on the 26th—there may have been twenty. On the upstream side is a little knoll that is higher than the ground where most of us lay, and on that ground Captain Benteen got his command into line. He came down the stream on the right bank. The Indians might have sent him into the timber, and prevented him from uniting with us, but as the facts are he could have crossed the river and joined Major Reno, as the Indians turned and went another way. But as for forming a junction with General Custer, why we would have had to form it by going right through the village, either he in coming to us, or we in going to him. I don't believe either party could have gone through. Whether the courage, energy and efficiency of Major Reno was such as to

inspire his men with confidence, or the reverse, I can hardly answer. I certainly have got nothing to say, against him, nor particularly for him. I heard them speaking of a man that was left down in the woods, killed before the command left, don't remember who he was, nor where Sergeant Hyde and Strode were shot. One was shot through the knee, he was on his horse when I saw him, but whether he managed to get on with a ball in his knee I don't know. When I got on the prairie I was satisfied they were getting away from the Indians as fast as they could.

I had to saw the mouth of my horse to keep him from going ahead of the column. At the head of the column I said this won't do! this won't do! we have got to get into shape! or something like that. I was thinking there was no officer at the head of the command, and to take command myself. I stopped to get a horse for my orderly, and two or three men helped me put him on his horse, and I don't remember anything else. On reaching the hill I felt as though I had been pretty badly licked, but I can't speak for any one else.

Capt. McDougal, Seventh Cavalry.—About 10 o'clock, June 25th, I reported to General Custer for orders, and he told me to take charge the of pack-train, and act as rear-guard; there were 80 men belonging to the train and five or six citizen packers. Lieut. Mathey advanced the pack mules. Going about four miles we came to a teepee. I dismounted and looked inside, and found three dead Indians, with a fire built around them. From there I saw a very large smoke, and told Lieut. Mathey to halt, until we could close up the entire train and prepare for action. About a mile from that point he sent me word that a fight was going on, and about ten miles further I saw a black mass on the hill; I thought they were Indians, and told the company we would have to charge on them. We drew our pistols and charged to where the people were, and found them to

SITTING BULL, AND HIS DAUGHTER, STANDING HOLY.

be Major Reno and his command. About a quarter of an hour before I reached them I heard firing at my right, just two distinct volleys. I told Major Reno about it, and he said: "Captain, you have lost your Lieutenant, he has been killed down here." I then left him and went to my command, and threw out a skirmish line. In about half an hour I heard the bugle sounded to mount. I mounted up and followed the command, single file toward the mountain down stream. In returning to join the first platoon of my company I saw the men "left about" to go back to our original position.

Capt. Benteen then put me in position on a kind of ridge facing the largest ridge, down the river, facing the Indian village. Major Reno came to my company and said: "Captain, be sure to hold that point at all hazards." The engagement began again in the morning at about half-past 2 o'clock, and kept very heavy until toward 10 o'clock, when they made a grand sally on to us; but we stood them off and drove them back. At 2 o'clock Capt. Benteen came down to me with his hat in his hand, and said: "Captain, you will have to charge the Indians with your company, as they are firing into me pretty heavy, both with arrows and bullets; so get your men ready and start out." After going about 60 yards the fire was so heavy on my right and rear that I had to return. Major Reno then came down and said: "Capt., how are you getting along?" and asked me which way I thought the Indians were going. I thought they were going down stream. He then invited me to take a walk, and informed me that he wanted to change positions that night, as the stench, the flies and filth were so great that the men would probably get sick. The Indians withdrew about 5 o'clock, when Reno put us in another good position; and the next morning, the 27th, General Terry's command arrived, when we were informed of the annihilation of the other portion of our regiment. It was about

4 o'clock in the afternoon when I joined Major Reno on the hill. The firing that I heard a quarter of an hour before was down the Little Big Horn.

The regular trumpet signal was sounded right along. I saw a large herd of ponies, and teepees down the stream in bottoms at my left, it seemed like a regular city of them. On the night of the 25th, I told my men to take their knives and tin cups—we had one axe—and throw up loose dirt to make a small barricade for their heads. Major Reno was as brave as any man there, in my opinion; they were all brave officers and men. I did not see a single man show the white feather. I do not think he could encourage troops like other men, but I think he could make a stubborn fight. I guess he did as well as anybody else could. I saw the hostile village move away, and think there must have been at least 3,000 or 4,000 mounted. We gave them three cheers as they went out. On the Custer battle-field Major Reno ordered me to identify, and bury the men of Company E. I found them in a ravine, all lying on their faces and appeared to have been shot mostly in the side. Probably the squaws laid them out in line. It is hard to state whether Custer would leave any portion of the command to their fate, if he could possibly get to them. During the night I understood that Major Reno was going to send out a scout, to ascertain where Custer was. In regard to effective communication with General Custer that afternoon, we advanced in that direction, but never could have made it; we would all have been killed, if we had got to the hill where Capt. Weir was. Of Major Reno's drunkenness, I saw nothing to indicate it; saw no whisky on the trip, and did not see him have any. Had he been staggering and stammering on the night of the 25th, between 9 and 10 o'clock, it would have been known to the officers and men. I never heard any reflections upon Major Reno's character of that kind. It took four, and sometimes six, men to carry a wounded man on the march."

Lieut. L. R. Hare, Seventh Cavalry.—"On the 25th and 26th of June I was on duty with the scouts under Lieut. Varnum. My attention had been called to some Indians ahead of our scouts, and I spoke of it to Gen. Custer. He told me to take the Indian scouts and go ahead and he would follow, the scouts refused to go, and he ordered them dismounted, and turned around to Adjutant Cook and told him as the Indians would not go ahead, to order Major Reno with battalion ahead. There was no attempt to cover the crossing on the retreat; the movement did not impress me as a run, but a pretty fast retreat. I did not hear any trumpet call after the troops had taken position in the timber. If 1,000 Indians had followed Major Reno to the hill, I think they could have got them all if they had staid long enough, though not before Capt. Benteen got up. If the Indians had charged down upon the timber the command would not have lasted more than a few minutes. I think it was the best tactical movement to get out of the bottom, if Major Reno had been pushed by a thousand Indians and they had closed upon the command, it would not have lasted ten minutes.

On the Custer battle-field I noticed a great many of the dead men had been shot from behind, several of the *twenty-eight* in Company E. It was easy for the Indians to crawl up behind. A part of the village could be seen from where the Gray Horse Company was last seen. To have gone from the timber to Gen. Custer's assistance, Major Reno would have had to go through the Indian village. Why Capt. Weir was ordered to open communication with Custer was on the supposition that Gen. Custer would support Major Reno, by following him up, which he had not done, but with plenty of time, and everybody thought he was attacking the village, and in addition we heard firing.

R. H. Porter, Assistant Surgeon.—I heard General Custer's Adjutant give an order to Major Reno about 1 o'clock.

It was right near where they struck the first teepee. The Adjutant came over and told him that the Indians were just ahead, and General Custer directed him to charge them. He turned and asked the Adjutant if Gen. Custer would support him? He said, "Custer will support you." He asked if the General was coming along, and he told him, "Yes, the General will support you!" After the command crossed the river I heard Major Reno give orders "Forward," and they went on down to a short distance from the woods, and dismounted. I led my horse into the timber and soon the men came in on my right and left. I soon heard that a man was shot and looking for him I saw Major Reno on his horse; heard him say we have got to get out of here! we have got to charge the Indians! and rode out of the woods. As fast as the soldiers found their horses they mounted and rode out. I was there a few minutes with the wounded man and they were all leaving, and I led my horse—there is a straight bank four or five feet high, and when I got out the men were all running and the Indians running too. I expected to find the command charging them, but instead, the Indians were charging the command! they were all on the run. The wounded man was not taken out of the timber. When I got to the river there were a dozen cavalry men in the river, and some mounted Indians on the right bank firing. The stream where I crossed was from forty to fifty feet wide and the water nearly to the horse's back. Everybody was rushing and trying to get over as fast as they could and the Indians firing at them. I did not hear any trumpet call from the time Major Reno left Custer's column to the time the engagement took place. Only one man had been hit. I was just unbuttoning his blouse and saw that he was wounded in the left breast, he was able to talk, I did not see him again. Both the Command and Indians were running, and I had pretty hard work to mount my horse, but finally got on. Lieut. Varnum was

the first officer that I saw on the bluffs. He had his hat in his hand and said: "For God's sake, men, don't run! There are a good many officers and men killed and wounded; we have got to go back and get them!" I went up to the Major and said: "Major, the men were pretty well demoralized, weren't they?" He replied: "No, that was a charge, sir." The command was not triumphant, and the officers seemed to think they had been whipped. As the men saw some troops coming soon after, they gave a shout, "Here comes Custer!" but it was Capt. Benteen and his battalion, the men then felt pretty good, and thought they were going to have some help. We had not been on the hill long when we heard sharp firing down stream, a little to the left, for a few minutes, then scattering shots. After Capt. Benteen joined Reno they went further back up the river, and there in a little hollow made our hospital and I remained there. I went down into the ravine and got Dr. De Wolf's pocket-book, and some other things; gone but a few minutes. Did not see Major Reno, but Col. Benteen came down several times where I was, and asked after the wounded and ordered out skulkers. I thought he was the *actual* commanding officer at the time. I don't think any of the wounded were brought up from the bottoms, some clung to their horses and dropped after we got on the hill, seven or eight of them, I think."

Geo. Herendeen, Seventh Cavalry.—I was with General Custer on the Little Big Horn, June 25th and 26th, as Scout and Courier. We traveled up a distance along a dry stream, halted and dismounted, looking over the ground. He told Major Reno to lead out and he would be with him, and to take the scouts with him. We started on a lope, the Major saying: "Keep your horses well in hand, boys." Taking in consideration the time that would elapse for Major Reno to get down to the place where he halted, and formed his skirmish line, and the engagement that followed, General Custer

must have been about half way between his starting point where he had his fight, when Major Reno left the timber.

I do not think, from my experience in Indian fights, that a command of 100 men, with 600 or 700 rounds of ammunition, judiciously used, could have been taken out of that timber by the Indians, if they had had water and provisions.

Of the effect of Bloody Knife's death, who was killed at the timber near him, Major Reno said to me: "Yes, his blood and brains spattered over me!" At the same time a soldier was hit who cried out, "Oh, my God! I have got it!" This seemed to scare a good many men. But I am not saying that Major Reno is a coward, merely how they started from the timber. I think some of our men were captured alive, and tortured. I know the colored scout Isaiah was; he had small pistol balls in his legs, from his knees down, and I believe shot in while he was alive. Another man had strips of skin cut out of his body. Hordes of squaws, and gray-haired Indians were roaming over the battle-field, howling like mad. The squaws had stone mallets, and mashed in the skulls of the dead and wounded. Many were gashed with knives, and noses cut off. The heads of four soldiers were found in the Sioux camp, severed from their bodies, which could not be found. I saw five Chiefs; each one carried a flag for their men to rally around.

CHAPTER XX.

THE HERO OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN—GEN. CUSTER'S FAREWELL —LIEUTS. HARRINGTON, PORTER AND STURGIS—DR. H. R. PORTER—CAPT. GRANT MARSH—ON THE FAR WEST—WITH THE WOUNDED MEN—"COMANCHE," THE ONLY SURVIVOR.

"To the field, to the field, gallant Spartan band,
Worthy sons like your sires, of our own war-like land!
Let each arm be prepared for its part in the fight,
Fix the shield on the left, poise the spear with the right,
Let no care for your lives, in your bosoms find place,
No such care knew the heroes of old Spartan race."

Brevet-Colonel F. W. Benteen, 7th Cavalry U. S. A., ranks high as a brave soldier and an unflinching Indian fighter; as well as a reliable and efficient officer in times of unusual danger. Where both caution and courage were needed, the demands for each, of equal urgency, there could be found the hero of June 25th, 1876; and as on that day, doing his whole duty, no matter how perilous the surroundings. Even on that fatal June Sunday, he might have recalled several "hotter places" wherein he had stood the test.

Personally, Col. Benteen is every whit, a soldier! Tall, erect, well-poised, every movement is evidence of a life on the tented-field. While the smooth, speaking face shows, unmistakably, signs that reveal a character wrought out by long service in the line of duty, his "*Service-chevron.*" The result of "enlistment, campaigning and endurance to the end"; conferred not by gold nor government!

On the arrival of Colonel Benteen, he at once saw that Major Reno's battalion had been "badly handled," from the effects of which it had not yet recovered. He talked with

Reno for a few moments in reference to the whereabouts of Custer, and then they separated, Major Reno going down to recover, if possible, the body of Lieut. Ben Hodgson.

On learning that Capt. Weir of his battalion, had without orders gone down the river with his troops, and wishing to see more of "the lay of the land," Col. Benteen moved the other two troops, comprising his command, down the right bank of the river in the direction Capt. Weir had gone. There, from the top of the bluff, the highest point in the vicinity, he got his "first view of the Grand village," and discovered Weir's troops in full retreat, with the Sioux close upon them. The arrival of Col. Benteen, just at that most opportune moment, was their salvation, and Capt. Weir was thus enabled to escape with little loss, if any.

That insight into the immensity of the Indian force, aroused the brave Benteen to a full consciousness of what there was to be done. But he fell back in good order, and formed the lines at the best place available, and remained there. He believed that there were not Indians enough to take them, "*If they did as well as they should!*"

This was his battle-cry, the inspiration that fired him, and in the spirit of which he moved, cool and undaunted, amid the deadly hail, while unsheltered and fearless he led his men in those memorable charges. His charge to the river's brink, for water for the dying men, will be remembered as long as brave deeds are recorded and brave men honored, and which act alone, when considered in the light of the terrible surroundings, has earned for him the title: "*That Soldier of Soldiers;*" has made his name a sacred memory to every man that lay in the blistering sun, and, with parched lips and swollen tongue, begged for water.

In regard to Major Reno's culpability for the loss of General Custer's command, Colonel Benteen believes him entirely innocent of the charge; that to talk of his ability to reinforce Custer, is absurd, and, in view of the distance that

separated them, *an impossibility*. On the contrary, it was the result of General Custer's own actions, and an injustice to attribute the blame to anyone else, as he believes the attacks made upon Custer and Reno were about the same time.

CUSTER'S FAREWELL.

When General Custer parted with Major Reno, he raised his broad-rimmed hat, and, gaily waving his hand, turned to his command, exclaiming: "Hurrah! The biggest Indian village on the American continent! Custer's luck! Come on, my boys!" No person lives that ever again heard his voice.

"Come on, my boys!" calls the fair-haired chief,
As he says "good-bye" with his waving hand;
"I see the foe by the gleam of their lance,
But I'm buckler-clad with this brave command!

"Come on, my boys! we will strike for those hills,
There Victory's waiting with garlands fair;
We will pluck from her hands the bay wreath green,
Which she twines for the bold that dangers dare.

"Come on, my boys!" And the gay troopers fly,
As they catch the words of their leader's call.
Fighting face to face with a countless foe,
On the blood-red hills by his side they fall.

"Come on, my boys! The fierce battle is won!
We will stack our arms by the River Fair,
Here tenting we'll wait, upon Glory's height,
And drink to the brave from her wine-cup rare."

As Hector, in flashing armor, called
The Trojan sons—while the battered gate
In fragments flew like a shriven oak—
So Custer call'd, but scal'd the walls of fate.

And they lay them down to sleep—not to dream,
While radiant forms, from the unseen land,
Brood softly above them with tender wings.
It was "*Custer's luck*," with his brave command!

"NEVER FOUND"—LIEUTENANTS HARRINGTON, PORTER AND STURGIS.

Of the men that fell in the battle on the Little Big Horn, a most sorrowful memory will always linger about the following-named officers: Lieutenant M. U. Harrington, Co. *C*; Lieutenant James G. Sturgis, Co. *E*. First Lieutenant James E. Porter, Co. *I*, who were completely blotted out of sight, and removed beyond all knowledge of their comrades. One of these lamented officers was the son of General S. D. Sturgis, U. S. A. Lieutenant Sturgis was born at Albuquerque, New Mexico, January 24, 1854, over which happy event the army officers made merry. Among whom were Pope Nicholas, Easton, Garraud, Rucher and General Garland, and the baby-soldier was named, "James Garland Sturgis." After a happy boyhood passed in the home he so loved, and in preparatory schools, while yet very young he was graduated from West Point with honor.

Tender and true in his nature, with an unusual boyish frankness, he never failed to endear himself to his associates. Leaving his parents at St. Louis, in October 1875, he went up to Fort Lincoln, North Dakota, and from there went to Fort Rice, where his company, M. Captain French, was stationed, and June 22, 1876, finds him on the field of duty, brave, impatient, and longing to distinguish himself. That an insight may be given, of how those gallant officers passed portions of their time, the following is quoted from a letter, dated at Rosebud Creek, August 1, 1875, written by *Lieutenant E*——to a sister of young Sturgis. "On the night of the 22d Jack came over and sat down under a tent-fly with Captain Moylan, Lieutenant Varnum and myself, for about an hour, and later on after we had attended officer's call, he came again, with a dozen other officers to my shelter-tent, and we all sang for about an hour. For some reason, or by chance, the tunes were religious or sad, till somebody said, "For Heaven's sake, sing something more

COL. F. W. BENTEEN, SEVENTH CAVALRY, U. S. A.

The Hero of the Little Big Horn.

D. F. Barry.

cheerful!" The last time I saw him was in the forenoon of the 25th, when officer's call sounded, and he came riding up at a gallop, with Captain Smith. In ten minutes from that time, we had started on the ride that was destined to be fatal to so many gallant, magnificent fellows. "Jack looked particularly healthy and soldierly that morning, his early training showing in every motion while mounted."

From *Lieutenant H.*——, classmate and comrade. "All classmates are not dear friends, but I loved Jack Sturgis!" "Through that long four years, in an intimacy which brings out all the good and bad qualities of a man's character, I loved him. He was the only man of my class with whom I had great intimacy, and never at any time, a misunderstanding. The very soul of honor, the embodiment of honesty of principle and purpose. Singularly truthful, even in jest; striking in his belief in the goodness of his fellowmen, he was to me a real living ideal.

> Some are brave, some are strong; some are true, some are daring,
> But no two are the same.
> I knew *one*, whose life-tree every good fruit was bearing,
> And there clings to his name
> Its own glory."

More loving tribute could not be paid than is contained in these quotations from his brother officers. In the closing of the last letter ever written by Lieutenant Sturgis, addressed to his mother, he says: "On Steamer Far West, at the mouth of Rosebud Creek, June 21,"—"Expect to have a hard trip of it, as General Custer will go 40 miles a day sure, and we have rations for 15 days." "Love to all—Jack." That was the last from the boy-officer to his "Darling mother," until she received the gold stud, taken from his blood-dripping blouse, and restored to her by Colonel Benteen.

Lieutenant Edgerly writes: "When we went down to bury our brothers, I asked permission to leave my company

for the purpose of identifying Captain Yates, Lieutenant Porter and Jack, and I searched anxiously and carefully without being able to find Lieutenant Porter or Jack." "But one thing you may be perfectly sure of, nobody was taken alive and tortured."

James Garland Sturgis, died at the age of 22, on his first campaign, having been, for some reason, transferred from his own Company, M, to Company E, by General Custer. A short life, but full of affection, hope and ambition, yet—

"One crowded hour of glorious life,
Is worth an age without a name!"

WITHOUT STRIPES OR STARS, BUT A HERO.

As the events of that long week in June, 1876, on the hillside by the Little Big Horn River, are recalled, it should not be forgotton, that within the small space where Major Reno gathered his command for temporary refuge, sheltered by the blue sky, even there, lurked an enemy. On their blood-dank, grassy beds lay a squadron of suffering, dying men, watching for one face, listening for one voice, that of *Surgeon H. R. Porter*, as he moved among them, fighting in their defense, the pale dreaded foe.

Captain and Lieutenants he had none, as he went from one scene of distress, to another; hour after hour bravely resisting the assault made upon his weak lines. Single-hand, he held his position, without helmet or shield, without rest or support, in the broiling heat and stifling stench, smeared with blood from scores of wounds that he was powerless to cleanse or soothe, by so much as one drop of water. Thus, amid the groans and piteous cries of the suffering men, he battled with the enemy through those terrible days and nights, with unflinching courage and fidelity. Thoughtless of self and the horrible fate which menaced him, step by step he grappled with the grim foe, till relief came. But it brought no rest to Dr. Porter even then; for on the Steamer Far West, which sped them back to Fort Lincoln,

still he stood at his post of watching, striving to make the hard journey easier for the wounded, dying boys, but he could not bring them *all* back. His was a vigil, such as few persons have ever kept.

Dr. Porter and Dr. De Wolf rode side by side during the retreat from the timber until within a short distance of the river, when Dr. De Wolf suddenly started up a ravine on the left, but Dr. Porter did not follow him, although there was no apparent reason for it; nor for his taking another course, going up a ravine at the right, still, by so doing he reached the river, and scaled the bluffs in safety. While his companion was surrounded, beyond reach of help and killed by the enemy.

"Dr. Porter served in the Department of Arizona, from June 26, 1872, to August 25, 1873, and in General Orders Headquarters Department of Arizona, April 9, 1873, Dr. Porter is honorably mentioned for gallantry at the engagement in Superstition Mountains, A. T., January 16, 1873—"and for conspicuous services and gallantry in the different engagements in the closing campaign against the Tonto Apaches in February and March, 1873." "Served in the Department of Dakota; was Post Surgeon, at Camp Hancock, D. T., from Oct. 16, 1873 to Dec. 1, 1874"—"character and efficiency highly satisfactory"—"Again as Post Surgeon at Camp Hancock, D. T., and in the field from Sept. 28, 1875 to Sept. 30, 1876." "The Medical Director reported that Dr. Porter discharged his duties during the late Sioux Campaign to his entire satisfaction and in a manner to elicit the approbation of all with whom he served." "Dr. Porter was on duty with Major Reno's Command in the fight June 25, 1876 against hostile Sioux Indians, and the Chief Medical Officer of the Expedition, reported that in his opinion Dr. Porter deserves the highest praise for skill and courage under the most trying circumstances."

"Official." "C. H. CRANE,

Assistant Surgeon-General, U. S. A., Washington D. C., July 19, 1880."

ON THE STEAMER FAR WEST.

Among the daring and heroic deeds of the Custer-Reno battles, prominent will be found that of *Captain Grant Marsh*, and the miraculous trip made by his boat from the mouth of the Little Big Horn to Fort A. Lincoln. The steamer, Far West, being the supply boat of the expedition, was lying at the mouth of the river; having navigated those waters farther than any other steam-boat.

Previously a sort of *trevois* had been constructed of poles and hides,—a rude stretcher,—upon which the sick and wounded men were to be carried a distance of twenty miles to the fork of the Big Horn and removed to the Far West, which was to convey them to Lincoln.

Dr. H. R. Porter, the only surviving surgeon, had been detailed to accompany them; and General Terry's Adjutant, Edward Smith, was also sent as bearer of dispatches and scores of messages; "with a good sized valise filled with telegrams." Captain Marsh was given orders to "Reach Bismarck as soon as possible!" It needed no explanation, he realized its import; he knew that he was to take a precious freight of wounded, dying men, and what the journey meant to them; and he also looked even farther, and *felt* what news he was to take to the expectant hearts at Fort Lincoln; to hearts all over our land. He at once applied himself to the work of preparation, carefully superintending every detail, until at last his task was completed. The Far West took on a full head of steam and left her moorings on the afternoon of July the 3rd. The Big Horn was scarcely more than a Creek; with troublesome islands and dangerous snags. Yet, like as a bird cuts the air, this life-boat with its weight of agony, sped through the devious water-paths, while the trusty pilots breathlessly watched and guided it on its way. Never did two pilots have a greater test applied to their skill and caution than did David Campbell and John Johnson, and although assisted by their noble Captain, it

challenged all their powers of endurance. But they did not flinch, nor did one of the gallant crew.

Twenty miles an hour was a rate of speed to blanch the cheeks even of the weather-brown men that fully realized the chances. The engineer's instructions were to keep up the highest rate of steam. But a Higher Hand was at the helm, and the Far West stood the strain; while on they flew, out from the Yellowstone into the rushing Missouri, where they breathed freer in its ample waters, but never slackened their pace; save when they halted and made a grave on the lonely river bank for one poor soldier that had made the port in advance. At Forts Buford and Stevenson they made brief stops to tell the terrible news; and at 11 o'clock on the memorable night of July the 5th, 1876, the steamer Far West reached her destination, having traveled ~~1,000~~ miles in fifty-four hours, and much of the distance through comparatively trackless waters!

AMONG THE SLAIN.

Lieut. Ben Hodgson, one of the most popular officers in the regiment, was shot while crossing the river; and as the bullet struck him, he exclaimed, "For God's sake, help me!" Just then a soldier near him held out the stirrup of his saddle and told him to take hold of it. He did so, and was thus dragged to the other side; but as he was trying to crawl up the bank, another well-aimed bullet did the fatal work, and he rolled back to the river.

Lieutenant McIntosh, the accomplished, half-bred gentleman, it appears, lost his revolver during the first skirmish, and while without a weapon of any kind, an Indian rode up to him from behind, and suddenly jerked him from his horse; at the same time trying to carry him away alive. Not succeeding in that, the Indian shot him on the spot.

Charlie Reynolds, who for five years had been General Custer's tried and faithful scout, did not long survive him.

Courteous and intelligent, he was recognized by his associates as a gentleman; and was known to occupy a prominent place in the confidence of the General. Falling into the hands of the enemy he used his rifle as long as he could, and was then seen to resort to his revolver; and when that was emptied, he dealt so furious a blow upon the head of an Indian as to break it. That meant surrender; and throwing up his hands he received a shower of bullets.

Bloody Knife was one of the few Indian scouts that stood by Major Reno, in that fearful encounter. He was killed, just as they were leaving the timber, at Reno's side, and his blood spattered upon him. But not until he had made a most desperate fight; and when obliged to abandon his rifle, he used his knife with terrible fury.

"COMANCHE," CAPT. KEOGH'S HORSE, ALL THAT SURVIVED THE FATAL "25TH," IN GEN. CUSTER'S COMMAND.

This famous horse went into the service nearly, or quite 23 years ago, and was from the first, particularly prized for his courage. At the battle of the Little Big Horn he was ridden by Capt. Keogh, and was the only creature to escape alive. He was found by Reno's men in a creek with six bullet wounds in his body. There stood the desolate animal in the water, listening and waiting; his legs once so sure and fleet, shockingly swollen to his body, and as the soldiers came up to him his pathetic eyes told of his terrible suffering.

At first, it seemed the most kindly thing to do to cut the throat of the poor horse and at once end his suffering, but almost as immediately, they decided to try and save the life of the faithful servant which seemed begging them to *do something* for his relief. They set about devising means for nursing and curing him if possible, and in time, after most tender care and skillful treatment, he recovered.

Following his return to Dakota, General Sturgis of the

7th Cavalry issued this order: "Headquarters Seventh U. S. Cavalry, Fort A, Lincoln, D. T. April 10, 1878, General Orders No. 7. (1) The horse known as "Comanche," being the only living representative of the bloody tragedy of the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876, his kind treatment and comfort shall be a matter of special pride and solicitude on the part of every member of the 7th Cavalry to the end that his life be preserved to the utmost limit. Wounded and scarred as he is, his very existence speaks in terms more eloquent than words, of the desperate struggle against overwhelming numbers of the hopeless conflict and the heroic manner in which all went down on that fatal day. (2) The commanding officer of Company *I* will see that a special and comfortable stable is fitted up for him, and he will not be ridden by any person whatsoever, under any circumstances, nor will he be put to any kind of work. (3) Hereafter upon all occasions of ceremony of mounted regimental formation, Comanche saddled, bridled and draped in mourning, and led by a mounted trooper of Company *I* will be paraded with the regiment.

By command of Colonel Sturgis; E. A. Garlington, First Lieutenant and Adjutant, Seventh Cavalry.

On leaving Fort Meade, South Dakota, Comanche was taken with the Regiment to Fort Riley, Kansas, where he is now; still receiving the same tender care and consideration that he ever has, since the gallant and bereaved Sturgis, issued this most touching and humane order, and where, too, he first entered the military service of the "U. S."

CHAPTER XXI.

F. F. GIRARD—MAJOR MARCUS RENO, SEVENTH CAVALRY—CLOSING SCENES IN THE SIOUX WAR—SURRENDER OF THE HOSTILE BANDS—ON THE STEAMERS FOR STANDING ROCK AGENCY—TREATING FOR THE GREAT RESERVE 1888 AND 1889.

F. F. Girard went with the expedition which was sent out against the hostile Indians, and on the steamer, Rosebud, we find him at his post of duty as guide, and interpreter for the Ree Scouts. He had been ordered to remain with two Sioux scouts that were to carry dispatches to Colonel Moore on the Powder river, for General Sheridan. General Custer's command started on with General Terry's, and the interpreter waited an hour and a half at the boat for the return of Terry. As the latter approached, Adjutant Smith went out to meet the General, and the two passed into the cabin, Girard following them. General Terry then remarked: "Custer is happy now, off with a roving command of fifteen days!" "I told him if he found any Indians not to do as Reno did, but if he thought he could whip them to do so!"

As General Terry concluded his remark, Girard stepped up, and reported to him that two scouts were waiting for dispatches for Powder river. He at once prepared them, and the interpreter delivered them to the scouts. After which Girard immediately left to overtake General Custer's command; and found it twelve miles from the mouth of the Rosebud. As he was approaching the camp, Custer's orderly came came out to meet him, saying: "General Custer wishes to see you." Girard at once reported to the General; and there he found Bloody Knife, an Indian scout, very

much under the influence of whisky. As soon as he saw the interpreter, he says: "Tell General Custer that I don't believe he is out hunting for Indians; more likely on a pleasure trip! if he should find them he would not dare to attack them!" General Custer said: "Girard" — "tell him that I am on an independent command, and shall fight the Indians wherever I find them!"

Bloody Knife then seemed satified, and went to his own tent. On the morning of the 25th, about 3 o'clock, General Custer ordered a halt, with orders, "Not to unsaddle," but that after daylight, they would go into camp in the heaviest timber they could find, and there secrete themselves for the day. Meanwhile he was waiting for the return of some scouts that were out with Lieutenant Varnum. About 4 o'clock, General Custer awoke Girard, and said: "Here is a Ree scout, sent from Lieutenant Varnum with a note saying that he has discovered the Indian village." "Ask the scout if *he* saw the camp, and how far away they were." The interpreter did so, and the scout replied: "No, *I* did not see it." Then Custer told him to lead off to where he had left Lieutenant Varnum. The General then took two or three scouts and his interpreter Girard, and started to find Varnum. When they were about leaving, Major Reno or Tom Custer rode up to the General and asked him if the command should follow. He said: "No; remain here till I come back, and then we will go into camp." About eight miles from there, they joined Lieutenant Varnum, on a very high point looking down the valley of the Little Horn, in which could be seen great clouds of dust, black masses of Indians moving among their horses; but no teepees.

Thence they returned to rejoin the command; and when within a half-mile of where they had left it, they saw the column moving towards them. The General was riding by the side of Girard, and spoke out, more to himself than any

one else: "Confound it! who moved out that command?" A few hundred yards further on they were met by Captain Tom Custer, and the first question by the General was: "Tom, who moved out the command?" "I don't know; orders came for us to march, and we marched." Custer then said to him: "I intended to remain in camp all day; but as the Indians are running, I don't know as it matters much." They soon joined the command; and Girard says he heard the General also telling the other officers that were gathering around him that the Indians were running away. Girard then left Custer, but rejoined him again as they were passing through a deserted village, whose fires were still smouldering, and which showed not only that it had been left that morning, but that it was a very large camp. Those were the Indians that had been seen running down the valley, creating the dust-clouds that had been seen from the high hill.

A little beyond the deserted camp-fires, General Custer called Major Reno to him and said: "Major, take your command and try and overtake those Indians; bring them to battle, and I will support you; and take the scouts along with you." Although Girard received no orders to go with the scouts, he knew that they could do nothing without him, and accordingly joined the Reno command. The presumption is that Girard must have been there, and heard the order given by General Custer, and interpreted it to the scouts; else they would not have known what they were to do, nor have gone with Major Reno as they did. After riding a mile or more at a fast lope, they came to the ford in the Little Big Horn river; and as they were about to cross, the Sioux were discovered coming up to meet them. Girard spoke to Major Reno, saying: "Major, the Sioux are coming to give us battle." Reno looked down the valley for a few seconds, as if to satisfy himself, and then gave the order: "Forward, men!"

The interpreter remained until the entire command had crossed. No one had been sent back to inform General Custer that the Indians were advancing instead of "running." But Girard, believing it important that he should be apprised of the fact, started for Custer. Going back less than a mile, he met Captain Cook in advance of the column, which could not be seen by Girard, because of a high knoll. Cook at once says: "What's up, Girard?" "I have come back to tell the General that the Indians are coming to fight us, instead of *running*, as we supposed." "All right," says Captain Cook, "you go back, and I will go and report to General Custer." When Girard again reached the ford, Reno's column was fully a mile in advance. It was not making a direct line, but circuitous, skirting the timber. He reached it, however, just as they were forming a skirmish line extending out from the timber. At that time, Custer's command was seen on the bluffs due east from Reno; and on the very hill where the latter made his stand. From where Girard met Colonel Cook, to where he joined Reno, was about one mile and a half; and from where he met Cook, to the point where General Custer's command was seen, must have been two and a half or three miles; which would indicate that the General hastened to the attack after receiving the report of the advance of the Indians. From the high position on the bluffs he would have a full view of the field. He rode on at a rather fast gait after parting from Reno, and when opposite the lower end of the Indian camp, turned down to the river; and from there, had again turned and ridden back to the hills. Girard also says, that in his judgment, "The whole time occupied in fighting under the hill, and forming the line, did not exceed twenty minutes;" but "Major Reno, while in the timber could have defied the whole Indian army."

Girard claims, from the conversation that he listened to between General Custer and Bloody Knife, corresponding so

well with what he heard General Terry say on his return to the steamer, and subsequent movements and orders, that *General Custer did not disobey any instructions nor bring on the fight unnecessarily early.* Also, assumes that Major Reno was unfit to handle his command, shirked and hid from his men; otherwise he could, and would have gone to the rescue of Custer. Furthermore, had it not been for the arrival of Colonel Benteen and his gallantry and efficiency, Major Reno's men would have met the same fate; that McDougal was a good soldier, but did not dare tell the truth in the investigation. Girard believes that the squad of men found just out from the village were the bodies of those that had volunteered to charge through the Indians to try to reach Reno. But the Indians did not fire upon them till they were well out, away from their own people, that otherwise might have been hit. Among those brave men was found the body of Lieutenant Crittenden.

The recognition of the bodies of that slain command was in many instances impossible, and in many other instances mere conjecture. What the knife and *coup* stick had not done, the blazing sun, from the 25th to the 28th, had accomplished, and, although tender hands afterwards hid them as well as possible, the ruthless hyena of the plain would not be defrauded, but satiated his appetite without regard to distinction in rank.

MAJOR RENO OF THE SEVENTH CAVALRY.

Major Marcus A. Reno was second in command, in the battle in the Little Big Horn, to General Custer, and an officer well known throughout the country. He graduated from West Point in 1857, and served on the frontier until the war broke out; was commissioned captain in the 1st Cavalry, Nov. 1, 1861, and was in various engagements in the Army of the Potomac. He was wounded at Kelly's Ford, Va., March 17, 1865, and breveted Major for meritorious conduct in that bat-

tle; was breveted Colonel, and commanded a brigade as Colonel of the 12th Pennsylvania; encountered Mosby at Harmony, Va., in March, 1865, and breveted Brigadier General of Volunteers, for meritorious conduct during the war.

He served as Assistant Instructor in infantry tactics at West Point, and was afterwards assigned to duty in the West, and on Dec. 26, 1868, was promoted to Major of the 7th Cavalry. Through official censure of his conduct at the Custer-Reno battle, he was, in April, 1880, dismissed from the service. Major Reno died in the Providence Hospital at Washington, where he had been under medical treatment, but finally submitting to a surgical operation, and that, too, without benefit, from the effects of which he died, on the 30th of March, 1889.

The mistakes of his life it were better to cover with the memory of his brave deeds. His was a hard position on the Big Horn, June 25th, although not annihilated, like General Custer. But, in the terrible scenes, conscious of the fate that appeared inevitable for himself and his command, he seemed to have lost courage and coolness, when most he needed both, and with them went ambition and soldierly honor. But caution is not always cowardice, nor fearlessness bravery. Yet it does take grand, true courage to face danger when *fear* makes the very heart quake, as *honor* steadies the eye and nerves the hand.

CLOSING SCENES IN THE SIOUX WAR.

Following the removal of the wounded from the battle-ground of the Little Big Horn, in August, Gen. Crook with a command of 2,400 and a large pack train, now about to start on another Indian campaign, abandoned the Fort on Powder River, following Goose Creek to its junction with Tongue River. He followed the trail of the Sioux from the Little Horn to the Rosebud, and there he met Gen. Terry. The latter proceeded toward the Yellowstone, while

Gen. Crook went on, for the Black Hills, finally reaching Fort Laramie.

During his march across the country his command suffered untold misery. A barren country, the blazing sun, no game, no water, except what was so strongly impregnated with alkalai as to be worse than none; was a combination of evils which brought sickness and death to both men and animals. When within about seventy miles of the Black Hills, a scouting party brought the intelligence to the worn-out command that they had discovered a band of hostile Sioux entrenched in Slim Butte. It proved a large camp of stragglers fresh from the Custer-Reno battle. Capt. Mills with a detatchment was sent on, making a night march to the camp; a bloody battle was fought, in which Crazy Horse and American Horse were engaged. After resting his men and train, Gen. Crook went on to Fort Laramie. General Terry found the trail of the fleeing Sitting Bull band, but although the party was overtaken, they did not halt for battle. Meanwhile, General Miles was following another trail, on a steamboat on the Missouri River; and on the 18th of August located a place that he gave the name of "Keogh," near the mouth of the Tongue River on the Yellowstone.

Later on, a town was started, beyond the Reservation boundary line that was named in honor of the gallant Miles. Miles City has since become a point, important as the headquarters for the Ranch men, and Cattle Associations and Stock Meetings from an immense section of country. On the 15th of Oct. Major Sangier with two companies of the 17th Infantry was attacked by a war-party under Sitting Bull; and after a nine hours' fight and some loss, the Indians were pursued by Gen. Miles from Keogh, and overtaken at the head of Cedar Creek. There they gave battle, but at night Sitting Bull with sixty lodges of Unkpapas struck for the British Dominion, where they remained until their sur-

render in 1881. On their separation, Gen. Miles followed the larger portion, and overtook them at Bad Route Creek, on the Yellowstone, and there had a hard and decisive battle, in which the Brules called for terms; and were ready to surrender and return to the various Agencies. While six of the chiefs remained with General Miles, as "their bond" of good faith. The hostile bands had had enough of war and its distressing privations. Thus was brought to a close the hard campaign against the Indians of the North West. A victory that was attended with *losses*, for which there can be no recompense, no ransom.

THE FINAL SURRENDER OF THE SELF-OSTRACIZED SIOUX.

On Sunday, May 29, 1881, the steamers, Far West, Captain Campbell; the Sherman, Captain Lingo; and the Helena arrived at the Bismarck landing, *en route* from Fort Buford to Standing Rock. The fleet was in command of Major Clifford, 17th Infantry. A few moments before the boats slipped their moorings to start on their important trip, 91 of Sitting Bull's camp came in and surrendered to Major Brotherton. Gall, with 426 of his people, was on the Helena, and became a fast friend of Major Clifford. Running Antelope will be remembered as wearing the "very stylish" war-bonnet; which, although the property of the Major, was donned for the occasion by the oratorical Antelope, who was sent by General Terry, from Standing Rock to Fort Buford, to try to induce the Indians to go in, and live with their people at the Agency. On board the Sherman there were 300 Indians, and on the Far West 436. The meeting of Gall with his aged mother on his arrival at Standing Rock Agency, after their long separation was a most affecting scene. The overjoyed mother clung to his knees, prostrating herself before him, and almost kissed the ground he stood upon. But the real feelings of the haughty Chief were not revealed to the witnesses, as he strode away

from her, with much of the air of one saying: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" To go on board the different steamers, crowded with hundreds of Sioux, so recently hostile, of all ages and rank, from the gray-haired warrior of many battles, to the toddling twins and babies of a few weeks, was a remarkable experience for those that were so favored, and I shall long remember standing with Mrs. Captain Harmon of Bismarck, as she conversed with the refractory Sitting Bull, while his surprised people stood by, listening with unfeigned admiration to the woman that was moving among them, in the kindly and refined manner, so characteristic of this lady. While she was, unconsciously, giving a beautiful illustration of the lost graces of that once proud nation. Again, on the 14th day of June, a fleet put in to Bismarck, on its way, this time, from Fort Keogh, with the dangerous Rain-In-The-Face, and his people. They were on the steamers, General Terry, Josephine, Eclipse, Helena and Sherman, bound for Standing Rock. Father Stephan, so well remembered by his Dakota friends, was then Indian Agent, although he had previously handed in his resignation, and recommended James McLaughlin of Devil's Lake, to fill the vacancy, but not until a second tendering of his resignation had been made, was it accepted.

TO TREAT FOR THE GREAT SIOUX RESERVATION.

In July, 1888, the following Commission was at Standing Rock Agency, to treat with the Indians, numbering about 5,000, for the Great Reserve: Capt. Pratt of Carlisle, Pa., the Rev. C. D. Cleveland, of Dakota, and Judge Wright of Tennessee. The Treaty claimed to open one-half of the Reservation, or about 9,000,000 acres, to settlement, and to advance $1,000,000 for the purchase of farm implements and stock for the Indians, who were to select farms immediately upon the ratification of the treaty. From the sale of the land to settlers, at fifty cents per acre, they would raise a

DR. H. R. PORTER, SURGEON IN THE LITTLE BIG HORN BATTLES.

fund of $4,500,000. At their private Council the Indians had chosen Chief Gall, John Grass, Mad Bear, Big Head and Running Antelope, as orators. John Grass, the Chief Justice of the Sioux Court, was the speaker to open the Council before the Commission. In his speech he argued that the treaties which the whites had prevously made with them, had been broken, and he thought the present indications boded no future good to his people. On the contrary, poverty and taxation.

Orator Gall, in his address to the Board, said in reference to the new treaty: "We should listen to the whites and learn what they care to offer, and then we should, without foolish speaking, think what we are willing to give. When I was at Fort Rice, many years ago, there was a treaty made with us. In this treaty the whites made great promises. They told that we would have many cattle, and that our horses would cover the plains. I returned in a few years and learned that we were again deceived. They did not keep their word, and we were as fools. When they made that treaty they told us that our lands went north to the river of the Cannon Ball, now they tell us it goes no further towards the great north light than the Cedar Creek. Again we are deceived. When the Commissioners have came out they have made us many big promises. They would not tell us what the Great Father said, but would talk to please the Indian's heart. We believed him, but we have lost lots of our lands, and our children have been hungry. In the past I have not complained. I believed the Great Father was honest, and have acted with a good heart, but unless this treaty with us is fair, and we are told the truth, my heart will not be good. We cannot accept land apart, (meaning severalty). We want grazing lands. Our reservations have been growing smaller and smaller, and soon we will be without a hunting ground. Our buffaloes have been killed by the whites, and now they want our land.

They come, I hear, with two papers, one to take our lands and one to keep them; they tell us we must sign one, or the other, and our names will be counted. This is the first time I ever knew that an Indian can be made to sign a paper against his will."

Gall was followed by the other speakers, and at the close, Mad Bear called for an expression of the Council, upon which, he was greeted with a most emphatic and unanimous "*nay*," as they sprang to their feet, in response. The same was true of the other Agencies.

A SECOND COMMISSION.

The following gentlemen were appointed to make another attempt to treat with the Sioux: Ex-Governor Chas. Foster, of Ohio, Major William Warren, and John B. Warren, of Kansas, and General Geo. Crook, of Chicago. These Commissioners visited the various agencies in the summer of 1889, finding about the same amount of opposition, with possibly a little less bitter feeling, existing among the two classes, those that were willing to treat, and those opposing the offers of the Government. In reply to the various speakers at the different Agencies, the Commission frankly admitted to the dissatisfied that they had grounds for complaint; and while now unable to correct past wrongs, they assured them of fair treatment in the future. At Cheyenne River Agency there was some effort made, on the part of the opposition, to intimidate those that were about to sign, but Gen. Crook very promptly and forcibly explained to them that if necessary, he would call an armed force to protect the signers and which might not prove a very pleasant thing to the disaffected ones; who, it will be remembered, were from a band of Poplar River Indians from Montana, and inclined to continued hostility. They were not signers of the treaty of 1868, nor of 1876.

At the Council at Standing Rock, Chief Justice Grass

explained to the Commission that the great objection to the proposition was the price set upon their lands. Showing as it did, a decrease from $1.25 to 75 and finally down to 50 cents. General Crook was especially interested, but warningly suggested to the Indians that the Government might possibly take the land, without so much as saying, by your leave. But Chief Grass said, that after careful study of the proposed treaty, they had determined *not to sign.* However, later on, a final Council was held, the Commission having overcome the prejudice, and established a general feeling of confidence among those that had maintained the opposition. In this important Council, Chief Grass made a speech to his people, at the conclusion of which he came forward and signed the treaty, and was followed by several other chiefs. Notwithstanding, that Sitting Bull made a futile attempt to create a disturbance, an addition of over 400 names was made to the requisite number in a few hours. The efforts of the distinguished Commission were at length brought to a gratifying close.

The lamented General Crook, who did so much for the desired consummation, was a man of strictest honor in his dealings with the Indians, and realized the import of the most trivial promise made to them, and in conversation once remarked: "I would not break my word with an Indian under any consideration." Governor Foster, chairman of the honorable board, expresses himself as convinced that the Indians are capable of rapid advancement.

The following message was transmitted:

"BOSTON, MASS., August 10, 1889. Hon. Chas. Foster, Chicago, Ill.—I desire not only to congratulate, but to sincerely thank, the commission for its successful negotiations with the Sioux."

"BENJAMIN HARRISON."

CHAPTER XXII.

CHIEF GALL, AND HIS ACCOUNT OF THE CUSTER FIGHT—SPOTTED TAIL, THE DISTINGUISHED BRULÉ CHIEF—SITTING BULL, THE WAR CHIEF—HE ADOPTS A BROTHER.

This noted Indian, Chief Gall, belongs to the Unkpapa tribe of the Sioux nation. He is now living at the Standing Rock Agency; where he has been for the past nine years. Although now fifty years old, time has not dealt unkindly by him; he remains the same magnificent Gall, as fine a specimen of an Indian as ever dignified a Council. He has the presence and bearing of a Roman statesman, with the physical stature and superb proportions of a gladiator; broad-shouldered and ponderous, he carries his head with all the *hauteur* of an offended king. While the ease and dignity of his manner as he approaches one and offers his hand would do credit to the most courtly.

Chief Gall has a nephew, a bright, intelligent young man, now fitting for the Catholic ministry, and it was explained to Giles that an interview with his uncle was desired by the writer; the object of which was to hear from him a truthful report of the Custer battle of June 25, 1876. The young man in conversation, readily comprehended that it would be a personal favor to himself, as in the years to come he would appreciate it, even more than now. On the following morning, Giles informed me that he had had a visit with his uncle and made known to him my wishes, and led him at the same time, to understand that "honors" should not be given where they were not merited, and that this account from him might prevent it. I was not seeking for the

CHIEF GALL, THE MAJESTIC.

D. F. Barry.

startling and sensational; but for facts, in answer to my questions, devoid of *embellishment*, which the Indian well understands so delights the white listener that wants to get his money's-worth. At the appointed time the Chief came and kept his promise, while we had the good fortune to have Mrs. Van Solen, an educated woman and teacher among her people, to interpret, as well as the young student, Giles.

When we explained to Gall our wishes, and that we were in no way in league with the honorable Board of Commissioners then in session at the next door, thus corroborating all that his nephew had previously told him, he seemed in the happiest mood and ready to talk. He was then asked if he would tell us his personal experience in the Custer fight. To which he made this reply: "Nine years ago I surrendered to the United States Government, and since then I have tried to obey the whites, and do as well as I know how." "I then put the past behind me, and I want to leave it there." It was worth a journey across the continent to see and listen to him, as he gave expression to the above. But the subject was soon resumed; and to the question—if the appearing of troops in the valley of the Big Horn, was in any way a surprise to their village—he answered: "Some of our men that were out scouting the country, came in from White River and reported to the camp that they had seen great clouds of dust, and knew it must be soldiers on horses, and heavy wagons; and we were on that account some expecting them."

I was anxious to hear how he would settle the question of what *particular Chief*, if any, was in command during the battle. He made this satisfactory explanation: "I can't say that *I* or any one else, was in command." "I was sitting in my lodge, and all at once I heard the cry sounded, 'They are coming!'" referring to the reports of the scouts, "and everybody rushed for their guns and horses." "When I went for my horses they were running away; as soon as

I caught them, my plan was to try to head off the soldiers from the creek, so I circled around on the outside for that purpose." In answer to whether all their men engaged at once in the attack, or only a portion at a time, he made this significant reply—"Oh, *everybody was fighting!*" putting great stress upon the words, "and pretty soon I heard some women on the bill calling, 'Daciya! Daciya!' ("Here they are, here they are.") Then I looked and saw some soldiers in that direction, and the women running that way, too, and we kept circling round and round them, and soon had them completely surrounded, and killed every one of them." "I caught a lot of the soldiers' horses, and hurried with them to my lodge, but when I got back every man was killed."

In answer to the question, if they knew they were fighting General Custer and his command, Gall quickly replied: "No!" "No one knew, but we were just all mixed up, nothing thinking, or knowing." He was also questioned in reference to the supposition that the reason why General Custer's body was not multilated, was because the Indians recognized him, and respected him for his bravery. And he answered most emphatically: "No!" "No one knew him from any one else." "His hair was cut short, and we could not tell him from any other." When Gall was told that we wished his opinion, as nearly as he could give it, of the length of time occupied in the engagement, he was quick, ready and positive in his statement. "The fight lasted about thirty minutes, and there were ten different nations engaged in it."

We did not ask the warrior to tell what the Indians did after the fight, nor did we expect him to tell. Very erroneous ideas have been entertained in regard to that battle. But this famous Unkpapa, of the Big Horn Valley, now tells a plain, simple story, as he said that: "The *facts* may be printed in a book for my nephew." He is very proud and fond of the young man, and on that morning left an import-

ant council to accompany him, with the sole purpose of obliging his nephew, not for my delectation, for which he was to receive presents and money. It should be remembered that two armies had not been drawn up in line of battle, after having been opposed for days, perhaps in sight of each other, with a final engagement lasting for hours, as the result. On the contrary, General Custer with his little band, unconsciously rode into the jaws of death which shut down upon them, and blotted them out of existence. That is all there is to tell, and is not that enough?

Indian war-fare is not conducted after the manner of civilized. Their tactics were not learned at West Point. They go into batttle, each warrior as an independent command; subordinate, neither to officers nor regulations, but they strike the enemy whenever and whereever they can reach him; waiting for no orders, quick to hear, keen of sight, unerring marksmen and unencumbered by toggery! Bugle calls and martial music are not needed; for in their war-cry, they find the inspiration that never fails nor confuses. While mounted upon ponies, fleet as the wind, lying parallel with, and shielded by their bodies, they fill the very air with death-dealing missiles, whether arrows or bullets, and with no sign whatever of preconcerted action, quite the reverse, for wildest confusion often characterizes their movements. Yet, there is marvelous method in their disorder, which their enemies have found, not only to their sorrow, but to their chagrin.

TOLD BY A PARTICIPANT.

A chief of the Black Robe related the following facts, which were told him by a reliable person, that engaged in the bloody fight on the Little Big Horn, and which he accepted without question. This Indian told the Father, that the camp suspected that "Lone Star" was coming. (To General Terry, they gave the name "*Lone Star*," from the

one star which indicated his rank.) They knew that "The clouds of dust meant guns, mounted soldiery and big horses," of which they had no little fear, and they had been doing what they could to defend themselves, when they saw Major Reno's division; and very soon they saw "General Custer and his handful of men coming along at a fox trot," leisurely and unconcerned, as they describe it.

At a glance the Indians took in the situation, and thousands of exultant voices took up the war-cry *Ho-ka-hé! Ho-ka-hé!* (Charge!) A sound which, once heard, is remembered a life-time, and quickly mounting their ponies they were circling and yelling, whirling their blankets, and filling the air with dust, and the screams of so many thousand demons. A scene so terrible and distracting, that the horses of the soldiers soon became frantic and unmanageable; and in many instances the riders were thrown, before they could dismount, and trampled upon, by the frightened animals. It was the work of but a short time, and the last man was killed; after which followed the shockingly fiendish work of taking the clothing from the dead, and mutilating the bodies already torn and bleeding by their bullets, from some of which they took out the liver, each Indian taking a bite, not in any sense as Cannibals, but to thus give expression to their utter contempt for the white soldier, by treating him as they would wild game! After that ceremony had been concluded, they next proceeded to dress themselves in the uniforms of the soldiers; some mounting horses, some blowing the bugle, others carrying flags. Thus they "played soldier" for awhile on the ghastly field, moist with the flowing blood of the brave "Seventh." This Indian gave it as his opinion that if Major Reno had come up with his command in the rear, he certainly would have driven them, for "An Indian can't stand a rear attack;" and with his big horses and well-drilled men he could have gone right through them.

But this informant looked from his own standpoint; the *ifs* were too formidable, and could neither have been scaled, bridged nor overcome. That Indian village was filled with the best fighting warriors of the Sioux nation, but they did not know their power, and underestimated their own strength as much as they magnified the force of the troops in their midst. Else they would not have "folded their tents" and so quietly left the valley, just as they had whetted their appetites over one field, whose verdure was actually hidden by the bodies of the slain, rider and horse. In that fight the Indians lost nine Chiefs; among whom was their head Chief, Black-Moon.

SPOTTED-TAIL.

This Indian Chief has quite a national notoriety, having distinguished himself in many a Council by his remarkable speeches before the eminent Commissions that have visited the Rosebud Agency to treat with his people. Spotted-Tail was a Brulé, and got his name in this wise: On one occasion he found himself in rather close quarters; he had been surprised by 18 soldiers, in a cañon. They were well armed, and determined to capture him; but found it to be a thing not easily done, for with the desperation of one that fears nothing so much as captivity, he cut through them with his tomahawk and escaped from their hands, mounted his painted horse and fled. They at once gave him the name of "Spotted-Tail," by which he has since been known.

Another time, on returning to his camp, he found that some of his people had been killed, and several of them taken prisoners. Burning with revenge, he started out to recover those taken alive, and to avenge the death of those that had been murdered. He had not gone far in pursuit when he overtook the party and made a daring charge through the soldiers, shooting down some of them before they were aware of his presence, and the

unfortunate Lieutenant who was nearer to him than the others, he shot, and took his horse. He then rode out into some brush near a hill, and there decided to make the most of his new horse, and planned this *ruse*. He took off his blanket, and ingeniously fastened it to a stick, and then tied the whole thing on to the Lieutenant's horse, in an upright position; then cautiously crawled up the hill leading the horse, and there securely tied him, with the effigy on his back. He knew that the soldiers would look for their comrade; and it was not long before one of them appeared, who believing that he could see the missing officer on the hilltop, mounted, started for him. The cunning Chief, watching his approach in ambush, waited until he had reached just the point he desired, and then fired upon him, killing him instantly; then another soldier came up, and fared in a like manner. Spotted Tail reported on his return to camp that twenty soldiers lost their lives by him, on their way up the hill-side to reach the Lieutenant. As a result, so few of them were left that he easily got his people that had broken away already, and returned with them to camp.

Spotted Tail for years claimed that he was the only medium between his people and the Great Father, and much enjoyed the consideration that such a prestige would naturally confer; on the other hand he led the Government to believe that he was all-powerful among his tribe, and the Indians as a whole. But some persons that think they have been in position to know, accord to him greatness, only in the way of cunning and adroit deception, while others with equal positiveness, and seeming ability to judge, declare him to have been a great man! and an orator of no small distinction. But he was without cavil, an eminent Indian in his day; and will rank among the distinguished Chiefs of his nation as a diplomatist and intelligent leader of his people.

Spotted Tail finally came to his death at the hands of Crow Dog, captain of the Indian Police, in a private quarrel.

It has been reported that at one time he made a request of his people, that after his death they would present his pipe to the first Priest that should be established at the Rosebud Agency; and formally make him Chief, and adopt him into his family; while the pipe should be the sign of his position with the tribe. Spotted Tail was not only Chief of the Brulés, but a kind of head man among the Sioux, and held in high repute by the nation, generally.

HIS FAVORITE CHILD.

Spotted Tail was devotedly attached to his eldest daughter, who died several years ago at Fort Laramie, where she once became so much in love with a young army officer, it is reported, as to exact from her father a promise, never again to war with the whites. Ever after, her dying wish and his promise, were to him a bond, which no circumstance nor influence could teach him to violate; and when the treaty was made he believed that her spirit would witness the compact, if her coffin were but brought into the Council.

SITTING BULL, THE WAR-CHIEF.

Sitting Bull—war-chief of a large Sioux band, was born in the northern part of South Dakota, near Grand River. His father was a San Arc, (without bow) a warrior under old Long Soldier, but never a chief. Sitting Bull says that it is hard to tell just what tribe his mother belonged to, as she was part Brulé part, Minneconjoo and part Two Kettle. He is a nephew of Four Moon. His father was killed in a battle with the Crows, when he was but fifteen years of age. Physically, Sitting Bull is a well-conserved man, of 57 years, but with nothing at all remarkable or striking in his appearance, as an Indian, although he can be very "affable" if he feels in the mood. Neither is he especially regarded as "the bravest." This famous warrior is noted as one belonging to the great congregation of hostile Sioux, assembled in

the valley of the Little Big Horn, where he was third in rank, whose village was attacked by General Custer. After that battle, Sitting Bull fled into Canada and remained four years. Following his surrender, he was taken with his band to Standing Rock Agency, where he still lives, an uncompromising hostile, and an inveterate hater of the white man; not easily entreated. Coercion, not civilization, holds him to-day. He is a cool, crafty, plotter; a perfect specimen of a once dangerous, and still unbending, hostile Dahkotah.

ADOPTS A BROTHER.

When Sitting Bull was a young man he went to war with the Assiniboines and killed a great many of them in battle. Among the enemy, was a little boy nine or ten years old that bravely defended himself, for a long time, with his bow and arrow. Unfortunately, his bow-string finally broke, which left him at the mercy of the Sioux, that then captured the little warrior. But Sitting Bull said: "Let this boy alone, I am going to have him for my brother!" He was a bright and well-dressed boy, and his captor at once took him to his mother's lodge and told her the same; that he was going to have him for his brother.

Henceforward, the Indian mother appeared to have the same kind feeling for the little prisoner, as for her own son. They made their home his, and raised him as their own child. The mother died since they came in on the Reservation. But the adopted child always manifested great affection for her. Having been away for a time, on a visit or a hunt, he would, on his return, at once report to his mother with expressions of joy. When Sitting Bull was taken to Fort Randall his brother did not go; but so anxious did he become to see Sitting Bull that he went on foot, with Gray Eagle, all the long distance across the country to see him. On his arrival the whole camp cried for joy; and they were as surprised as they were glad. Not long since an incident

occurred which indicated the feelings of Sitting Bull toward his brother. The latter one day went to Mrs. S. B. to borrow her husband's wagon, but she did not see fit to lend it. As he did not get it, Sitting Bull asked him the reason, and he explained to him that his sister-in-law would not let him have it. Very much incensed, Sitting Bull demanded of her the reason. She replied: "Oh, you take the part of that slave against me!" "Well," says he, "you must remember, if he is a prisoner, all the spotted horses that were tied at our door, and all through him!" Still, she continued with her abusive talk, until, finally, Sitting Bull chastised her in a very severe manner.

But there is, with all the wild, rude demonstrations, an undercurrent of kindly feeling and sympathy, as seen in the attachment of these "brothers," although belonging really to different tribes, and the same difference, in degree, of affection and kindness that is displayed among the more civilized. Some are kind and true, others treacherous and brutal—the same traits of character, which usually belong to human beings, varying according to circumstances, and surroundings, whether white or red.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FAMOUS SIOUX WOMAN, MRS. PICOTTE—GALPIN, OR "THE-EAGLE-WOMAN-THAT-ALL-LOOK-AT," CAPTURED WITH HER PARTY NEAR GRAND RIVER—A MASSACRE, BUT OF DIFFERENT COLOR—MRS. GALPIN SAVES THE LIVES OF THE GRAND RIVER AGENCY AND THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN GOVERNMENT STORES—SAVING THE LIFE OF THE YOUNG OFFICER AT FORT RICE—MRS. GALPIN IN THE HOSTILE CAMP OF SITTING BULL.

This remarkable woman was a full-blooded Sioux, of the Unkpapa and Two Kettle tribes, and daughter of the distinguished chief of the Teton-Sioux, Two Lance. The latter was a man much honored by his people, and regarded by them as a superior person. His slightest wish was law, and to such an extent, for instance, were they about to break camp, no matter if just starting, and he should signify his intentions to just then take a nap, every one waited in silence until he finished his *ayongé* (nap).

Two Lance died in "the year of the great meteor shower, and was buried near the mouth of Cherry Creek." Mrs. Galpin's mother's father was Iron Hill; he died before she was born, and was buried at the mouth of the Little Cheyenne River.

She further related many important and interesting facts, among which that her grandfather, Iron Hill, went away and brought back with him white men with packs of goods on their backs, and that they were the first whites her people had ever seen or heard of, but it was long before she was born, although her sisters, who were considerably older, remembered the time and circumstances. Mrs. Galpin was

born in 1820, at the mouth of Chain-de-Roche, on the east side of the Missouri River, and was the youngest of eight children. In answer to the question of how she passed her girlhood, she smilingly said: "Oh, in roaming from the Black Hills to the Little Missouri" (Bad River). "Most of the time around the Hills." Those men brought Vermilion (paint), knives, tobacco and rings; which they sold to Indians for small pelfries; "the latter did not value them as anything very useful; but the white men were greatly delighted and eagerly took them." Up to the time of the coming of these men, the Indians used mussel-shells for knives; and of course did not skin any more of their game than they needed for clothing and bedding. They singed the beaver before eating it, and served the dogs in like manner; but after they had knives, and the whites had shown them the value of furs, they at once began to save them.

When those white men took their departure, they packed all the skins that they could conveniently carry; but after a time, more men came, and brought dogs to carry away their goods for them. The Indians, at that time, had no guns, but used snares, and bows and arrows for killing game. When they wanted to make a fire they took a long piece of stone and rubbed it round and round in a hollow place in a rock, until it struck fire.

While traveling they would take fire along with them; a kind of rotten wood that would keep burning, served that purpose; as it would "hold the red fire a long time" and having no horses at that date, they necessarily, took short journeys and the fire would last, by using care, and occasionly renewing the rotten wood. Even to within a few years, it was the custom for the person that got up first in the morning and built a fire, to supply all the neighbors; they would come to him instead of building one for themselves. Such being the fashion all were expected to conform to it. One would suppose that "early-rising" could not have been

popular, with such a premium for the opposite. Mrs. Galpin, in conversation, said that the Indians were extremely poor and destitute in those far-off days, even after they had knives and axes; for all could not, by any means, obtain them, until years after the first introduction among the tribes; and all the wood they used then, they had to break up. Their substitute, for pails and buckets, was made from the paunch of the buffalo, which they would first turn inside out, and then run in a stick, by which it could be made to assume a proper shape, while at the same time it would serve for a pail.

They had no blankets, and their only clothing was made of skins, simply tied on. They would take one skin and tie it around the waist, letting it hang loosely towards the feet, and another in the same fashion around the neck; for in those early years the Indian woman knew nothing of needles or their use.

Their baby-carriages were after a most unique design, and were made in this fashion: In the first place, they took the bark of the elm tree, taking care to secure a large piece, which they made into a long sack; and large enough to hold the little one. Inside it must be of course, soft and warm; and to accomplish that end, they took buffalo chips and powdered them very fine; then with this powder, mixed the downy portion of cat-tails; this done, they put the curious mixture inside the bark-sack, for a lining, which completed the cradle, or carriage; it answered for both however, and it was then ready for the hoksicopa (baby).

When the Indians came into possession of knives they could obtain skins more easily, and, as a result, began to dress more comfortably and a little more elaborately. They would tie the skin on one shoulder, and with another string secure it under the arm, while the head of the animal would be over on the opposite side. Mrs. Galpin, in speaking of the relations of the different tribes and bands, gave the

Cheyennes a very good name, saying they were not hostile to her people, and never killed each other; but the Crows and Arickarees were their bitter enemies. The Pottawattimies and Chippewas use the same language, and in which the word "Sioux" signifies Rattlesnake. "We got our first horses from the Cheyennes—'wild horses'—and my father, Two Lance, had the first one, a very handsome white horse." The Sioux have always had one special dance, and which they have brought down through all the years with them as particularly a favorite. It is known as the "Fox Dance;" and Mrs. Galpin remarked that when about to engage in this dance they would always wait for the coming of "The man who had the white horse." "And there was always one man on such occasions whom they called "The harranguer." On being asked to explain that dance, looking very amused, she said: "Only just a dance; all join hands and then circle to the left, occasionally stopping and raising up and down on their heels." In those days there were no lodges, only rude huts. And Mrs. Galpin well remembered when they they had no combs, using porcupine tails, split open and fastened to a stick; also wild oats tied in a bunch, as a substitute. The Cheyennes were formerly very ingenious, and were the first to build lodges; and she could recall when they, too, were on the Missouri.

Mrs. Galpin's brother, White Hawk, exchanged names with General Harney, and by the latter name he was always known by the whites, and called "Uncle Harney" by her children, although the Indians usually say "White Hawk." She has one brother, Two Lance, still living, known as "Drag Stone." Years ago, when all the Indians left Pierre, from fear of the cholera, Mrs. Galpin's mother was among the others; her son, Two Lance, going with her. When out a few days, she was stricken with the dreaded disease. Her son staid close to her lodge as long as he could hear her, but after went away. Three months later, they

found that she must have revived, for she left the lodge, and wandered off and perished with hunger and cold. Her name was "*Iysoahinapewin*," (The-rosy-light-of-dawn). Mrs. Galpin's father, an unusually handsome man, was called by his people "Like-The-Eagle," and as they esteem the eagle superior to all other birds, the name was one of significance to them, while she was named by her father, and always called: "*Wambdi Autapewin*" (The-Eagle-Woman-That-All-Look-At). Mrs. Galpin's first husband was Mr. Henoré Picotte, formerly of St. Louis, an Indian trader on the Missouri, and around Old Fort Pierre. She had known him from the time, when but a little girl of five years; her father having been accustomed to trade with him for a long time. She was a very pretty, comely girl, and regarded as an "Indian Princess" from the fact of her "royal" line of descent; and grew up a most worthy woman.

Her daughters, Mrs. Louise Von Solen, and Mrs. Lulu Z. Harmon, wife of Captain Wm. Harmon, U. S. A., are both daughters of Mr. Henoré Picotte, and ladies whom any gentleman might be proud to claim. Well-educated and most worthy women, who would honor any position that a true, gentlewoman might aspire to. Mrs. Galpin was very pleased, as she recalled the time when a girl, on her way to the celebration of a grand Ghost Feast. Leading her horse along Plum Creek, for he was laden with choice robes and presents, this happy Indian Maid, handsomely dressed in a "new suit" of buck-skin, was in her walk amusing herself by playing, with some long sticks, a game common among her people, and although busily engaged in the game, she espied a piece of looking glass in the path before her, a treasure! Fearing some one might see her pick it up, she threw one of the sticks down near it, so that when she stooped to get that, she could include the bit of mirror. A most opportune incident for her, as she was thus able to see herself just when she was looking her prettiest, in the new

"COMANCHE."

All that survived of Custer's Command.

MRS. GALPIN, JUST BEFORE HER DEATH.

costume. And not slow to discover that it was a very sweet picture which presented itself to her in the glass, she was oblivious to surroundings, for the time being, and did not know that she was walking directly into the water. But such was the fact, and without warning, down she fell headlong, giving the new dress a sorry drenching; and it is safe to imagine that she laughed more heartily in relating the little anecdote, than she did when she picked herself up and out of the waters of Plum Creek.

Years went by, and Mrs. Picotte, became Mrs. Galpin. Her second husband was Major Charles Galpin, Post trader at Fort Pierre. They had sons, and two daughters, Mrs. Alma Parkin, and Mrs. Annie McKenny (deceased). The former is the amiable wife of Hon. H. S. Parkin of the famous Cannon Ball Ranch; a very lovable and intelligent woman; and to whom the people of her mother are devotedly attached.

MRS. GALPIN CAPTURED, WITH HER PARTY, NEAR GRAND RIVER.

Major and Mrs. Galpin went up the Missouri on the first boat that ever navigated that river as high as Fort Benton. In 1862 they were up trading with the Black Feet Indians, and while there, their little boy died. He was only four years old and the mother thought she could take him home on the boat, as she disliked to leave her dead in a strange country. Consequently, they arranged to bring the little fellow's body back with them in October. Nothing unusual disturbed them on their way down until just above Grand River, when suddenly an Indian fired upon them; one shot went whizzing just over Mr. Galpin's head, and another through the shirt of one of the men. Presently, they saw an Indian running along the river bank that spoke to them, warning them of a big camp just below, and telling them that Indians had given the alarm of the approach of the boat.

It was not long before they were in sight of the village, which gave every indication that they were in the hands of an immense hostile band. As soon as the boat stopped they pulled it ashore, but Mrs. Galpin remained on board. In the meantime several of the Indians were shouting: "*Kill them!*" "*Kill them!*" But Stormy Goose, a Yankton, came down to the boat and called out to Mrs. Galpin, "Sister, they will have no mercy on you!" Then another came down and said to her: "Sister, I have been among them a long time, and have never asked for anything, but I will try and save you." He then told her to remain where she was, while he went back to the clamoring hostiles, and among other things said: "If you do kill her, you will have to kill me first!" Finally one of them spoke up, saying: "We will take them down to "White Lodge" and let him decide what shall be done with them." At this she took a little courage, sufficient to say to them: "I have traveled a long distance, have come clear through the enemy's country in safety and unmolested; and now, when almost home, I am surprised to be treated in this unfriendly manner!"

Mrs. Galpin sat so quietly in the boat that it aroused their suspicions, and one of them called out: "This woman is sitting on something!" The fact was she was concealing from them some sacks, pans and other articles; but she quietly replied: "I have my dead child here." "No," they said: "She drew something under her!" "Oh, well," she answered, "I want to take Wakeya ska (White Lodge) this present." This satisfied them, and they ceased worrying the poor woman; and having decided to turn them over to White Lodge, they towed the boat along; and as it was floating on down the river, those on board saw a white woman following them. Major Galpin asked her her name, and she told him; and also informed him that there were several white captives in the camp. It afterwards was found that two of those women had children present with them, but

did not know it—the camp was so large—till after they were ransomed. Major Galpin told this woman that she might expect some one to come, in about seven days, to rescue them. In that village there were four notorious chiefs, Black-Hawk, White-Lodge, Across-The-River, and Chase-The-Ree. Two of the chiefs, after some delay, came to Mrs. Galpin, who was still sitting in the boat, and informed her that none of them would be killed, and finally allowed them to go on their way, after hours of terrible suspense, such as they hoped never again to experience.

Borne on by the swift-footed Missouri, they halted for nothing till they reached their home in Pierre; where they buried the little boy, Dick, and Mr. Galpin at once set about making arrangements for sending for the captives. There was a set of young men, called by the hostiles, "The Fool Band," because they were always ready to assist the whites, and those were secured for the purpose of going into the village where the captives were retained, and purchasing their freedom.

The Galpin party had, unluckily, fallen into the mischievous hands of the bloody Santees, fresh from the raid at Ulm, Minnesota, and its escape from a similar fate, was as surprising as it was joyful. The result of their unhappy detention by the renegades, although a terrible experience for them, proved a blessing to the forlorn, suffering women who must have watched the proceeding with breathless interest. But deliverance came to them as promised, at the appointed time; and they were restored to their homes and friends, by whom they had been mourned as dead, or worse than dead.

A MASSACRE, BUT OF DIFFERENT COLOR.

In the spring of 1863, several Indians of the Yankton Agency had permission to go out on a hunt. All had passes, but were prohibited from hunting on the West side of the

river. On their way they went along back of Fort Randall, and when in the vicinity of the Fort, they met a party of soldiers, scouting. The hunters at once presented their passes for inspection, naturally supposing that they could then go on, undistrubed; on the contrary, the officer in command of the scouts not only retained the passes, but ordered them to give up their arms, which they did; and his next act of gallantry, was to shoot the Chief, and six men, when *disarmed!* An Indian woman saw the soldiers talking with the hunters outside the camp, and told her little boy to go out there too, as she thought the soldiers were going to give the Indians some crackers. Glad of such an opportunity, the boy ran out to them, and was immediately shot.

Every one of the hunting party was killed, with the exception of an old man who wore a medal, whom they *dare* not molest, and a son of Pouting-Eye. The latter escaped by skulking and hiding in a creek and the timber, and finally got away.

The excuse for such wanton butchery was, that this "officer" had friends killed in the Minnesota outbreak, and he had resolved to kill some Indians, whenever an opportunity should present itself. Mrs. Galpin was at Yankton Agency, when the news came of the murders, and in speaking of it, said: "Pouting-Eye never even looked cross at a white man;" "he was always kind and good, and was Chief of the Two-Kettle band." One can hardly imagine a more cowardly, brutal attack than this, but that officer does not represent the soldiers of the United States army—far from it; they would, as a rule, look with contempt upon such an unsoldierly act. But the *outgrowth* of that disgraceful deed, was undoubtedly more widely known than were the *facts of the massacre.*

It is not to be presumed that there were no avenging friends to be found among the people of the murdered hunters that would seek to repay, and with quite as good

THUNDER HAWK, THE FEARLESS.

"Be sure and have Mrs. Holley see Thunder Hawk."

MRS. GALPIN.

D. F. BARRY.

reason as that for which the bereaved officer distinguished himself. For with the Red man also, it is "An eye for an eye," and "A tooth for a tooth," and Long Mandan availing himself of the first opportunity, went on board a trading-boat and going up to the agent, asked if they were going to pay for those men whom they had killed? He replied that he had had no orders to do so, but would see. "*I'll get pay for them!*" said the determined Indian, as he defiantly "shook his fist in the Agent's face," and left the boat.

Immediately he took a party of his band and went on up the Missouri river into the vicinity of Fort Rice, and when the trading-boat came along they hailed it ostensibly to procure goods. Supposing such to be the fact, the Captain ordered a yawl with six men to go ashore and see what they wanted. But the men were afraid to go, and one poor fellow clung to the steamer until so threatened by the Master that he finally dropped aboard the yawl. As they neared the shore, Long Mandan and his men began a sharp fire and killed three of the boatmen before they could put back out of range, and the steamer's cannon brought into action. Long Mandan had squared the account. Both "Officer" and "Savage" were avenged!

MRS. GALPIN INVITED TO VISIT WASHINGTON WITH SEVERAL CHIEFS.

In 1872, the United States Government decided that it would be a wise plan to have some of the Chiefs and head men of the Sioux Nation visit Washington, believing that such an opportunity to see the civilized world would tend to impress them with the strength and importance of our country and its institutions, and Mrs. Galpin was requested to make the selection of men and to accompany them on the interesting journey. In compliance, she selected thirteen of the principal Chiefs at Grand River; such as, according to her judgment, were the best fitted for an expedition of that

importance, and after the needed preparations they started for the home of the Great Father. A most wonderful experience, and stupendous undertaking for the Sioux Chieftains. It was like taking them into another world, far exceeding everything that they had ever dreamed of, and on reaching the railroad their consternation increased, while to get bodily into a car was quite too much for the Chiefs, whose locomotion had, hitherto, been the fleet-foot pony and dancing canoe, when not measuring the plain with their own stealthy paces.

They at once began to sing the war-song which they sing before going into battle, thinking that their lives were in as much danger as when starting on the war-path into the enemy's country. But they reached Washington in safety, notwithstanding, and after being there seven days were presented to President Grant. It seemed a very pleasant thing for Mrs. Galpin to recall her visits at the White House, War Department and others; the Arsenal especially seemed to have left a lasting impression upon her as a place of great interest.

MRS. GALPIN SAVES THE LIVES OF THE GRAND RIVER AGENCY AND THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN GOVERNMENT STORES—ANOTHER MASSACRE—GOES INTO THE HOSTILE CAMP OF SITTING BULL—A FEARFUL EXPERIENCE.

At the Grand River Agency, one morning as the herd was being driven out for the day, it was met by two small Indian boys, perhaps 12 years of age. It happened on this particular morning that Mrs. Galpin's cow was in advance of the others. Seeing her, one of the boys said, "I bet I could shoot that cow!" "No," ejaculated the other. "Yes I could!" he persisted. So to prove it to his doubting companion, he fired at the inoffensive creature, sending an arrow through her flank, so disabling her that it became necessary

to kill her. Learning this, Mato Wauhi (Scattering Bear) not only broke up the boy's arrows, but gave him a well-deserved whipping. Notwithstanding this, they continued for some time to kill the stock, as they said, "For fun!" But what made it especially annoying, was the fact that there were so few whites there, the few dare not interfere. It was known that one cow had already been killed by a brother of Bad-Hands, and it was supposed that the killing of Mrs. Galpin's cow had come to his ears; as he told the Indians that he should follow his brother, and if he could catch him would kill him for it, and he, finally caught him, shot at, and seriously wounded, him. Now, we shall see what came of it all. After Bad-Hands had found his brother, and actually attempted to take his life they gathered together 5,000 Indians, and prepared to go up and attack the Agency, which was only five miles from the Indian camp. But while they were gathering their forces, Striped Cloud, good and true as steel, determined to warn the Agency if possible, and started ahead, running with all speed, but reached it only a little in advance, while in breathless haste he cried: "Get into a hole! anywhere, quick! There are five thousand Indians on the war-path right upon you!" Not the pleasantest news for the little company of white people to receive, but "Forewarned, forearmed," although an old time saying, is true in the main.

There was not sufficient time left them to go from the store to the house where Mrs. Galpin and her family were, though but a few feet, but they did the next best thing—barricaded the store, as well as they could, and waited on their arms for what seemed inevitable. The Indians were soon upon them, and in such force as to make escape apparently impossible, and remained there through the rest of the day, and throughout the entire night; making the long hours terrible, by their incessant firing, yelling and frightful threatenings. The smoke at times coming, even under

the store door, while the terrified inmates hourly expected to be burned out.

Yet they did not wholly give up hope, so strong was their reliance upon Mrs. Galpin, who had told them "to stay inside" where they were. The hostiles began by shooting dogs, and were loud in their demands for vengeance, declaring that: "As sure as Bad-Hand's brother dies, just so sure will we kill a white man!" Reasoning, if it could by any possibility be called reasoning, that his death would be *caused* by the whites; inasmuch as the cattle belonged to them; and their code strictly demanded a life for a life. The Agency was entirely surrounded by a stockade, yet the noble *Bear's-Rib* watched his opportunity and informed Mrs. Galpin of what the Indians proposed to do, be it remembered, and her indignation was aroused to concert pitch. She was then in her prime, a strong, vigorous woman, and with a powerful voice when she chose to bring it out. Having learned of their plans, as soon as daylight, she went out into the circle of hostile Indians. They were all mounted, and naked save the regulation uniform, viz; breech-cloth and a lavish coat of paint; which made them look all that the word hideous can imply. It was a sight to send terror into the most courageous heart.

Having stepped into their midst, in a voice full of determination, and with the effective gestures peculiar to her race, she denounced their conduct in the strongest language that she was capable of using. Every expression of displeasure and execration known to her tongue, she furiously heaped upon them—while her family, filled with anxiety, listened inside with breathless amazement, expecting every moment to see her become the target for a thousand well-aimed arrows. With uplifted hands she called out to them in tones that startled the echoes, "Shame on you!" "Cowards!" "To come here, five thousand of you, to slaughter a half-dozed white men!" "And you come here for what

reason?" "You have been killing their cattle right along, day after day, and not one of them said anything to you about the loss"—"and then when you shoot one of your own people, you come here to kill a *white* man for it." "To kill them, is like killing one of your own!" "You have raised some of them right among you." "Now I give you fair warning—if you do kill one of these white men, war will be declared, and the Indians will join the whites in a great battle."—"Haven't I told you that the white men are thick as the blades of grass? I have seen their railroads, and their great cities, I have been to the lodge of the Great Father, and know what I say"—"*Did I ever tell you a lie?* No! Shame on you cowardly dogs!" "You are not brave, to come here to kill a half-dozen white men!" "Now I demand that you break up this Council, and leave here—and if you will do as I tell you, I will make you a big feast!"

But it is impossible to give anything approaching a good interpretation of her impassioned speech, which bristled with invectives, toned by the striking comparisons, and delicate shadings peculiar to the Dahkotah language. But they listened to the earnest pleader from the beginning to the close, in the most respectful silence. She had won them before she stopped!—The result was that of oil upon the angry waves; harmony was restored; the Pipe of Peace was smoked where, just before, the war-cry rang out, "Slaughter and destruction." Thus quieted, Mrs. Galpin then asked them to keep still, so that her husband could go across into the store. They allowed him to pass in safety, and a note was given to Blue Thunder to take to Major Hearne, asking him for stores with which to settle off the hostiles; but on his way, Blue Thunder was shot in the leg, and walks lame to-day, as his Standing Rock friends can testify. "Major Hearne sent back word: "*Give them anything they want!*" Such circumstances would naturally tend to a feeling of extreme generosity, we imagine.

Having obtained her stores, Mrs. Galpin put huge kettles of coffee on to boil; distributed sugar on every hand, while bolt after bolt of calico she stripped up, and passed out right and left to them. She also included several horses in the distribution of gifts, not forgetting the wounded Indian. After the feast had been enjoyed, the satisfied people returned to their camp, and the Agency was saved! Another trial of the strength and fidelity of this Dahkotah wife and mother; another instance of her calming the angry sea, which hour after hour had seethed and howled, threatening to overwhelm the few whites, who would have been powerless, but for her almost superhuman efforts, and timely interposition. Again was she equal to the occasion, although a most terrible ordeal for a woman single-hand to meet such a foe; yet she saved, not only the lives of the Agency, but thousands of dollars worth of Government stores. One of the gentlemen who, a prisoner in the little store, witnessed the whole affair, says: "As Mrs. Galpin stood in the midst of that immense crowd of blood-thirsty Indians, and argued and plead for the lives of the white man, regardless of her own perilous position, it was the grandest spectacle I ever saw, or ever expect to see, taking all the circumstances into account." While we are sure, that more grateful, happier men were never seen, than those that emerged from the store at the Grand River Agency, saved from a horrible death.

Mary Louise Picotte. When Mrs. Picotte-Galpin was about twenty-one years of age she took her baby, Mary Louise, and with four lodges started out from Pierre for a buffalo and deer hunt; going up into the region of Bear Butte. After going on some distance, they sent out spies, as the custom, was, to look the country over for he purpose of finding out whether they were any enemies ahead. The men returned with the report that they had discovered some signs that looked suspicious. Mrs. Picotte was afraid that it might be

the Crows, who were their deadly enemy; and it alarmed her, as they were noted for their cruelty to children that they took in war.

They did not kill them outright, but, as prisoners, subjected them to terrible torture, and she, a young mother with her first baby, out on an excursion that seemed likely to be so ill-starred, knowing what a meeting with the Crows would signify, was greatly distressed. Her brother was in the party, and to him Mrs. Picotte made known her fears, and exacted of him a promise that in the event of their being taken by the Crows, he would immediately *kill the baby*, to spare it from falling into their bloody hands. He promised to do as she urged him. Hoping to elude the enemy, they traveled all that day in a circle, and were successful in keeping out of their reach; but that was not the only time in which little Louise came near losing her life.

In 1843, Mr. Henoré Picotte took his daughter, then less than four years old, and placed her in the family of Mr. Davis Harden. (Mrs. Harden was formerly a Miss Harris of Westport, Mo.) He had two sons that had married Pottawattamie, half-breed girls. This tribe had been moved from Michigan to Council Bluffs, and were sworn enemies of the Sioux, who often made raids upon them; notwithstanding that fact, the little girl was safe, although a half-bred Sioux, in the family of Mr. Harden, on account of his daughters-in-law. Her father, Mr. Picotte, would always notify them whenever the Sioux were about to go on the war-path among the Pottawattamies. In 1846, the Sioux went down and met them in the bottoms, in front of the city, and there had a fierce fight. Many were killed on both sides, and mourning and rejoicing were about equal.

On the following day some of the young men came to the house of Mr. Harden, wild and hostile, looking for the little Sioux girl; they found her playing out on a root-house, and went directly up to the unsuspecting child, and dealt a terri-

ble blow upon her head, striking her senseless to the ground, and would have killed her but for the sudden appearance of the young Mrs. Harden, who was one of their own tribe and whose father had great influence with them. She at once took the wounded child into her possession, but the long scar, then caused, on the forehead of little Louise Picotte, is distinctly seen on the forehead of Mrs. Louisa De Grey-Van Solen, of the present date. In 1849, the Hardens moved to Iowa, and from there to Fort Kearny, where Nebraska City now is, and upon the removal of the troops from the fort, Mr. Harden, who was left in charge of the Government property, was thus alone and unprotected, as there were no settlements near at that time. One day, soon after their arrival at the fort, a man and woman of the Omahaw tribe appeared in their midst, and after looking about the premises for awhile, inquired for their little girl. Providentially, she had on that very day returned with their son to the farm in Iowa and the unwelcome visitors were so informed; but they did not readily credit the story, and hunted in every spot and place for the child.

This Omahaw woman had lost her whole family in a battle with the Sioux; and with her companion, she had traveled all the way from Omaha City, to Fort Kearny to take revenge upon the little girl whom they knew to be in the Harden family, but they failed. In 1850, when eleven years old, Louisa Picotte was sent to St. Mary's school in Kansas, where she remained seven years. In 1857 she left there, for Leavenworth, and the following year sees her mother, for the first time in sixteen years, now a young lady of nineteen. Her life was spared to be a blessing to her home, her friends, and particularly so, to her people.

MRS. GALPIN SAVING THE LIFE OF THE YOUNG OFFICER AT FORT RICE.

At an early hour one morning at Fort Rice, as Mrs. Galpin was out looking up and down the county, which was

her custom, she saw at some distance two or three Indians, whom she suspected were bent on mischief, and, while watching them closely, she saw a mounted officer coming in the direction of where she was standing, and the Indians on the chase. She immediately ran towards the officer, but before she got to him he fell from his horse, with three arrows in his body. As soon as she reached him, she knelt down by his side and lifted his head into her lap, and shielded him with her shawl from the Indians that were galloping up to the spot after their victim.

As they dismounted and came towards her, she commanded them to leave, in a manner such as she was capable of, and that has rarely been equaled, saying to them: "This man belongs to me now! You can not mutilate him nor touch him! Begone, everyone of you!" Meanwhile she would signal, by whirling her shawl, and loudly call for help, and not until the long roll sounded, calling out the cavalry, did the Indians leave her, so determined were they to get possession of the wounded man. One arrow had pierced his shoulder, one his thigh, and another had gone through into his back, and, in his agony, he had broken off two of the arrows before Mrs. Galpin got to him. An arrow can not be drawn out; it must be pushed through, but crazed with pain, he had unwittingly tried to pull them out, and had broken them off in his body. While waiting for help, Mrs. Galpin tried to hold up the officer and support him in a position to make the terrible suffering, if possible, a little less, but it only increased it. Then he got his knife to cut a slit in his clothing, to see if the arrow had come through, but it had not; but after what seemed a very long time, she saw a soldier running towards them, that proved to be the young officer's orderly. Said Mrs. Galpin: "As soon as he saw us, and recognized who it was, he hurried on, taking out his revolver as he ran. I told a wóman that was near me to run for her life back to her lodge, for he might shoot her."

The suffering man was now moved on a stretcher to the hospital of the post, where he lived seven days. Mrs. Galpin went often to see him, at his request. It seemed to be a pleasant thing for him to look upon her, who had saved him from a horrible death by the scalping-knife that the Indians held over him, clamoring for his blood—this noble Dakotah woman that held him safe, hiding him from the glaring eyes of his murderers. No ermine-lined purple was ever more regal than was the robe which she folded about the wounded man in his hour of pain and horror! But come into the hospital, seven days later, softly and listen: the young officer lying on the little cot is dying, and away from home and kindred. The fatal arrows have done their intended work, and his life is closing; yet before he takes a final leave of earthly scenes, he prays for mercy and blessings for his deliverer; beseeching the protection of Heaven for her who protected him; and then he asks to look once more upon her face —it was his last request; he never spoke again. Later, as she softly and timidly steps into the room, where Death had preceded her, the attendant uncovered his face, and the dying young man took the hand that shielded him, as reverently and as tenderly as he would have clasped the hand of his mother, and held it for a time. He was too weak to speak; only with his dying eyes, and the touch of his silent hand, could he voice the gratitude which swept across his pallid face.

They buried the officer at Fort Rice, with military honors, while emblems of mourning draped the quarters. Circling Bear, now at Fort Yates, fired the deadly arrows, and afterwards told Mrs. Galpin that had he known who she was, he would have killed her too. Uncover your heads as you come into the presence of this Dahkotah woman, and make room for her among the honored, of this honor-conferring nation! Let the name: "*The-Eagle-woman-That-All-Look-At*," be written high, where the generations to come may read and remember.

At Fort Rice, on another occasion, as Mrs. Galpin had retired for the night, her quick ear detected sounds outside, and upon looking out, she could discern some Santees lighting matches, and hear them whispering. She called to them: "What are you doing here?" "We are hungry!" they answered, and immediately fled, running and leaping off down the hillside towards the river. Later events proved that they were not, so easily, to be driven away. They returned the next night, but with no better success, for this time they were caught in Two-Bear's teepee, and transferred from it, to the Guard House by soldiers. However, they were soon to have been liberated, when the officer was shot; but his death had a tendency to change the penalty; and instead of being discharged, they were ordered to be, also, shot.

Le Framboise, the interpreter, was detailed to announce to them their doom, and went in accordingly, to tell them that they were to suffer the penalty of death. To him they replied: "We can't help it. We had no business to come here to steal." Afterwards it came to light that they not only intended to steal, but to burn the quarters; and upon the same day that the young officer was buried, the condemned Indians were taken out, securely tied together, and escorted down towards the Missouri river, where they were shot, and buried where they fell.

MRS. GALPIN IN THE HOSTILE CAMP OF SITTING BULL.

The treaty that called the Indians of Montana and Wyoming to give up all that section, and come in on the Reservation, was one of no little importance. There was an immense army of hostiles to be overpersuaded; some one must "Beard the lion in his den." Whom shall it be? This was a question that must be decided, and Father De Smet was to make the decision. He at once consulted Mrs. Galpin, as he foresaw that she would be the one to organize and lead the company; how perilous the journey he fully con-

sidered, but he also knew the power and unswerving fidelity of the *Dahkotah woman*, upon whom he was going to lay the burden, and into whose keeping he was going to intrust, not only their lives but the accomplishing of what was of so great importance and interest to the Government of the United States.

Consequently, he informed Mrs. Galpin of what was required, and asked her if she would go with him into Sitting Bull's camp and make an effort to get him and his followers to come in and sign the treaty. She better understood the danger involved than any one else, but she was a brave, true woman, and to flinch when duty called or when the cause of the white man needed her assistance, was a thing impossible for her. After careful consideration of the demand upon her, Mrs. Galpin quietly consented to make the attempt, and accordingly sent for the Indians around Fort Rice to come to see her and explained to them what she wanted them to do and where to go; and then told them that all that were willing to stand by her, to say so. She then selected seventy of her bravest men, and ten women. Among them were Two-Bear, His-Son, Shell-Earrings, Cotton-Wood, All-Black, Thunder-Hawk, Bear's-Rib, Running-Antelope, Iron-Horn and Bear's-Louse. Their train was made up in this manner: twenty persons were to start on foot, then there were to follow, two wagons with four horses for each wagon and two saddle horses. Mrs. Galpin said that she rode in a wagon in the morning and on horse-back in the afternoon.

Thus organized, they left Fort Rice and started across the country in a northwesterly direction for the hostile camp. It was a long, tedious journey of sixteen days, but unattended with any special trouble, other than was necessary for an expedition under such circumstances. After they had been out five days, they sent four, trusty young men on in advance, to inform Sitting Bull that they were

coming, and when Mrs. Galpin's party reached Beaver Creek, a stream flowing into the Little Missouri river, they were met by fifty Indians from his camp, whom he had sent out to meet her. One of them took occasion to tell Mrs. Galpin that it was the intention of Sitting Bull and his band *to kill them all* as soon as they got into his camp. "That was the only time my heart failed me," said she. "And I cried, as I looked at the two white men, my husband and Father De Smet, who sat eating." "I told them that they better come back with me." But the Father said: "No, it will be of no use to try and get back, for we are already with them." When the Indians learned that one of their number had revealed Sitting Bull's plans to Mrs. Galpin they were very indignant and told him he "ought to be pounded and beaten for telling her." But there seemed to be no alternatives, they must continue on their journey; and they did so, filled with anxious forebodings, hoping for the best, but painfully conscious of the probabilities.

As they neared the camp, and when within about two miles of it, the whole village came out to meet them; all were mounted, painted black, and armed for blood; on they came, thick as the grass, yelling and circling around the little band from Fort Rice. Everything now depended upon Mrs. Galpin; but this reception, together with the warning information, previously given her, left little room for hope. Immediately Father De Smet took out his vestments and banner. Says Mrs. Galpin: "As he was trying to fasten the banner to a pole, I could see his hands tremble, and his eyes were full of tears." It was indeed an experience and a position, such as few persons would like to realize, for all the treaties ever made. The Indians then saddled a horse for Mrs. Galpin, Major Galpin was already on his own horse, and Father De Smet on another. It now became apparent to them, that the hostiles had taken possession of them, as they immediately ordered Mrs. Galpin's people to fall back to

the rear, with the wagons, away from her. Then the valiant *Thunder Hawk*, the bravest of them all, demanded in tones of indignation: "What will I stay *back* for!" Then turning to Mrs. Galpin, as he proudly ignored their threats, he said: "Aunt, tell uncle to give me the best gun he has got we Indians know each other, and can't always depend upon each other." Mrs. Galpin handed the trusty gun to him, which he loaded, as he talked, with 16 cartridges. Again they were ordered to stay back; and Thunder Hawk, in particular, was told to *fall back with the others*, but undaunted, he scorned their terrible threatenings, and boldly refused. Said Mrs. Galpin: "He went right on, *close by my side!*"

They all now moved at a slow walk, as the cacti were very troublesome to the horses feet; Mr. Galpin carrying the banner, Father De Smet was in the centre, and Mrs. Galpin by his side, with the brave Thunder Hawk on the other side of her. What a study for an artist's canvas! As they were riding along in this order, they saw a man in the distance, coming as fast as his flying horse could bring him; circling round and round, he finally rode up to Mrs. Galpin and shook hands with her, saying: "He! he! he! Tanksi!" meaning there is trouble—"Oh, Sister!" Then another Indian rode up with a similar expression, but did not shake hands with her; the latter was Crawler, the Indian that expressed so much joy over the death of Gen. Custer. After going on in this manner awhile, they were suddenly ordered to stop, and not go any nearer; and the hostiles were all yelling and circling and singing their war-song, "and when I heard them sing, *I got brave too!*" said Mrs. Galpin, while a light spread over the passive face, and a brightness, which led me to wish that I could have seen her in those days, before time had softened the flame. Soon all the big chiefs rode up and shook hands with her, among them Red-Horn; Loud-Voice-Hawk; and an Ogallala Chief whose name was not known; also Sitting

Bull. Four Moons told Mrs. Galpin to get off her horse and come into the circle of Indians, as that would be a safer place, if they were going to kill the white men. "*But I did not do it!*" said the faithful woman. Major Galpin then handed the banner to Gall to hold for a few moments, but mistaking it for a gift, he claimed it as such, and retains it still.

Mrs. Galpin now fell back a short distance from the white men; sending them ahead as she wanted to closely watch the movements of a man whom she had seen with a revolver in his hand. "I told White-Horse to ride near my husband, while Thunder-Hawk was on the other side." "We were as close together as our horses could walk." "Pretty soon, I heard some one cry out, "*Ouspa! Ouspa!*" hold him! hold him! "and looking in the direction of the voice, I saw Gray Eagle's brother, with drawn bow, just ready to shoot." "They caught him, but just then some one called out, 'Let him alone and see what he will do!' at the time covering him with his gun." This defender of the white men was Bear's-Heart.

Just at this juncture, an Indian galloped up, and in the most insolent and haughty tones, exclaimed: "I am a Minneconjoo!" "And if these white men had come into my camp, I would kill them! every one!" One shudders at even the thought of the surroundings of that helpless band, as they rode on, hemmed in by these hostile warriors, thirsting for the precious, first drop of blood that might at any moment be shed. But at last, they reached Powder river, a stream flowing into the Yellowstone, where they found both banks thronged with Indians. The river was high and very wide; and on reaching it Four Moons' brother took Father De Smets' horse by the bridle to lead it over; when Mrs. Galpin called out to him: "I want to go over with the Holy man?" He replied, "When I get across, I am going to get an American horse for you to ride, that is

higher." He brought to her the horse, as promised, which she mounted and rode safely through, followed by her husband. After all had forded the river they rode toward the camp.

On the way they were met by a half-breed Ree; he was in full, reception dress: the finest of buck-skin, most elaborately beaded, and embroidered with porcupine quills, together with feathers, tassels, and all the showy belongings of the Indian costume, and personally, a very handsome young Indian. He had a fine pipe in his hand, which, as he approached, he first held out to Father De Smet, and then extended it to God, after their fashion, which was an implied prayer that it should be accepted as a sign, or agreement, that nothing should happen to harm them, while they were there together.

As they reached the Indian village a Chief came up and shook hands with Mrs. Galpin, saying: Sister! sister!" The hostiles then prepared a lodge for her, lining it comfortably with robes, and they told Father De Smet also to sit down in it. After all were seated, they brought to their guests a big wooden bowl full of dried meat, and another bowl containing water, of which they eat and drank. Towards evening Mrs. Galpin asked Four Horns to invite some of the different societies to stay near her lodge through the night. Just then, some one of the camp came and asked her to go to a feast; but she dare not go alone, so they sent a young man with her. This was only the beginning of attention to be paid her. She received invitations to be entertained throughout the camp, and made it a duty to accept them all.

But when the sun went down, and twilight deepened, and darkness slowly crept on and overshadowed the Indian village, her anxiety and fears increased. She realized that they were little less than prisoners in a hostile camp; and whatever of mercy was to be shown the white men that had

come with her, as well as her own people, would depend on how much power and influence she might be able to exercise in their behalf. And her heart went out in all its fullness to her husband and Father De Smet, as she planned and waited and watched. Finally the troubled woman said to Four Horns, "Father, how shall we ever dare sleep to-night?" and anticipating the danger, he had the men of their train make four fires outside and around each of the two different societies; while the young men sat up and kept them bright, watching over her and those she had in charge. While close together in her lodge sat other young men as thick as they could be crowded, first Father De Smet, then Mrs. Galpin, and next to her Major Galpin, Four Horns and as many as could be seated; thus surrounded by her faithful friends she passed that memorable night of terror. But daylight came at the appointed hour, and its soft beams rested as kindly upon the Indian village in the far-off Western valley, as upon the rural hamlet of the crowded East. Again the camp was in motion; the same wooden bowls were brought forward, containing the same kind of food for breakfast, as they had eaten for supper. After the morning meal had been taken, they prepared for holding a Council. Their first step was the taking of ten lodges and converting them into one large one, suitable for holding so great a number. Having completed this important Council-chamber, they next proceeded to carpet the inside with robes, and then escorted the visitors out to it, and seated them on the robes. All the Chiefs having taken their places, the Council then formally opened.

Although there were several Chiefs in the village over their respective bands, Sitting Bull was the War Chief, and when he had anything to say in Council, he talked through a second person, in imitation of the Government. Black Moon was the orator, and as Mr. Picotte said, "was the Head Chief." In that Council the Indians expressed not

only a willingness, but a desire "To be friendly with the whites, and wanted traders and the whites to go through their country; but did not want *troops to come out*, and fight them." At the close of the address, which Mrs. Galpin could only give in brief, Father De Smet arose and made his plea for the Government, and assured them that he would tell all their words to the Great Father, and carefully explain all their wishes to him. Meanwhile Mrs. Galpin tried in every way that she could devise, to get them to come in and settle upon the Reservation, but Sitting Bull would not yield in the slighest. Said he: "Some of my people will go, and that is just the same as if I went, but as for myself, *I will not go!* My great reason is, I hear that they want to arrest me and take me a prisoner."

Mrs. Galpin remained there five days. They were well treated, but constantly felt uneasy, knowing that at any moment something might happen, and all lose their lives with little warning. The Chiefs made a request of her that she would let some of their old people return with her, and she told them that they could, and forty lodges went back to Fort Rice with her. Father De Smet labored hard to get Sitting Bull to return with them, but with no avail, he still urged the same reason, that he feared being arrested; however, Gall came, and signed the treaty besides. At the close of that most memorable Council, the party and those that were to return with it, made ready for their departure, and the commencement of their long journey homeward to Fort Rice. They made the distance in safety, and soon after their arrival home, the Indians all went off on a grand hunt, while Mrs. Galpin and her husband took a more agreeable trip, than their last, visiting St. Louis. On their return, they went to the new Agency, established at Grand River, where in 1869 Major Galpin died.

In regard to the repeated refusal of Sitting Bull to come in, it was told by a responsible person who was in a position

to know the facts that: "To this day he would not have surrendered, had Sam'l Galpin, a son of Mrs. Galpin, lived so long;" and the informant fully believes it, and gave this reason. On a certain occasion this ambitious young man, who was known as a "dead-shot," was situated where he was taking good aim at the belligerent Taurus, when but for the timely interference of General H——, who knocked his rifle aside, the "War-Chief" would have been brought in, by an unconditional surrender; as it was, the disappointment and chagrin of the rash youth, knew no bounds, for a time. It was "a narrow dodge" and one never forgotten by the warrior of Little Big Horn fame. The favorable outcome of that visit, testifies to the prudence and wisdom of her actions while there, especially in maintaining peaceable relations during their stay.

But she held them, every one of that hostile camp, by an invisible chain, whose every link had been welded and tempered in the fires of her Indian woman's heart. A heart that was as faithful as it was brave; and the United States Government can never realize what a task was given Mrs. Galpin, when she left Fort Rice with her unpretentious train, in its behalf. The anxiety and burden that rested upon her, as she rode into the hostile camp, surrounded by such an escort of mounted, naked, painted creatures, every one of them yelling like so many fiends, in their wild excitement and joy, at the prospect of slaking their thirst for the blood of the enemy. All must be experienced before the half can be imagined.

Mrs. Galpin died at Cannon Ball, December 18, 1888, surrounded by her children, who carefully ministered to her every need and wish. But in consideration of all that she has done for her family, her people, and for the whites and their Government, herself a full-blooded Sioux, I regard her as one of the most illustrious women of her time.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?—THEIR RELIGION.

For more than a century the Indian question has been a subject for discussion, and upon which there has been a great diversity of opinion, and, at the same time, as many schemes for adjustment. However, it still confronts the United States Government, as well as the whole Western people, and was never more vital than at the present date. Race questions are extremely knotty, and, as a rule, yield very unsatisfactory results to those that seek to disentangle them. But not until the leopard can change his skin, not until the five great zones, whose broad belts embrace the earth, shall have been merged in one, will it be possible to bring the five races of men upon one broad, equal plain. Different soils and climates yield different products, such as are peculiar to their properties and temperature. The stately palm and graceful cottonwood, the oak and the evergreen, each has its own home, and there finds its life and growth.

Still, every human heart can be reached, and no normal brain is so irresponsive that it can not feel the quickening influence and power of persistent teaching, especially when combined with even indifferent attention and study. But as long as human beings live as distinct races, banded together, so long each will bear its own individual stamp or brand. Disintegration, together with education, and the fashioning

hand of time, can alone bring the promised day, when all men shall be free and equal. Upon certain features, all seem ready to agree, viz., that the Indians were in actual possession and occupying the lands; they were as numerous as the blades of grass and the willows by the river sides; these broad acres were, in truth, their property; upon them they built their lodges and villages, roaming at will and hunting for a subsistence. Such was their attitude and relative position. Everyone familiar with the Indian knows that thrift and enterprise have always been lacking among their characteristics, urgent demands, or necessity only, calling them into action.

While it may not be possible for a civilized people to ignore the latter-day cruelty of the Indian, nor to contemplate his character unprejudiced without great effort, at least, still, we must never loose sight of the lenitive fact that the Indian acts according to his unrestrained impulses, and undiciplined will; which is wholly natural. For example: When the civilized white man goes to battle with the uncivilized red man, he carries on the war-fare after the manner of the military schools wherein he has been trained and drilled; the Indian resists the attack after the manner of his fathers and the braves of his nation; anything different could not reasonably be expected from either the one, or the other. If victory is on the side of the Indians, they give no quarter, however importunate the cries for mercy and life, but they are simply acting up to their own ideas and customs of war. The prisoners taken by them are dealt with on their same principle, either released or put to death as they see fit. True, they may not erect a scaffold and upon it strangle them to death, before a gaping crowd which has assembled from the adjoining country to witness the exhibition, as well as to provide for its minute portrayal in the Daily Press, which later will tell the people that it was deftly performed, or if a bungling job at first, a second

attempt "broke their necks" in good style, the bodies quivered so many seconds, when they were cut down, etc., etc. But—they are only Indians and could not be expected to do just like white men. If by good generalship and a preponderance of numbers, they wipe out the enemy that has come upon them, and victory is on their side, even if it be in defence of their homes and children, then the cry goes over the land: "Another Indian Massacre!"

Yet, should victory perch on the other limb, loud prolonged huzzas ring out; promotions follow in rapid succession, while the War Department chronicles another brave battle in which the United States Troops were victorious! While a new Major-General vaults lightly upon another round, of "*well-earned fame.*" Just here, a word about the term "Massacre." Webster says:—"If a soldier kills a man in battle, in his own defence, it is a lawful act; it is killing, it is slaughter, but it is not a *Massacre.*" "Nymphidicus endeavored to save himself in a tent, but was pursued, and *massacred* on the spot." Accordingly, neither color, national nor military rank appear to be requisites of exemption, but simply to be a human being, acting in self-defence. Possibly then, there may have been instances, in which the word has been *misapplied.*

The term "*Savage,*" seems to have become only another name for the North American Indian, it having been used to designate the nation centuries ago, and very properly, when they lived in the woods and built their lodges around the forest lakes. The Latin words, *silva* (wood) and *silvicola* (an inhabitant of the wood or forest), are not necessarily synonymes for cruelty, and all that is horrible and fiendish, as now interpreted when applied to an Indian. They may with equal propriety be given to any person or persons that may chance to make a forest home, and there dwell in the free, rude manner, which naturally attends such an existence; and the children born and raised there, are not brutal, perforce,

nor heathen; although they may be savage and wild. No one can deny the fact that cruel, horrible deeds have been performed by the Indians, such as shock any person acquainted with them; then, on the other hand, there are also practices, and acts perpetrated in other nations that an Indian would shrink from. Still that does not excuse them, nor make less real their bloody tragedies. But there are quiet rooms, not a few in our land, devoted to "The cause of Science and Education," that have, at times, been given up to performances, whose spectacular would put to flight the bravest "savage" that ever scalped an enemy, with all his fondness for anatomy.

The educated Indian is an entirely different being from the uneducated one, and the subject or question, as to whether they can ever be taught to labor and study and adopt the life of civilized people, is still talked about with a good deal of unction, by persons that evidently know just about as much of the matter under discussion, as they do of the man in the moon, his requirements and capabilities. Notwithstanding all the useless speculation, and often discouraging criticism, the great work goes on; and its happy results may be seen in every Indian school, whether Mission or Government. And some of the doubting ones should spend a few days, for observation, at the Santee Agency, Nebraska, and there visit both the Government school and the Normal Training school; the latter under the superior management of its principal, the Rev. A. L. Riggs, and thus acquaint themselves with the noble work going on, by both white and native teachers, among the youth of both sexes. But this is only one of the many Agencies. A prolonged residence in Dakota has brought me into proximity to the Sioux, where I have seen all classes and grades, not only in their lodges scattered along the Missouri bottoms, and on the shady banks of the Cannon Ball, but at the Reservations throughout the length and breadth of the Territory.

I have seen them, both male and female, teaching in the various schools among their own people; and have been a most interested listener to the recitations of the pupils, to the singing in their own vernacular language in school, church, and their morning devotions.

At the Normal School, Nebraska, I heard the preaching of the gospel, on Sunday, by a native minister in the Dahkotah language; and also the congregational singing in the same tongue. While at the Government School, also at the Santee Agency, by the request of Major Charles Hill, superintendent, I taught a Sunday-class of young girls, as bright and intelligent, apparently, as any class of equal age among our own scholars. Major Hill, the agent for the Santee Sioux, is a gentleman especially well adapted to his position, which he fills most creditably. But withal, there are important changes yet to be made in the educational policy pursued by the Government before the best good can be reached, and a decidedly great step towards it, was taken when the children were gathered into the various Home-schools, and thus brought in direct contact with all that is refining and Christianizing. Where they are taught to labor and study, and to deport themselves after the manner of those that have them in charge, with their highest good at heart, still that is not enough; some day they must leave those delightful associations and return to their relatives, and in many instances that means to the squalor of the tee-pee, the only place that they can call home. The great need now, is homes for the boys and girls, to which they can return and mingle with their fathers and mothers, carrying to them the wholsome influence of the teachings they have shared.

Could not some of the money that is yearly expended by the Government for various purposes pertaining to the needs of the Indian, be judiciously used for the purification and upbuilding of *the homes of the parents?* Throughout the

different agencies and reserves, let them be divided into districts of a certain number of families; putting into the log-house of every family a small cook-stove, and otherwise furnish apartments, where civilized, decent housekeeping can gradually be brought about. Have no fears; the Indian mothers and daughters would soon have pretty homes; they are skillful and handy with the needle, fond of decorations, and proud of any recognition of those accomplishments, especially when it comes in words of praise. Over these districts establish an efficient, educated woman of the nation, whose businesss hall be to carefully look after the homes, instructing the women in the ways of plain, simple cooking, while cleanliness shall be rigidly exacted so far as possible. These teachers to be paid like any other Government employé.

Very true, it would be slow work for a time, while hinderances would unavoidably arise; the older Indians would naturally take little interest in it, quite the reverse, in many cases no doubt; but there would be found many who would take both pleasure and interest in the new way. A little leaven, would leaven the whole lump. While valuable aid and co-operation would come from the young men and women that have been educated in the various schools, and accustomed to nicely spread tables and clean beds.

Especially, let us urge that this remnant of Barbarism, the semi-monthly "*killing day*," be done away with. Instead of thus fostering a love for blood-shed, and teaching the young to look, unmoved, upon sights too revolting for the most hardened white person; let the beef that is furnished for the consumption of the Indians, be prepared out of sight and hearing, with the same care, as from the women and girls of our own people. What would we say to the assembling every two weeks, of our boys and girls, young men and young women at some slaughter pen, to watch the

killing and butchering, such as would make one faint to describe, much more to witness? The prenicious effects of such object lessons, year after year, *cannot be overestimated.* If the meat must be dried, furnish a proper place, and employ the men to do the labor, and from some place designated, let it be dispensed by those appointed for the purpose; with a two-fold, good result, by keeping the men employed, and teaching them to acquire habits of industry and business, under competent, native overseers. While the mothers and daughters should be taught and compelled, if need be, to decently prepare and cook their food; at the same time cultivate habits of tidiness, under the vigilant eye of the Directress. Such, or similar methods, instead of requiring a greater expenditure, would on the contrary, be a wise economy, and would be the beginning of the end sought, not only by the Government, but by all that have the best good of the race at heart, viz.: that of bringing the Indian back to a position of self-maintenance and responsibility, and teaching him to enjoy a respectable home, the only foundation upon which to erect the sightly structure, we call Civilization. At Hope School, Springfield, the boys and girls every Saturday morning, go about their regular chamber-work under the careful guidance of their teachers, the Misses Bailey and Knight, making up their nice clean beds with all the precision of so many "Maids;" changing the linen, and smoothing the spotless counterpanes, till not a wrinkle is left, sweeping and dusting; in short, neatly doing all that is necessary to be done, to render their rooms fresh and desirable for the coming Sabbath. The same is true of all the Home Schools; which is sufficient to say, without farther particularizing. But it is demonstrated in every Boarding School, in a most satisfactory manner that the Indian boy and girl can learn to be as neat, as polite, and as efficient as the white child; by conscientious effort on the part of those that have them in charge.

THEIR RELIGION.

The religion of the Indian, while it is not absolutely Pantheism, has many elements that incline to it, while the religion of the Dahkotahs is, on many points, Polytheistic, with much of what we call, Superstition, a term which, when defined and somewhat amplified, is thus given:— "Extreme and unnecessary scruples in the observance of religious rites not commanded." "The doing of things not required by God." Extreme scruples, and the observance of rites, are certainly the essence of their faith.

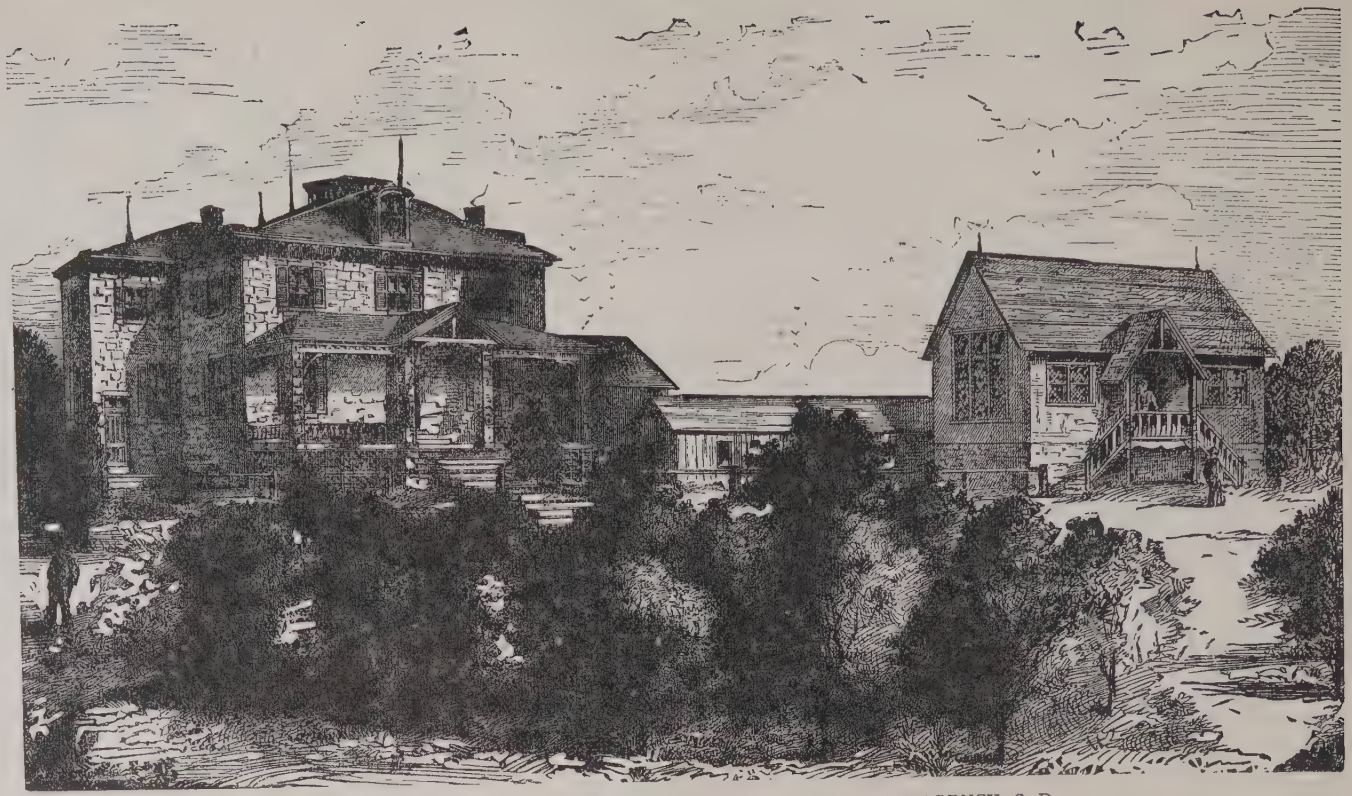
Indians as a nation, have been called "Sun-worshipers," but such is not the fact; although they make use of many things in their religious ceremonies, as types and emblems, it is the "*Ta-Koo-Wakan*" which appeals most directly to the devotional in their natures. The objects that figure in their rites, are made use of, merely because they believe them to possess some attributes accorded to the gods. With them it is the expression of supernal power in the sun, not the Jehovah, himself.

The Dahkotahs are not confined to any prescribed number of gods; but their gods vary in rank and importance, and are believed to multiply and propagate, not unlike animals. Furthermore, they believe in the necessity of atoning for crime, through penance; and will cut their fingers that atoning blood may be shed, a practice common to them before they ever saw the white man of later centuries. Fasting, paying vows and the shedding of blood are all prominent in their ritual. With this nation the Jupiter maximus, is called, "*Oanktayhee.*" They dislike to speak the name of this god; and call him "*Ta-koo-Wakan,*" or that which is supernatural. A superstition similar to one entertained by the Hebrews. This Cyclopian god manifests himself as an "Immense ox."

His worshipers believe that "mighty forces are concealed in his extremities," while invisible, miraculous influences emanate from him.

At the "Creation of the earth," *Oanktayhee* gathered in one vast assembly all the aquatic tribes, in solemn conclave, and ordered them to bring up mud from beneath the waters; and if any one refused to obey the command, the penalty of death was immediately executed. No doubt many a luckless diver paid for his disobedience with his life; among such unfortunates was found the Beaver. After many trials, at last the brave and persistent Muskrat appeared above the surface, apparently exhausted from his prolonged stay under the water, but bringing with him the coveted substance, as evidence of his faithful efforts. At length, like clay in the hands of the potter, it rests in the capacious palm of the great earth-builder, *Oanktayhee*, who proceeds to fashion and mold it into a vast circular plain; when lo, the mighty architect declares the earth made. But now comes the important feature of this creation, that of calling into being, creatures to people and inhabit the virgin plain, whose velvet bosom, as yet, waits to feel the pressure of living feet. It was done in this wise by the same hand that formed the plain: *Oanktayhee* took a god, *his own son*, and as a preliminary step ground him into powder; when from this powder there came forth immense quantities of worms, which were then collected in a place convenient for the work. He then scattered them broadcast, throughout the lovely plain--("Miserable worms of the dust")—where, more marvelous than any preceding effort, each little wiggler was seen gradually maturing into a human infant, or in other words, an Indian baby, and from which sprang the mighty nation!

Thus we are given an account of the creation of both the earth and its inhabitants as believed by the ancient Dahkotahs; and I hold that the traditions of any, and every people are worthy of record. Like the Greeks, "Their legends have molded their faith and influenced their conduct," down to the latest times. The Sioux as a nation, "have neither altar nor fame;" their temples are the hills, their altars are



ST. PAUL BOARDING SCHOOL FOR INDIAN BOYS, YANKTON AGENCY, S. D.

the rocks. It is to the Ta-koo, Wakan, the mysterious and supernatural, that they bow and pay tribute. But our language has no synonym for the term, that can give it in its fullness, and with the delicate shadings of meaning, peculiar to their language. All mysterious, secret power and divinity comes within its scope. The Indian recognizes this Presence in all the beautiful and wonderful in nature; it whispers to him in the moaning wind, and comes, especially, near when upon the mountain-top, where each massive rock and towering tree has for him a solemn message.

The storm clouds that lash the rocky summits, "Are the dust of His feet," while the sun by day and the moonlit, starry heavens, one and all, proclaim to the Indian, *Ta ku Wakan! Ta-ku Wakan!* and towards which his voice goes out in prayer for mercy. Into the Dahkotah worship are woven customs, rites and ceremonies peculiar to their religion; feasting has always constituted an important part, together with sacrifice, purification and paint; the latter always conspicuous, as "The use of it was taught them by the gods." Red, or scarlet, is the color consecrated to all religious and sacramental purposes; hence, we see them make frequent use of strips of red cloth, also swan's down from the female bird, colored red, both of which rank high as sacrificial adornments.

As elsewhere said, the Indian believes in atoning blood. The genuine Aboriginal worshiped and believed in God, but believed that he manifested His power in the Sun, which they only *practically* worship; it being more tangible to them The custom has given rise to the supposition that they are really "*Sun-worshippers.*" In the ceremony of the Sun-Dance we are afforded an opportunity for witnessing an example of self-immolation. Religion is a very personal matter with the Indian, ministers are not required; he offers his own sacrifice and receives his inspirations as he goes into the solitude of the hills and there ponders them in his heart

Such are the main elements of the religion and forms of worship of the Dakotah Indians of the past; notwithstanding, many of the present day may not seem to maintain them. Among the Indians some very peculiar ideas are entertained concerning the dead. For instance: They believe that when a soul leaves the body, it invariably takes its flight *southward*; and that after death, the person can return to the earth whenever he chooses, and should he see fit to so return, he can select his own dwelling-place.

But the Indian's ideal Heaven, and to which he looks forward, is to dwell again in the traditional "*Happy-Hunting-Grounds;*" where he confidently expects to live just as he has in this life—roaming and camping, a free-from-care existence, with all the much loved observances, so prized by the race. With him—

> "'Tis true; 'tis certain, man though dead retains
> Part of himself; The Immortal mind remains—
> The form subsists without the body's aid."

Thus centuries ago, did the Grecian Bard weave into song, the Indian's articles of faith.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE THREE WISE MEN MEET ON THE WESTERN PLAIN—THE SANTEE NORMAL SCHOOL—ALFRED L. RIGGS, PRINCIPAL.

When the Great Orderer of events has a special work to accomplish, He makes no mistake in the selection of instruments to be employed. But it has been the history of nations, in all ages, that in times of wars, reforms and revolutions, suddenly and unexpectedly there appears upon the troublous scenes, a man imbued with the proper spirit, annointed for that special ministration. And the people look on, and wonderingly exclaim, "Whence cometh this man that we have not known his power before?" Yet no mistake is made in the day for his appearing. When Time strikes the hour, God's heroes are in the saddle, and the world in loud acclaim sends up the cry, "Hail to the Chief!"

There was a stupendous work to be done out on the Western plains of North America—a proud, strong nation to be uplifted and *restored to civilization*. An unwritten language to be learned, and all its delicate shades of meaning gathered, harmonized and woven into an exquisite fabric, of written thoughts and truths; and before the darkened minds to be held, glowing and radiant with the light of "Him who spake as never man spake."

Samuel W. Pond, did not reckon upon building for eternity, when he made that "cabin home" by the Dakotah village on the banks of Lake Calhoun, towards which the beautiful city of Minneapolis now reaches out her shapely arms. While away in the State of Ohio, *Dr. Thomas S. Williamson*, after a practice of ten years, feels his heart going out to the

Sioux, of the West, and having completed a year at the Lane Theological Seminary, he reaches Fort Snelling, Minnesota, in 1834, and in the following year, brings his wife and child. Once there, he assisted in organizing the first church in Minnesota, and the first Presbyterian church of Minneapolis is its offspring. Its members were all white, in the Military and Indian Service. Dr. Williamson had previously been appointed by the American Board of Foreign Missions, to explore the Northwest for the purpose of locating an Indian Mission, and had decided to labor among the Dahkotahs. Consequently, he was ready to accept the invitation from Mr. Joseph Renville, the Bois Brulé trader of Lac-qui-parle, to go to that place for the establishing of his work, a point two hundred miles into the interior, and the same from any white family. But there, with Mr. A. S. Huggins and wife, they enter their new field.

In the same year in which Dr. Williamson left Ohio, *Stephen R. Riggs* was graduated from Jefferson College, and hearing of the work to be done among the Indians, he, too, was impelled in that direction. In one of the quiet hill towns of Western Massachusetts, a sweet young girl, Mary A. Longley, had unconsciously been fitting for a like service. Her character had been molded and fashioned by the hand of that rare and womanly woman, who has made every daughter of Massachusetts proud of her birthplace, while she delights to honor *Mary Lyon*! And on the 16th of February, 1837, in the little church at West Hawley, Mass., the two were made one, and in March they started for their new home. A bridal tour, not in a "state-room" *through* the Green mountains, but by stage, over the rugged hills, and through deep snows, on to New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and still on to the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, landing at Fort Snelling June 1, 1837. At Lake Harriet they remained three months, where they were joined by Dr. T. S. Williamson, who was to accompany them

back to his home at Lac-qui-parle, and the *three wise men* have met! Samuel W. Pond, Thomas S. Williamson, and Stephen R. Riggs, a noble trio, who, with their faithful wives and fellow-laborers, have made bright the darkened places. The joining hands of those three men, out on the Western prairie, was an event, the magnitude of which was known only to Him, who led them on their trackless way.

The first Christian church organized in Dahkotah land, for the natives especially, was at Lac-qui-parle in 1836, numbering at one time fifty members, and during the next twenty-five years, eight other churches were organized. But unfortunately, the tendency of the outbreak in 1862, was to disband and scatter, some going to the British Possessions, other some were imprisoned.

No sound so stirs the human heart, as the sound of a voice speaking in one's own vernacular language; a stranger, in a strange land, is thrilled by the first utterance of his mother tongue, and feels once more the common tie of brotherhood. Conscious of that fact those Missionaries saw at once that the truths they were to proclaim, the lessons they were to teach, would reach the Indians in no way so successfully, as through the medium of their own language. The story of the cross must be told in *Dahkotah*, to be most effectual; consequently, they set about the great work—to learn, reduce and systematize—until they should have a written language, to be read and studied by that nation. The first winter at Lac-qui-parle, was accordingly, spent in the work. Mr. Joseph Renville being the interpreter and teacher; while in his comfortable log-house in the Stockade, around a bright fire, the industrious class of learners would gather.

The exercises of Bible translations were conducted somewhat after this manner: Dr. Williamson spoke and read French, well, as did Mr. Gideon Pond—so the Dr. would read verse by verse from the French Bible, and Mr. Renville would repeat it in Dahkotah, as the others wrote it down.

When a few verses had been thus translated they were read to Mr. Renville for correction; and at the close of the winter the translators found themselves in possession of a fair copy of Mark's Gospel, in Dahkotah; besides several chapters from other sections. During the two succeeding winters the Gospel of John was brought out. These exercises were of great benefit to those students, not only enabling them to master the language, but to study and familiarize themselves with its structure and idioms, and to decide upon the most flexible and desirable terms for future use. Year by year, the busy workers kept on their way; and when thirty years had rolled by, a long time to anticipate, they had the entire New Testament printed in the Dahkotah language. And in seventeen years from the date of their reaching Lac-qui-parle, from 1837 to 1854, the grammar and dictionary were ready for publication.

Mr. S. W. Pond led off the work, by laying down the primary principles upon which the language should be written; and he was also the author of the first primer and the first translations of the Bible into Dahkotah. While the Rev. Stephen R. Riggs became the distinguished author of the grammar and dictionary. Each gladly exchanged with the other his collections from time to time, that the great end might be reached, that of giving character and a name, among the Letters of nations, to the Dahkotah language. And surely the names of those, by whom so much was achieved, should be written among the *Literati* of their land. Dr. Williamson lived to see ten native ordained Presbyterian ministers; eight hundred church members, besides a large number of Episcopalians. While in forty years the entire Bible was translated into Dahkotah, with hymn books and school books. Upon the worth of such lives who can place the estimate? But they have finished their work, and have once more met, on the plains of living green, and in the Fairest Land have again clasped hands.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE SINCE.

Of the branches of the Dakota missions may be found of Presbyterian, Rev. John P. Wiliamson, Rev. George W. Wood and ten native ministers. In the Congregational, Rev. Alfred L. Riggs, Rev. Charles L. Hall, Rev. John E. Smith and one native minister. The Dakota Mission was supported for forty years by the American Board, but since its withdrawal, in 1883, "The American Missionary Association" has supported all the Congregational work, and their ripening fields may be seen at the following agencies, viz.: Santee Agency, Cheyenne River Agency, Fort Berthold Agency, Standing Rock Agency, Rosebud Agency, besides churches organized at Santee, Oahe and Fort Berthold. In 1886, a fine showing—three churches, with two hundred and twenty-seven members, five ordained ministers, one of them native, the Rev. Artemus Ehnamani; fourteen schools, with forty-six teachers and five hundred and forty-six pupils.

Fort Berthold, N. D., is not among the Dahkotahs, but the Mandans, Arickarees and Gros Ventres. At this point there is a small boarding-school, for boys and girls, in successful operation. At Grand River, seventy-five miles south of Bismarck, although an out station, there is being done a good work among the hostile bands that once gathered around Sitting Bull. Oahe is the central station of all this field from the White River on the south to Standing Rock on the north, a distance of two hundred miles, over which the Rev. Thos. L. Riggs has charge, and is doing a grand work for the Indian youth. There has recently been established a girl's boarding-school, with twenty-five boarding and fifteen day pupils, while out stations, for eighty miles in the Cheyenne valley, and up the valleys of the Bad and White rivers, mark the places where the cross has been planted, all under the care of native helpers, with one exception, that of the work done by the Rev. Isaac Renville, missionary of the "Dakota Native Missionary Society."

In 1867, the reservation known as the Sisseton-Wahpeton was set apart for a remnant of the Dakotah people that then numbered about fifteen hundred persons. The Sisseton Agency is in Roberts County, eastern part, which is bounded on the east by the Big Stone Lake and Lake Traverse. After "The Scouts' Camp" moved up on the eastern side of the Coteaus, near Lake Traverse, in 1866, the people used to come every summer, twenty-five and thirty miles, to attend meetings held there by Drs. Williamson and Riggs, "bringing tents, ponies, dogs and babies."

In 1868, a summer camp-meeting was held at Dry Wood Lake, when sixty persons stood upon the open prairie, making three long rows, and were baptized. The Sisseton Reserve is being allotted in severalty. The greatest work as yet among the Teton division of the Sioux nation is that being done in the Cheyenne and White River valleys. The Oahe mission is on the southern border of the Rosebud Agency country. Ponca Agency Station, Dakota, near the mouth of the Niobrara River, attends to the portion of the Ponca tribe that remains in Dakota under the famous chief, Standing Bear and his friends. Sixty miles west of Fort Buford, at Poplar Creek, Montana, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, the Dakota Mission also has a station. Located one hundred miles from the railroad, it is by no means an inviting place to make a home, with the privations and trials incident to a life of such seclusion; and the two young women, the Misses Dickson and McCreight, who have had charge there for so long, deserve great praise for their fidelity and courage.

Wolf Point is a branch of Fort Peck Agency, and is situated about twenty-three miles above Poplar river, on the north bank of the Missouri. The number of Indians varies, but there are usually about eleven hundred, all of the Assiniboine tribe—enemies of the Dahkotahs from whom they seceded—as told in another chapter; still their language bears some traces of the mother-tongue.

The Dahkotah word for church is, "*Okodakecheya*," and by which their idea of "Special friend" is expressed. Pastor is given in "*Wechesta Wakan*," a consecrated, or "mysterious man:" Rude figures and pictures, were all the means they had ever had for learning history, and when signs were made with chalk on a board, which spelled out words that they were familiar with, both in hearing and speaking, they naturally called it "*Wopape*" and the Bible, words of God, was to them, "Sacred writing." At the time of the outbreak in 1862, John P. Williamson was still in Ohio; but on his return to the land, where there was so much of terror and bloodshed, he saw with the eye of faith, that a great work was to be done, and good to be accomplished; hence, with that consciousness, he at once set about looking for the field, of his life-work. He was his father's son, and must be about the Master's business; and strong inclinations led him to cast his lot with the people then under the ban of guilt, suspicion and contempt. Many had already died from the effects of imprisonment, insufficient food, and the perturbed state of mind which would naturally follow, in their close confinement; and 1,300 of such miserable beings, crowded like cattle upon the decks of one boat, with scarcely any opportunity for cooking the rusty pork, with which they were supposed to garnish the mouldy hardtack, was a most pitiable and repulsive sight.

Yet with those wretched men, Mr. Williamson bravely made the perilous journey down the Mississippi, and up the Missouri to Crow Creek; landing June 1, 1863. But before the hot summer had ended, 300 of the number had succumbed to fatal disease. Unswerving in his fidelity to them, by his patient, consistent life he became the one, of all others, whom they trusted; and in their petitions for mercy never forgot his name, but implored "blessings for the one who is called, John." After a long missionary labor among them, Mr. Williamson had a desire to go

among the Yanktons, and accordingly severed his connection with the Santees on the 19th of March, 1869, with his family crossed the Missouri on the ice, from the Santee Agency; starting out with his household goods, not forgetting to include the cow. Their first summer was spent in a small log-house on the banks of the Missouri; but later on, they had a more pretentious building, used both for school, and church, as well as for a home for the family. In 1877, a Mission Chapel was finished and used for a school until 1885, when a school-room was built in connection with the Printing Office of the "*Iapi Oaye.*" In the month of May, 1871, the first number of that paper, *The Word Carrier*, was printed—a little sheet of four pages, eight by ten inches —in the Dakota language. Its motto was "*Taku waste okiya, Taku sica Kipajin.*" (To help what is good, to oppose what is bad.) This publication has steadily increased in importance and doubled in size. In 1873, the Rev. Stephen R. Riggs was taken in, as associate editor.

The Rev. Williamson has continued at the Yankton Agency, for a period of twenty-one years; in a labor of much love and many trials; but with a service as faithful, as it has been important; and where, in his comfortable home, with wife and children, the writer found him—a quiet, earnest man, but one anointed for a life of consecration in the behalf of that people, by whom he has been surrounded for many, many years.

The "Native Missionary Society" was organized in 1876, with Rev. J. P. Williamson as Secretary, and the money raised, native missions supported, together with the good accomplished, is a surprise to those, even, that expected great things, and is, indeed, worthy of its originators, and the year of its birth.

THE NORMAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

This institution, for the Indian youth, is at Santee Agency, Nebraska; located opposite to Springfield, South Dakota.

It stands back two miles from the Missouri River; a little village in itself, of handsome buildings and halls. Among them, "Dakota Home;" "The Bird's Nest;" Perkins' Hall;" "Boys' Cottage" and "Dining Hall;" together with various shops for the Industrial Department; and everything pertaining to a work of such magnitude, all under the immediate supervision and guidance of the Principal, the *Rev. Alfred L. Riggs.*

Until one has seen this grand educator at his daily work, with hand upon the helm, and eye upon the Distant Land, the manifold duties and cares, to which he alone must give attention, the labor of mind and heart performed by him, can not be conceived of. The prime object of this school is the preparing of native teachers, after the Normal system, and the fitting of the youth of the Sioux nation for future work, as ministers, mechanics, teachers, interpreters and business men. In short, to live the life of civilized christian men and women. A work that must in the future be largely wrought out, through the efforts of educated native instructors; for they must be reached, if at all, through their vernacular language. The pupils, however, begin the study of English as soon as they enter the school; and conversing in Dakotah is prohibited, save at stated times. Devotional exercises are conducted both in Dahkotah and English, and the most effective system and discipline characterize the routine at the school and "Homes." The usual number of teachers is six English, and three native.

In 1870, twenty years ago, the Rev. Alfred Riggs began this noble work; the school having been established through the American Missionary Association. He opened the school with 100 pupils, and five teachers, including himself and Mrs. Riggs. They occupied the three log buildings that served for school, chapel and homes, in those days of small things, and which Mr. Riggs has seen grow, under his cultivating hand, to marvelous proportions.

No person so fitted for the work, in every particular, as he. Thoroughly acquainted with the life, language and habits of the Dakotahs; and with whom he has been associated from the day of his birth; he also brings to the mission a character eminent for pity and exalted aims. Mr. Riggs calls to his aid the most competent teachers; and to be retained by him, is sufficient evidence of great merit on their part; while he surrounds his pupils with everything that refined taste and good judgment can suggest, and nothing is omitted that can add to the comfort and best good of the whole. Himself an accomplished scholar and cultivated man, all those associated with him share in the happy influence of such.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DEVIL'S LAKE—FORT TOTTEN—MR. GEORGE FARIBAULT—BRAVE BEAR.

In the spring of 1871, Mr. Geo. Faribault left St. Paul for Fort Totten, going in the capacity of "Superintendent of farm work among the Indians." At that time there was nothing in the way of settlements, save here and there a mail station. Fort Totten being a Fur Company Post, with Major Yard in command. It appears that long before his death, Major Forbes had used every means in his power to have the Indians give up their dances, but he was not successful, it being a reform by no means easy to establish.

However, after the appointment of Mr. James McLaughlin, the effort was vigorously renewed by him; aided most substantially by Mr. Faribault, notwithstanding that the influential Indians invited and urged all to join them in perpetuating their ancient customs; while at the same time they put forth the strongest opposition to the school of "The Gray Nuns."

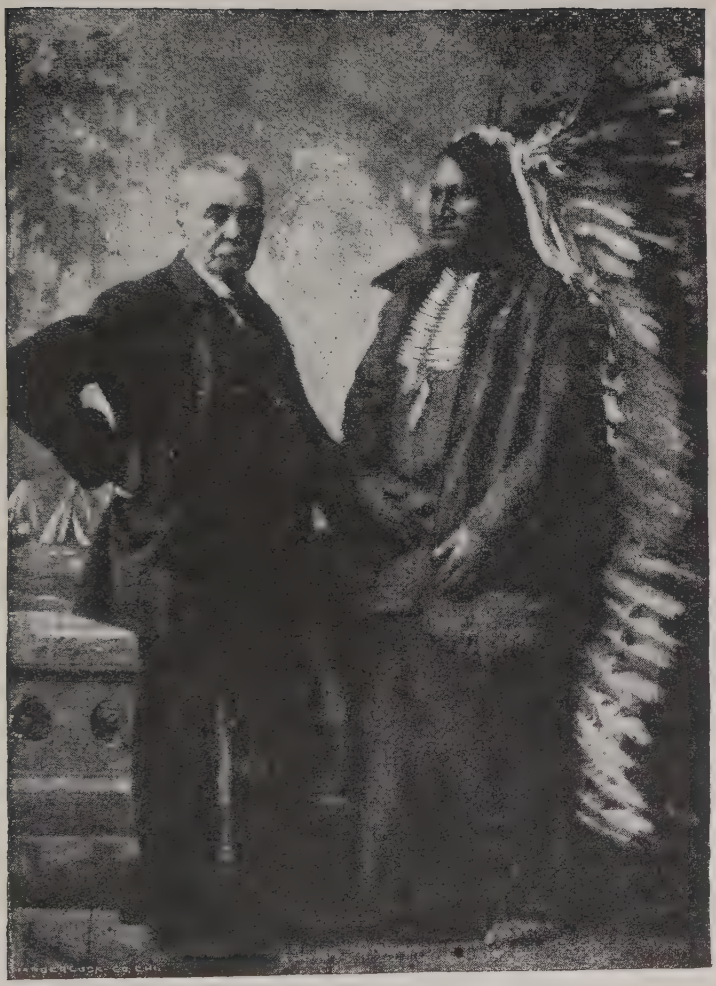
On a certain occasion, the Indians were about to celebrate the Medicine Dance, to be given by *Minne-ata-ho-wasté* or Beautiful-voice-at-the-water; and everything was in readiness for the ceremony; but Major McLaughlin and Mr. Faribault, together decided that it should not be held; and succeeded in breaking it up. Minne-ata-ho-wasté was both offended and disappointed at not being able to go on with the dance; so much so that he went away into Turtle Mountain to pay his vow, and there solace himself for the interruption; and it was a long time before he was seen again. But finally, thinking better of it he came back, and on the same night

of his return, he held a Council. Mr. Faribault had also been away for a short time, and on returning, found two Indians at his house, armed with Winchester rifles, who had come to protect him and his family; apparently knowing that this Council foreboded evil, they had determined to defend them. But on learning the true state of affairs, Mr. Faribault assured his friends that he did not fear any trouble; but thought it would all soon blow over, and the excitement pass away, which it did, and the result proved a most happy one. Dances from that time being unknown, save as things of the past.

The stand taken by Major McLaughlin also proved a future benefit to the school, as well as an assistance to the faithful workers and teachers connected with it, and to day we find the Indians engaged in farming, a peaceable and contented community, with their children in school, learning not alone from books, but from contact and association with their white friends, and gradually becoming civilized and Christianized, the grand result of hearty co-operation of those in power.

It was at Devil's Lake Agency that the notorious "*Brave Bear*" figured prominently. One day, as Mr. Faribault was on his way from Wood Lake to Fort Totten, he saw four Indians lying in the grass by the side of the road, whom he did not recognize, but he spoke to them, saying: "You are strangers, evidently." "Yes," one replied, "we are from Standing Rock, and have come out here to visit our friends; while here could you let us have some provision?" "Yes," said Mr. Faribault, "we are in the habit of feeding strangers, and of giving them a little to take home." So, the next day, they went to him, and he furnished them food, and renewed his promise to give them something for their homeward trip.

In the course of four or five days they appeared again before Mr. Faribault, saying they were ready to start, if he



GEO. FARIBAULT, THE FRIEND OF THE INDIAN.

CHIEF JUSTICE, JOHN GRASS.

D. F. Barry.

could give them some provision, and he accordingly fitted them out. But instead of starting for Standing Rock, as they represented to him, they went off in an entirely different direction, going up to St. Joseph, near Pembina, and while there they murdered a half-breed family. In about a year and a half the same party came to Devil's Lake agency, and to their numbers they had had added "*Isnakiyapi*" (The-only-one). They soon made it very disagreeable for the Indians of the agency, and numerous complaints were made of so serious a nature, that it was finally decided that they could not be tolerated. Accordingly, Major McLaughlin had orders to arrest them; and to do this, the cavalry were to charge upon their camp unawares. But on learning of this plan, Mr. Faribault remonstrated; his knowledge of the Indian character made him quick to see the flaw in the proposed manœuvre. He believed it far better to call a council, as their camp was so near the water that they would be very likely to take to it and make their escape. On the other hand, the council would not be in so convenient a position for precipitate flight. Consequently, the latter plan was adopted, and a council called; but it took a long time to get the cautious *Isnakiyapi* to go inside. Meanwhile, the troops were stationed near, and ready to make the arrest when the signal should be given.

When they were all finally assembled in Council, the Indians seated on each side, with Major McLaughlin at one end of the room, and Mr. Faribault at the other, suddenly the door was thrown open and in marched Lieut. Slocum with his company, when wheeling back to back, they presented arms to the Indians. Immediately, Major McLaughlin told Mr. Faribault to point out the men that were to be arrested, viz: "*Brave Bear* and *Isnakiyapi*," and they were instantly seized. On going out, and when within about three steps of the ground, *Isnakiyapi* let his blanket drop, made a tremendous spring and leap, and cleared himself; running

around Mr. Faribault's house, the soldiers pursuing him and firing. Finally a ball struck him in the ankle, when he turned and faced the Sergeant with his drawn knife, like a tiger at bay; but the Sergeant instantly fired and the Indian dropped to the ground, shot through the heart. Such was the hasty surrender of "The-Only-One."

But Brave Bear was taken to the guard-house and from there removed to Fargo, thence to Pembina, where he was lodged in jail. Remaining there awhile, he made his escape and took his way back to Fort Totten. It was soon reported that he was again at the Agency, but before he could be re-arrested he eluded the officer and went on down to Standing Rock, and from there he proceeded to Red Cloud Agency. When near Fort Sully he killed a discharged soldier by the name of Johnson, taking his rifle, clothing, and about one thousand dollars in money.

So much wealth had the tendency to make Brave Bear still braver, and gave him sufficient courage to take his plunder and again return to Devil's Lake Agency, for which place he seemed to have an insatiable longing; and where he had an uncle to whom he gave forty dollars on his arrival, to buy provisions. But the Fates were against him. While there with his uncle he was recognized by the wife of a policeman who reported the fact to her husband. The latter at once procured re-inforcements and proceeded to arrest Brave Bear, but unfortunately, while on the way the policeman met the uncle who had started out to get the provision, and, very foolishly, told him his errand. The hospitable uncle, naturally, notified his relative that he might make haste to get out of the way.

Brave Bear was cunning enough this time, for all concerned, and fixed up a story that served his purpose right well. He offered this, as an excuse for again appearing, that 3,000 hostile Indians were on their way to kill every body at the Agency, and he had come on to inform his uncle, and help

him to get away before their arrival. Such an alarming disclosure as that to the whites, would be very likely to have the desired effect, while it showed no little skill and cunning on the part of this murderer and vicious outlaw. The troops were at once ordered to get in readiness to resist the attack and save the fort if possible. All the Indians came in from the Agency, and offered their services to help defend the whites, and guards were stationed at every hand, waiting for the approach of the enemy. And while all this hurry and bustle was going in preparation for defense, and everybody was keeping as close as possible, where was the crafty Brave Bear? He was improving the opportunity offered, and was busily engaged in making his way through Woody Mountain, into the British Possessions; having reached which, he joined Sitting-Bull's band, and after a time married one of his daughters. With plenty of clothing, and his stolen thousand, when would there ever be a more fitting time for him to indulge in the luxury of a wife, and especially, of such distinguished parentage?

But still longing for Fort Totten, he tried to get a half-dozen Indians there to join him, and start back on the war-path, for the purpose of killing Major McLaughlin and Mr. Faribault, as they had been the cause of his arrest. His plan of operation was, on reaching the Agency, to call in the night at the house Mr. Faribault, who of course would be the person to open the door, when directly upon his appearance he would shoot him. From there he would go to Major McLaughlin's, rap at the door and greet him in the same manner. Brave Bear failed to raise the followers which he needed, and without a force to support him, his scheme for slaughter and revenge was again a failure. Consequently, when Sitting Bull and his band were brought to Standing Rock, Brave Bear was among the number, and remained there with the hostile band of that noted warrior. He was a shrewd conspirator, and brutal murderer! In

1881 Major McLaughlin was transferred from Devil's Lake to Standing Rock, to take the position of Agent. When upon hearing that the Major was coming, Brave Bear thought he would again be arrested, therefore he atttempted another of his escapades. This time he tried to swim the Missouri river; but was captured by some white men, held and delivered into the custody of the United States Marshal. He was then taken to Bismarck, arriving the same night on which Major McLaughlin did, *en route* for Standing Rock Agency, and thence to Yankton; at which place he remained until he was hanged, and thus paid the penalty, with his own life, for the brutal, unprovoked murders which he had commited.

Mr. Faribault closed his most interesting recital with the following summing up: "In conclusion, Madame, and in view of all the circumstances and conditions, I have this much to say *for* the Indians, after a life of 57 years with them, and I know what I am saying. A man can travel through the Indian country loaded with money and not be robbed; they are not thieves as a rule." "And I will give you an instance, to illustrate what I have said: An Indian was sent as a guide for some men that were going some distance with furs; and when out several miles, he shot the men to get possession of their rifles; but only one of them fatally, as it proved. The other got back to camp and reported the treachery of their guide; and inside of three weeks the men of his *own band* captured him and turned him over to the whites." "The latter loaded 12 rifles leaving a blank in one, and then told the Indian to run for his life; he started, and every man fired, killing him instantly, I have had and carried a great deal of money while among them; and when I did not dare to cross the country myself, I would wrap the money up in an old gunny-sack, sometimes $20,000, and give it to some Indian of my acquaintance, who would take it in charge, and go right across the country to Faribault, and deliver it safely to my father."

BRAVE BEAR, THE PLOTTER.

INDIAN BURIAL PLACE.

"The truth is, when an Indian does a bad deed the blame is cast upon the whole tribe; and every Indian, male and female, is made to share in the disgrace that we heap upon the guilty. On the contrary, when a white person commits a crime, he alone pays the penalty; his friends and family are considered just as good, and in no way are they classed as criminals." "No," I say, "they are not thieves or robbers. I have played with them in my boyhood, and trusted them in manhood; and I have always found them *more honorable* than my white friends, that in their mannerly, nice ways would beat me if they could! Yes, Madame, I have tried both the whites and the Indians, and I have found more dishonor and deception in the white man than in the Indian. I have spent my life among them, so far, and I am going to die with them!" Thus terminated a most agreeable and interesting interview with one of the tried and true of Dakota's early days. As a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Faribault, I could see how completely given for the best good of "the nation" are the lives of this worthy couple.

Mrs. Faribault's maiden name was St. Antoine. Her family came to Minnesota when St. Paul had only a few log houses, and one store; their home being near Fort Snelling. Her father raised the first wheat ever grown by the Red River of the North. At this time, Mr. Faribault's father was Indian trader at Fort Snelling; and Mr. Antoine's was the first white family to go in there, in addition to his.

"From that time," says Mrs. Faribault, "mother's whole soul was in the work among the Indians; and she was the first woman to tell them of the true God."—and bringing her hand down in strong emphasis she said, "*Why I grew right up among them!*" "On one Christmas, I shall never forget, my mother had cooked and cooked all day, and towards night she took some cotton cloth, and fastened it up to make a kind of altar; using pines and evergreens and candles;" "and to make the yard bright and cheerful, she put

out dishes with lard in them to burn," and when her simple decorations were completed, she got the Indians to come in and then explained it all to them; telling them of the Child Jesus, and his birth-day. After a time her father returned to Mandota, taking his family; and when sixteen years of age she was married to Mr. Faribault, and went back with him to Fort Snelling.

After the Custer-Reno battles, "there were eleven widows at Fort Totten, whose husbands had participated in the different engagements." Mr. and Mrs. Faribault were then stationed there; and says the latter, "I was talking with the Priest one day, and some one came up to me saying· 'There are some soldiers at the door that want to see you.' I turned and went out, and there stood a Sergeant and three soldiers. Extending his hand to me the Sergeant said: 'Mrs. Faribault, allow me to come in the name of our company, to thank you for all your kindness to us, poor soldiers; remember us in your prayers. 'We'll never forget what you have done, and all you have been to us.'"

Those men were to join Gen. Custer's expedition. They did so, and every one was killed. Among others from Fort Totten, was the lamented Dr. De Wolf, with whose bereaved widow Mrs. Faribault passed three days, on receipt of the terrible news; and from the day she returned, a bride of sixteen, to Fort Snelling, down to the present, her life has been one of untiring devotion and care, in conjunction with her husband for the Indians.

A life-long labor of love, striving to elevate and Christianize that nation; often under most discouraging and difficult circumstances; and still, though the shadows lengthen, they are at the Master's work, hand-in-hand dispensing blessings, among the Indians at Standing Rock Agency, where they have been for many years.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FROM NORTH TO SOUTH—FROM EAST TO WEST—FROM LAKE SUPERIOR TO PUGET SOUND—THE GREAT BRIDGE AT BISMARCK.

What the heart and circulatory channels are to the human body, in their function of carrying life through the system and feeding the vital forces, so are the Rail Road Corporations and their lines, to the growth of the country through which they pass, disseminating life and business activity for its development and strength. Meanwhile the alarm-bell rings out "Monopoly," and the "Inter-State" applies its "Air;" but the world takes the chances and boards the train.

Minnesota, for example reached her high estate largely through the magnificent railroad systems; embracing, as they do, almost 15,000 miles with their Eastern lines. Of those, approximately, 4,500 miles have been built in Dakota, 1,900 in Montana, 1,500 in Oregon, 400 in Washington; and by this stupendous work the opening up to settlement, and acquaintance with the Northwest and its resources, have been rendered, not only a possibility, but a demonstrated surety. By an act of Congress, 25 years ago, Montana was made a Territory; and to-day she stands upon her mountain summit, the richest of all the States in her gold and silver and copper. To her three Transcontinental Rail Roads, viz: Northern Pacific, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba; and Union Pacific; two of which are finished to the Pacific coast, together with her local lines, the princely new State owes her unprecedented progress. At Helena alone, there are 22

arrivals and departures of trains daily, now a city of 20,000 inhabitants, with an assessable valuation of $9,000,000. A journey from St. Paul, over the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Rail Road, is a ride over one of the best road-beds in the United States; every mile of which is as free from jarring as a parlor rocker; and great credit is due *James J. Hill, its president*, who has made it not only possible, but a luxury, to travel across this wonderful country; while at the same time affording transportation to both settlers and produce, and opportunities to live on its superb line, which bisects the Red River valley, pausing only at the mountain's base.

Every obstacle flees, as if by magic, before the whistle of the locomotive; and with its echoes come the song of the reapers and the tones of the church bell, so full of heart melody for those that fancy they have *left almost everything* to come West. Yes, honor to those that have brought this great domain within easy distance of every son and daughter of the Union. Continuing to Butte, Montana, over the Montana Central line, one finds it to be a most interesting trip. The iron horse pants and puffs on its devious way, over the Rocky Mountain heights, and anon, through their adamantine bowels; where over all, butting cliffs, each in itself a mountain, menace everything that comes within the shadow of those ancient bulwarks, upon whose rock-ribbed pages Time tells in variegated lines, of ages gone, when the Earth travailed and brought forth her mountains of gold and silver.

Between Great Falls and Butte the railroad passes through ten tunnels; one of which, between Helena and Butte, is six hundred feet underground, and one and three-sixteenth miles in length, the passage through it occupying five minutes; and at Woodville, at the Continental Divide, the traveler finds himself 6,350 feet above sea level.

The first railroad track in the Territory of Dakota was laid January 1st, 1872, at *Fargo*, and the latter has since

become a city of 8,000 inhabitants, with all the appointments of an enterprising "Western town." South Dakota, considering her years, stands unrivaled in her railway systems; with a mileage of 2,400, complete. The principal of which are the Chicago & North-Western; Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul; Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern; St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba; Minneapolis & St. Louis; Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha; Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley; and Illinois Central. While two lines are waiting to cross the Great Sioux Reserve to the Black Hills, and then away to the Pacific Coast, in good time. This new State has seven North and South lines, nearly its entire length being traversed by two of them; and along which are built some of the largest and most prosperous cities of Dakota; among them Mitchell, Huron, Yankton, Pierre, Watertown, Aberdeen, Brookings, Redfield, etc., all fed by the rich acres that surround them. In the year 1887, seven hundred miles of railroad were constructed in Dakota, it being a period of special activity in that direction. The area of land sold by the Northern Pacific Company from its grant, and by private owners, was equal to about 25 per cent. of the lands entered during that year. Within the boundary of the two Dakotas there are, in 1890, about 5,000 miles of railroad in operation, valued at $10,000 per mile; and over this large area, the traveler journeys in palace luxury through populous cities and fertile fields of the sister States. In North Dakota the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba operates 1,191 miles; the Northern Pacific 857 miles. In South Dakota the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul has 1,215 miles; the Chicago & North-Western 758 miles. For the total cost of the several railroads in Dakota, the amount paid by her, was $10,000,000; the tonnage of the business on these roads, now amounting yearly to nearly 3,000,000 tons, exclusive of river transportation.

FROM LAKE SUPERIOR TO PUGET SOUND.

In 1837, over half a century ago, Dr. Hartwell Carver advocated the northern line. Again in 1847, the scheme was championed by the rich New Yorker, Asa Whitney, who was mobbed as a result of his interest in the enterprise, his offense being that he was aiding in the swindling of the Government. Mr. Whitney will long be remembered, by his proposition to furnish cars 200 feet long, with arches over the rivers, after the fashion of the Romans. But in 1853, E. F. Johnson, civil engineer, did the first practical work, the first definite movement towards a beginning. Josiah Perham, of Maine, a resident of Boston, afterwards the first president of the "Northern Pacific," obtained a charter from the State of Maine for the "People's Pacific Railroad Company."

Failing to secure its adoption by Congress, he was then induced by Thaddeus Stevens, who had been in command of the Government Surveying expedition, to abandon that charter, and turn his efforts towards getting up a Congressional bill for the proposed Northern road, which had been so long and industriously advocated by the celebrated engineer, Edward F. Johnson, and under the "Great Commoner" it passed with little opposition. That Thaddeus Stevens, the old Roman, was "The real father of the Northern Pacific Charter," has been well said. It was signed by President Abraham Lincoln, on the 2d day of July, 1864. Verily, the Northern Pacific Road should be proud of its lineage. The first permanent officers of the company, were elected at a meeting held at Melodeon Hall, Boston, Mass., September 1, 1864. Josiah Perham, president; William Sear, vice-president; Abiel Abbott, secretary; J. S. Withington, treasurer.

Failing to raise the money for constructing the road, by subscription, President Perham turned the charter over to New England capitalists, railroad men, that designed to

NORTHERN PACIFIC BRIDGE, MISSOURI RIVER, BISMARCK.

make the road tributary to Boston, with J. Gregory Smith, president. The office of president was filled in succeeding years by Gen. George W. Cass, Charles B. Wright and Frederick Billings. The latter assuming control on the resignation of Mr. Wright in 1879.

The year 1881, was a period of special importance in the history of the great N. P. R. R. In May, Henry Villard purchased a controlling interest in the stock and was elected president, with Thomas F. Oakes, a native of Boston, vice-president; and with plenty of capital, and close personal attention, they infused much of their own energy and life into the work of pushing it to the utmost, consistent with thoroughness.

In December, the 17th, 1881, a dispatch was sent by a Duluth correspondent, saying: "Vice-president Oakes and party arrived in Superior about noon to-day, on the first train that ever entered the city of many disappointments; the train consisted of express, baggage and passenger cars." It was discovered later on, that Dakota would have a permanent coal supply, in the lignite obtained from the Bly mine, meanwhile the country was welcoming an intelligent an enterprising class of people that followed "the line." Stock-raising, mining and agriculture with attendant improvements, coming into notice, now that the coal fields of Montana and Dakota have satisfactorily solved the problem of an unlimited supply of fuel. To Mr. Oakes, as executive manager of the Corporation, the Northwest is largely indebted for the thorough manner, as well as rapidity with which the last 800 miles of the road were made and completed, while he is reckoned as the first executive officer to make the entire overland trip of the line. On the 23d of September, 1883, in the valley of Hellgate River, near Gold Creek, the last rail of the Northern Pacific Road was laid, and took place in the presence of the distinguished Villard party. In October of the same year, Mr. Villard and Mr.

Oakes were re-elected, General Haupt resigning the following November, and Mr. Oakes took upon himself the arduous duties of both vice-president and general manager, giving the entire road a most careful, personal scrutiny and inspection. On December 31, 1883, Mr. Villard tendered his resignation, having in September, at Gold Creek, driven the last spike, which act virtually completed the Northern Pacific Railroad. Robert Harris succeeded Mr. Villard, and was elected in January, 1884.

To-day, this great line reaches out from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, from East to West, over a vast area of the richest country that the sun shines upon. Vaulting the Rocky Mountain heights, crossing the longest river in the world by its magnificent bridge at Bismarck; and speeding away over hill and plain, through mountains of silver and gold, and miles of wheat and coal! all of which came forth from the great treasure house of the Northwest, as the shrieking engine hurried on to the Pacific, where the soft winds blow.

Thomas F. Oakes and Henry Villard brought to the management of the Northern Pacific Rail Road, sound judgement and untiring zeal; and by them the work has been largely perfected. With rare executive ability, and judicious caution, they have moved steadily on to a most gratifying victory, and that too over many obstacles.

THE GREAT BRIDGE AT BISMARCK.

The bridge that spans the Missouri River, two miles west of Bismarck, is a point of interest; and especially to the tourist. Up to the time of its completion, transportation across the river had been carried on by large transfer steamers, constructed especially for the purpose. In deciding what kind of a bridge should be built to cross the Missouri, there were many important considerations to be carefully, recognized. There were the high bluffs on the east side; an

unstable channel, which has no particular abiding place; and in connection with both, to be taken into account, was the fact of the weight of ice that would be piled against it with all its tremendous force. Hence, it seemed most feasible and practicable to adopt the "high bridge."

The bridge proper consists of three through spans, measuring 400 feet each, between centres of end pins, and two approach spans, 113 feet each. The bottom chord of the three main spans being placed 50 feet above the level of the highest summer flood, thereby affording ample room for steamboats to pass, throughout the season for navigation. While practically four feet more room is given than by any of the bridges on the lower Missouri. The east approach to the bridge is exactly two miles long, leaving the old main line at the station at Bismarck. The west approach is 6,000 feet long, from the west end of the permanent bridge; and has a descending grade westward of 52.8 feet per mile. A timber trestle 60 feet at its maximum height comprises one-fourth of this distance, and is built across the space that was reclaimed from the river by the action of the dike. The trestle spans what was, in 1880, the main steamboat channel, but is now covered with a fine growth of willows. The three long spans are supported on four granite piers, of unusually great size, and these are furnished with long, raking ice-breaks, shod with steel. These breaks are so constructed as to easily cut the huge sheets of ice, for their annual spring moving, thus greatly lessening the liability to gorge when the monster blocks come bearing down like small icebergs, as the upper waters clear and send their fetters away to the south. The main channel spans, each measuring 400 feet, are divided into 16 panels of 25 feet each. The trusses are 50 feet deep from center to center and 22 feet apart. The extreme height from the top chord of the bridge to the bottom of the deepest foundation is 170 feet. The steel used was subjected to the most rigid inspec-

tion while being manufactured, beside being put to the severest tests before the placing of it in position. The floor is constructed of oak timbers 9 inches square, and 15 feet long, with spaces, of 6 inches, between. Upon this floor are laid the steel rails of the track, which now unite the great inland seas with the waters of the Pacific.

In October, 1882, a crowd of anxious, curious visitors gathered in the autumn sunshine along the banks of the Missouri, while they waited in breathless silence for the signal, and watched the strange procession of 8 ponderous locomotives, with a combined weight of 520 tons, as they strode out upon the Great Missouri River Bridge. And loud cheers went up, and echoed their "well done" from bluff to bluff, as they made their way, above the turbid waters, in safety to the opposite shore. A proud day for *Chief Engineer Morrison*, who took the front seat, which, for him, must have been "the anxious seat." But the report of the tremendous test was, "A maximum deflection of only about three inches!" These "interesting exercises" were followed by an excursion to Mandan, for such as desired to make one of the number, on the first trip, by the Northern Pacific Bridge, over the famous Missouri River.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CAPTAIN JOHN W. BURNHAM ON THE TRAIL OF THE SIOUX.

Near the time of the execution of the Indians at Mankato, Minnesota, Captain Burnham's company was sent back to Fort Ridgely, and in February, they were dismounted and sent to Le Seur, where they remained until May. They were then ordered to join General Sibley, at Camp Pope, on the Minnesota river, and marched up, over the same route as before, passing "Camp Release," on the south side of Big Stone Lake and Lake Traverse. Here they found Standing Buffalo's camp, a Sisseton village, with lodges built of bark and twigs, and where he was head chief. Thence, they marched to the extreme south bend of the Sheyenne River, southeast of, and within a few miles of where the present town of Lisbon is now located. There they celebrated the Fourth of July, raising a "Liberty Pole" and sending out the Stars and Stripes upon the breeze of the Western prairie. A portion of the flag staff is still there. It was also at that point that the Command received its last mail.

The army then marched two or three days on the east side of the Sheyenne, and camped on the shores of Goose Lake, afterwards remembered as the place where they found thousands of frogs, that proved very acceptable to the hungry soldiers. They crossed the river, going northwest towards Devil's Lake, and between Brown's Valley and the Sheyenne River, they came upon grasshoppers so numerous that they were obliged to resort to various measures to keep the voracious millions from devouring the tents. On

the Sheyenne, the soldiers found elk—an animal now almost unknown in the Dakotas—and caught a young one that ran in among the mules. It was kept by Quartermaster Greene, and taken back to Minnesota, but afterwards became a dangerous pet. On their march north, they fell in with a large party of hunters from Pembina. They camped in a circle, making an enclosure for their stock at night, by placing their carts and tents alternately, with their horses inside. The northern hunters turned out in force, and paid General Sibley's camp a visit. In their party they had two captive boys, taken the year before at the old crossing of the Red River in Minnesota, but they at once surrendered them to General Sibley.

Officers and soldiers amused themselves by trading horses, trinkets and robes, with the half-breeds that seemed very ready to exchange their small horses for the large American horses, bearing the "U. S." brand; but on meeting a United States Quartermaster later on, they would possibly regret their readiness to barter. The army then changed its course, marched southwest, and crossed the James and Pipetsone rivers, passing near Sykeston, and soon reached a rocky, hilly country abounding in alkali lakes. Said the modest Captain: "It was my first day to ride; but I was too fatigued to walk." "About noon the train suddenly stopped; word having come that the Indians were ahead! and every tired, crippled man formed into position in the ranks." "I have often recalled that day, and the dramatic scene: every man was kept in place, being independent of orders, except the scouts, surgeons and three or four clerks." Dr. Weiser, Major of the Cavalry Regiment called "Mounted rangers," was killed at that time.

When about six miles north of where the town of Dawson now is, the army went into camp. Meanwhile the scouts went up to where the hostiles were, "Dr. Weiser going along with them." Soon after reaching the place, one

of the Indians said to a scout: "There is danger here." At this time, the Dr. was giving out tobacco to them, from first one pocket and then the other as they had gathered around him, and just as the warning had been given to the scout, three Indians fired simultaneously at Dr. Weiser; one shot hit the saddle, one was fatal, and he fell from his horse, the first man killed. Later, the soldiers went out and buried his body.

Immediately after the killing of Dr. Weiser, a volley was heard in another direction that none understood, but it was afterwards learned that Lieutenant Freeman and Mr. Brackett, the beef-contractor, in company with two half-breed scouts had left the Command to hunt antelope. About the same time that the army halted, they found themselves cut off by the Indians that kept them from joining the command, and when the firing was heard that killed Dr. Weiser they immediately fired upon their prisoners; mortally wounding Lieutenant Freeman, and slightly wounding one of the scouts. The hunting party retreated into the bushes on the shore of the lake carrying the officer with them, where they remained till darkness came on, hidden from the Indians; then the half-breeds, under its cover, returned to camp, leaving Mr. Brackett to take care of the wounded Lieutenant, who died in a short time after.

He then started for camp, trying to make his way over the unknown country, and was soon lost on the trackless prairie, but two or three days after, he found a slight trail and considered it wise to take a back track, reaching the camp on the Lake, after four days' tramping; his only food of any kind being raw frogs! The scouts reported the condition of the little hunting party on their arrival at camp, and the next day a wagon was sent out and the officer's body was brought in, and buried with those killed that day in battle; the first real one of the campaign.

Lieutenant Freeman's widow spent a great deal of time

and money in her efforts to recover her husband's body; and it was finally found by Colonel Steele, where the town of Steele, North Dakota, now is located; his body with those of two soldiers, had been placed in a wagon-box, and buried. After the brutal murder of Dr. Weiser, General Sibley prepared to fight the Indians in earnest. He had now overtaken them, and it was time to push the campaign to a close; he at once sent out a battery that was to throw shells among those gathered on the hillside near. Two were thrown at short range, but the third killed two Indians, as it fell among them, and their bodies were found miles away from where they were killed, hidden in the rushes on the shore of a lake. General Sibley ordered out a squad of Cavalry to charge the Indians, and while dashing over a rocky hillside in plain sight of the camp, two bolts of lightning from an approaching thunder-storm struck among the charging soldiers, knocking to the ground three men and their horses. From the camp, one man was seen to mount his horse, then a second, but the third was found dead, as was also his horse.

The battery of artillery guns, 3d Minnesota battery, a portion of the rangers under Colonel McPhial and a detachment of infantry under Colonel W. E. Marshall, pursued the Indians till after midnight, a distance of twenty miles, killing many, but taking no prisoners, and with some loss to the troops; they returned the latter part of the night, which was "the great mistake of the expedition," as the troops were prepared and eager to follow in the chase. The cause of the misunderstanding still remains a mystery. Colonel McPhail says he was ordered to return, but General Sibley says he gave no such orders, and Captain Burnham adds: "The responsible man does not yet appear." After two engagements, the army reached Apple Creek and went into camp, and on the following day marched over the high tableland, coming in sight of the Missouri River.

In the third day's fight the 10th Minnesota was in the

advance, and "Company C, in which Captain Burnham was sergeant, met the shock near where Bismarck now stands." The 10th remained in the field two hours, and then went into camp again on Apple Creek, where, inside of thirty minutes, they were again attacked by the Indians. At night they set fire to the grass while a strong wind was blowing, but which the soldiers extinguished with wet blankets; then the more persistent ones came up on the burnt ground and fired a volley into the herd of cattle to create a stampede, which it did, but they were stopped by the outer guard and driven in. In consequence, although very much worn out, that night every man was kept upon his arms till morning.

During the return march, the army was met, before reaching Abercrombie, by *Inspector-General Randolph Marcy!* who not only inspected the command, but complimented the troops upon their good looks. Upon arriving at Sauk Center, the army there separated, the 10th going to Fort Ridgley. Says Captain Burnham: "While marching across the prairie of our own present county of Cass, I made the most fatiguing march of my whole five years' service." The command started out on a hot day in August, and, as they believed, saw a line of timber about ten miles ahead. It was a most welcome sight, and to reach it was the object of the day's march; but, on the contrary, it proved to be the longest thirty miles ever marched by tired soldiers. Under a broiling sun, without water, through the tall, heavy grass, they made their weary way, having, unfortunately, been deceived by a *mirage*, while they suffered more than upon any day during the whole Southern campaign. But night found them on the Maple River, where they encamped, "tired out and glad of rest."

The discomforts peculiar to the country traversed by the Sibley-Sully expeditions were calculated to test the powers of endurance of the men to the fullest, and whatever glory may have been derived, was *earned* by the heroic troopers that cleared the broad plains of their dangerous occupants.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BADGES OF HONOR—CUSTOMS AND RITES—VAST CITIES OF TEMPLES AND PALACES.

An eagle's feather, with a red spot upon it, is a badge of honor worn with as much pride by the Sioux chieftain, as the little circlet, worn upon the left lapel, is by the "Loyal Legion," and who can say that it is not? If the feather is notched, and bordered with red, or dipped, and tipped with red, it signifies that a throat was cut; and I fail to discover any very essential difference in the motive that prompts the wearing of such insignia of honor, whether it is one adopted by the Indian, or the White brave.

In both cases eminently proper. With us, such badges, not only distinguished the hero, but they encourage a certain amount of deference that is considered due him; and at the same time tend to keep alive the flame on Patriotism's altar, by whose ruddy light he marched and fought.

To such as appreciate their significance, and realize the price, all such outward expressions, of whatever pattern or quality, have a deep meaning, and they are found among all peoples. Whenever, and as long as men battle for home and native land, some signs will be used to tell who were in the thickest of the fight, be the wearer, white, black or copper-color. But the fact worthy of special attention, is that the decorations worn by the Indian warriors, are equally as proper and significant as those worn by the Marshals and Generals of civilized warfare; and the purpose for which they are worn is identical. Actuated by the same spirit, they make use of such articles and materials as they have

at their command; the women and girls of their nation may not be able to present silken flags and banners gay, to their husbands and lovers, but pretty feathers, embroidered robes and buck-skins are just as appropriate mediums by which to show their admiration, and trumpet their hero's fame. The intent is the same, the enthusiasm fully as lively. Joy over an enemy conquered, and the constant visible expression of that joy, is the burden of all such demonstrations.

Call it what you will, every badge that distinguishes a war-hero is no more and no less; although there may be, in some instances, sorrowful memories awakened, nevertheless, it is silently telling that the day was won. Which must mean joy, if the cause was worth fighting for; and it surely was, if worth dying for. Does it savor of Barbarism, or Christian Civilization?

It matters little, so far as the spirit of the latter goes, whether the badge is made from the scalp of the enemy, or from the cannon used to blow his head off; there is only this one, simple difference—the wearer of the former is called a "Savage fiend," and the latter, a "Gallant Hero!"

VAST CITIES OF TEMPLES AND PALACES.

We have been wont to believe that the "boasted civilization" of America is in no way connected with the past history of its former ancient inhabitants. But let us now review the unwritten pages of that lost chapter, and see if we do not find them worthy of a little study; and we shall find it to have been the conclusion of all those that have made earnest investigation into the early history and past civilization of the Red Nation of America, that it is one of great interest. Such study and research lead to the strong presumption that the tribes and nations that inhabited this country at the time of the landing of the Spaniards, were not people emerging from a condition of barbarism—gradually coming up in the scale—but on the other hand, they were

falling slowly, but inevitably, from their once high estate; and relapsing into a state of ignorance.

For when the Spaniards landed in 1517, on the coast of the central part of America, they were amazed to find, not "naked timid savages," but quite the contrary. They found themselves introduced to "Populous nations, living under the dominion of powerful monarchs, subject to the rule of systematic government, and established laws; skilled in art and manufactures, enjoying all the benefits of organized society, and dwelling in cities that seemed to the dazzled eyes of the new-comers to rival in magnificence those of the Old World." But in the comparatively short period of fifty years, from the time of the arrival of the Spaniards upon the shores of Yucatan, they had established control and authority over nearly the whole immense territory of Central America. Its monarchs and rulers they had dethroned, and mercilessly put to ignominious death; while their palaces and temples were profaned and razed to the ground, and their costly idols broken and destroyed. The population, the records of whose immensity seems incredible, was reduced by slavery and privation, till "The Indian with every trace of the spirit of a free man obliterated, kissed the hand that held the lash, and meekly repeats the Spanish-American proverb: "The Indians do not hear, except through their backs."

In the more northerly regions of North America, the Indians, when found by the English, were in a ruder state, but they were physically stronger, and ready to contend for their rights against the invader, and with their warlike disposition, they made a protracted struggle in defense. "Here the Red man never submitted." But in consequence of the ready subjugation and apparently peaceable nature of the bands, among whom the Spaniards from time to time landed, it was never dreamed that their ancestors belonged to a powerful race; a people distinguished for its high degree of civilization in a time *previous* to the Spanish conquest.

LONG KNIFE, THE BOY-HUNTER, A CROW.

O. S. Goff.

Cortez, in his march of destruction, demolished every trace of the untiring industry and grandeur of the conquered race. "Total obliteration" being his policy, and also of the Spaniards, for two centuries. They left nothing but a land of ruins, for that former greatness, save here and there a structure too gigantic and strong for them to destroy! But in those impenetrable jungles and forests, covered with a second growth even, they have patiently waited for recognition. The buildings are all of a stable character, ruined cities of temples and magnificent sculptures, highly decorated altars and fanes to the gods they worshiped.

The most general characteristic found, has been that of the truncated pyramids that rise in terraces from the local plain, and upon which those ancient architects reared their spacious edifices, and then surrounded them with sculpture, whose wealth of decorations is a marvel to those, even, accustomed to lavish ornamentation. Right here, a connection becomes apparent between the ruined cities of Central America and the aboriginal remains of the builders throughout North America; and a kindred relation between them, and the people of Mexico and their cities at the time of the Conquest. The workmanship displayed in some of the monuments has been considered "equal to the finest Egyptian sculpture." Furthermore, there are marked peculiarities found prevalent in the figures, representing the form of the head flattened behind, and elongated on the top, the same being known of the North American Indians of this century; and again in the *head-dresses* which are profusely trimmed with plumes and feathers. Although there is, as yet, little or nothing to tell us of the life and habits of that great nation, there is one remarkable *sign*, found throughout the cities, whether the buildings are near or remote, that is volumes in itself. A silent voice, but heard through the ages! A symbol, which reveals a connecting link between that lost race, and the tribes of to-day. It is the imprint of

a *red hand*, found on the walls of the structures in nearly, or quite, all the explored cities; not painted, but imprinted by the hand having been pressed on the paint while it was moist, thus leaving every line distinct. This same sign constantly occurs, on the skins of animals formerly purchased from the Indians, and is common among all bands of the North American tribes. The figure of the hand is known to be used by the Indians to indicate supplication to the Great Spirit, *Wakan Tanka*, and to them, always a symbol of strength and power or "mastery." Another visible link is thus given, connecting the ancient nations of the Old World, Phœnicians, Carthagenians, Hebrews, Egyptians, Hindoos and Tartars, etc.

Although we may not go so far back as the *first* settlement of the Red men in America, their civilization is traced back at least a thousand years before the Conquest, for it must be remembered, that the Mexicans asserted that they fashioned their pyramidal structures after the pattern of the *early Toltecs*, the most ancient race, of which any knowledge can be derived by tradition and picture-writings of the Mexicans, and by whom they are considered a "most powerful nation." "A people coming from a country somewhere to the northwest of Mexico, at the beginning of the sixth century, after wandering 104 years;" but at last they settled in a country called "*Anahuac*." There they ruled for centuries, and in their advanced civilization built great and important cities; but in time, pestilence and famine reduced their population, and they finally emigrated southward towards Yucatan. Hence, it seems propable that the pattern, of which the remains that are found over the whole of the southern part of North America, are simply one and the same, with modifications, has been that of the ancient Toltecs, from whom it has been borrowed. Another significant fact that the Indians are the great links in the chain, which connects them with the civilization that extends southward, (which had been extant prior to that of Mexico, there are

many reasons to believe,) is found in the ancient earthworks and fortifications that extend from the Gulf of México to the great inland seas; although in a more advanced stage than we find the Indians of a later age capable of, still there is exhibited strong evidence of relationship.

In the gulf states the Teocalli-shaped structures form the leading fashion, while in going northward they assume a more conical, mound-like shape, and in some instances are of pyramidal form, and terraced. They are found of such immense size in some localities, that thousands of men would be required to build them, even when aided by most modern appliances and machinery, so stupendous must the undertaking have been!

These structures have been classified as: "Mounds of sacrifice," "Enclosures for defense, sacred and miscellaneous," "Temple and Sacrificial Mounds," etc., thus indicating the various uses and purposes. Numerous altars point to the sacred use of many, and a frequent correspondence to those of Mexico and Central America thus used. On the banks of the Gila the ruins of a city have been found corresponding to those of the South of Mexico, which naturally leads to the supposition that the Toltecs rested for a time during their wanderings towards the valley of lovely Anahuac, and that their country was somewhere in the far west. But careful study furnishes evidence that whatever of civilization has been found along the western coasts, spread from the race inhabiting the region in, and south of Mexico.

While the stone edifices, and earthworks, throughout America give proof of the *antiquity of civilization* in this land, as well as a common *descent* of the people, down to the discovery by the Spaniards; for a gradual decline is everywhere seen, in the relics of their arts and manufactures. Nothwithstanding that the light is dim, it is sufficient to clearly trace the gradual degeneration from the high civilization of the "Aboriginal," down to the Red men of the western plain.

CHAPTER XXX.

NORTH DAKOTA HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE—DR. O. W. ARCHIBALD—EDUCATION—MILLIONS OF ACRES—FIRST CHURCHES AND THEIR MINISTERS—"FATHER SLOAN," BISHOP MARTY, BISHOP HARE, BISHOP WALKER, BISHOP SHANLEY, THE REV. D. P. WARD, AND THE SABBATH SCHOOLS—HISTORICAL SOCIETIES.

Approaching the *Hospital for the Insane*, at Jamestown, one is impressed at once, with its superior location. From the commanding site, it overlooks the city and much of the picturesque valley of the James River; at the same time the elevation of the bluffs, upon which it stands, ensures pure air and perfect drainage; the situation thus strongly indicating that the choice was made by one that understood the value of both. Surrounding the buildings is a farm of 640 acres, the cultivation of which becomes a source of diversion and healthful exercise for those capable of engaging in outside employment, and the happy results are apparent.

The cottages are two stories, built of brick, with solid stone basements, thereby combining architectural beauty and substantial effect; and a very desirable arrangement is found in the connecting of the detached buildings by covered corridors, by which direct communication with every ward is afforded, and a sheltered walk at all times and seasons. This corridor will, no doubt, in future, be converted into an outdoor walk also, for pleasant weather. It even now serves a double purpose, as the tunnel for water and steam pipes and electric wires is placed seven feet below it, where they

can easily be reached and inspected, without expense, yet still placed below the region of frost. Scrupulous neatness and perfect order are observed in the same degree in the most out-of-the-way apartments, as in the public parlors and halls. Pure air, pure water, and wholesome, nourishing food are the medicines largely prescribed in this institution; while music, dancing, games, birds and flowers are the bars and grates that are used in its present system of discipline and restriction. The hapless inmates are more like grown-up children, than dangerous maniacs—but why is that? Familiarize yourself with the care and treatment which they receive from week to week, and the question will be answered.

All persons are not fitted by nature, for the peculiar position occupied by those that have the superintendence of the insane, and if *not*, no amount of mere experience will make one eligible to this most responsible position ever given to man; nor can dollars and cents make it expedient to place such therein.

Dr. O. W. Archibald, Superintendent of the Jamestown Hospital, from the day of its inception to the present, has steadily put forth every effort to give to the state a model Asylum; and he has well-nigh succeeded. Qualified, not only by long experience in similar institutions, a man of superior culture and thorough education in his profession, but he also possesses a most charitable and sympathetic nature. Hence are found in him the peculiar qualifications so necessary for the trying duties of such a life-work. Dr. Archibald has also the constant assistance of his equally accomplished wife, who, kind and gracious, works with him, the embodiment of gentleness; and together they are giving the best of *themselves* to the most unfortunate and pitiable of all God's creatures! for they live in shadows drear, since reason left them, and

> "The intellectual power, through words and things,
> Went sounding on its dim and perilous way."

Dr. Archibald graduated from Keokuk, Iowa, in 1871. In 1874 he spent one year at Old Fort Baker, Montana, as Post Surgeon; at the close of which he was ordered by telegram to report to Washington, D. C., to Secretary Belknap, from him receiving orders to go to New York, as Surgeon in Bellevue Hospital, where he remained six months. He was also for a time Post Surgeon at Fort Keogh, Montana, one of the first military stations of the Northwest. In 1876, Dr. Archibald organized an institute for the Feeble-Minded at Glenwood, Iowa, and from a beginning of two patients, he was permitted to see it grow, under his cultivation and care, in seven years, to number 250 patients with 7 regularly-appointed Teachers, and an appropriation sufficient for 350 inmates. In 1882, the noble work had resulted in a total of 500 pupils. But in 1882, Dr. Archibald went to Fort Lincoln N. D. as contract Surgeon. Meanwhile, he was appointed as Committee to locate a Hospital for the Insane of Dakota; and under his treatment, 50 per cent. have recovered and he confidently expects to see 30 per cent. of the present number restored to mental and physical health, and to the active walks of life from which they are unfortunately withdrawn.

EDUCATION, THROUGH THEIR MILLIONS OF ACRES.

School Revenue is raised by two kinds of taxation: *First.* By a county tax of two mills on each dollar and taxable property; and a poll tax of one dollar on each election; the fund arising from which, is distributed amoug the school districts in the county in proportion to the population. *Second.* Either a local school district tax which must not exceed three per cent of the taxable property of the district in which it is levied, or the patrons of any given school may meet in what is known as a sub-district meeting and vote an additional tax upon their own property for the support of the school of their own sub district.

The division of the Territory awards to South Dakota 2,978 of the total number of schools, that require 3,971 teachers. By admission, the State receives two sections of land, or 1,280 acres in each township, amounting in all to more than 2,000,000 acres, which will create a magnificent school-fund. In the Territory, or the two States, there are 4,340 organized schools, which gives to North Dakota 1,362, of the total; with two land sections in every township. The estimaied amount of school lands in the Dakotas is 5,000,000 acres. Looking forward to its probable, and possible value per acre and what a princely fund for the education of their children "The Sisters" have in keeping. The amount expended in Dakota in the year ending June 30, 1888, was the magnificent sum of $2,142,890.50 and during that year, $937,717.15 was paid as salary to Teachers. While in the last five years, North Dakota has paid over $3,000,000 for public education; not from outside donations, nor from the Government, but by her tax payers, and the same is true of South Dakota. In 1884 without Government aid, but by direct taxation of the people, Dakota raised $1,603,562.88 for her school expenditure; and in five years, from 1884 to 1888, inclusive, $10,575,-117.87—Educational affairs, and all business pertaining to school has, in the past, been in the hands of a Territorial Superintendent of Public Instruction, appointed biennially by the Governor, and confirmed by the legislature; also a Territorial Board of Education, consisting of three members with the Superintendent, president. While each organized county has a Superintendent of schools, elected by the people in June of each even-numbered year; women twenty-one years of age, being eligible to any school office.

School-attendance is compulsory in all children from ten to fourteen years of age; at least twelve weeks in each school year, unless excused by the school authorities. A State Superintendent of Public Instruction, now occupies the same position that the Territorial Superintendent did, prior

to division. Article IX, Sec. 159, in the Constitution of North Dakota, "After one year from the assembling of the First Legislative Assembly, the lands granted to the State from the United States, for the support of common schools, may be sold upon the following conditions and no other: "No more than one-fourth of all such lands shall be sold within the first five years after the same become saleable by virtue of this section. No more than one-half of the remainder within ten years after the same become saleable. The Legislative Assembly shall provide for the sale of all school lands, subject to the provisions of this Article." "The Superintendent of Public Instruction, Governor, Attorney-General, Secretary of State and State Auditor, shall constitute a Board of Commissioners," which shall be denominated the "Board of University and School Lands." "No land shall be sold for less than ten dollars per acre. The purchaser shall pay one-fifth of the price in cash; and the remaining four-fifths as follows: One-fifth in five years, one-fifth in ten, one-fifth in fifteen years, and one-fifth in twenty years, with interest at the rate of not less than six per centum payable annually in advance," &c., &c.

"In all schools, instruction shall be given as far as practicable in those branches of knowledge, that tend to impress upon the mind the vital importance of truthfulness, temperance, purity, public spirit and respect for honest labor of every kind." Sect. 151. "The Legislative Assembly shall provide, at their first session after the adoption of this Constitution, for a uniform system of free public schools throughout the State; beginning with the primary, and extending through all grades up to, and including the normal and collegiate course." It also declares that: "All proceeds of the public lands that have heretofore been, or may hereafter be granted by the United States, for the support of common schools, and all other property otherwise acquired for common schools, shall be and remain a perpetual fund for the main-

tenance of the common schools of the State. It shall be deemed a trust fund, the principal of which shall forever remain inviolate, and may be increased, but never diminished. The State shall make good all losses thereof." What is provided for Education, in North Dakota, by its Constitution, as quoted, is substantially the same in that of South Dakota. The framers of the Constitution of the new States, have guarded well the interests of Education, and the Common School. They have looked carefully to the strength and stability of the foundation walls; and hereafter, can build to the skies.

By the death of the lamented Superintendent, William Mitchell, just as he was laying out his work, and faintly showing how wisely he was planning for the future greatness that must surely come to the State through its remarkable educational facilities, North Dakota has met a far greater loss than can be estimated by his unfinished work.

W. J. Clapp, of Cass, was appointed to succeed Superintendent Mitchell, and comes into the responsible position as one abundantly able and qualified to assume its duties, and the State appreciates the good fortune of so wise a choice.

THE FIRST CHURCH WORK.

The property owned by the various churches in North and South Dakota is upwards of $3,000,000. Between eight and nine hundred ministers of the gospel, of different religious denominations, are breaking the Bread of Life to nearly 1,100 different parishes, which worship in commodious churches, numbering between six and seven hundred, some of them edifices that would rank with those of far more wealthy organizations of the East.

The Rev. S. W. Ingham was the *first clergyman* of any denomination to locate in Dakota; he arrived October 12, 1860, having been assigned to Vermilion (Clay county, So. Dakota) by the Iowa Methodist Conference. He began his

ministerial labors on the following Sunday, in a little log house about 18x24 feet, and on that memorable day the *first sermon* ever preached in the great Territory was given. Church work of a denominational character was begun in a tent, on the banks of the Red river, near where the thriving city of Fargo is located, in December, 1871. At this date there were no Missionaries in North Dakota, with the exceptions of Post Chaplains and those among the Indians; consequently this work of the *Rev. O. H. Elmer* may be called the beginning of all forms of actual church labor in North Dakota.

The Rev. I. O. Sloan came to Bismarck in the spring of 1873, and at once began a work which has made him preeminently the Pioneer Minister of this region; where installed in every heart, whether that of the wandering gambler, or the Christian woman that had left her church-home far back in some quiet village in the East, he walked among the motley people, a faithful representative and exponent of Christ's gospel teachings: "Love one another." More than a passing notice is due men that have held the position and sustained the relation to Dakota and its well-being that the Rev. Mr. Sloan has for the past seventeen years. He was the first minister to settle permanently in Bismarck, building the first church of any denomination in Northwestern Dakota, the Presbyterian church on 2d street, now standing in the rear of the imposing brick structure of more recent date; and, allow me to add, for which the city, as well as the congregation, is indebted to the persevering efforts of its former pastor, the *Rev. Charles Austin.*

Mr. Sloan reached Bismarck as soon as the Northern Pacific railroad had extended its lines so far. There were then only a few rough buildings, together with tents scattered along Front or Main street, and many of those were occupied as saloons and gambling resorts. The daily experience of a person in his position in those days, when the

present Capital city was only the end of "the line," had much that was startling, sad and ridiculous. Scenes that would appeal to a variety of sensibilities while mingling with the class of men, such as are peculiar to a frontier town, were constantly spread before him calling for approval, pity or regret. But through all those experiences he was uniformly treated with marked respect and consideration. Mr. Sloan performed the first marriage ceremony and the first funeral service at Bismarck, also presided over the festivities of the first Christmas tree, and "worked hard" for the first Church fair. Through all the subsequent time, to the present, whenever an "Old-Timer" puts off his raiment and goes to his long rest, "Father Sloan" performs the last rites and prays above the dreamless sleeper, and no greater tribute could be paid to him, who still walks the streets of Bismarck, the wise counselor and steadfast friend.

The *Catholics* of North and South Dakota have 130 churches, besides 100 missions without churches, which are regularly visited by priests, making a total of 230, with a valuation of $500,000. These churches are presided over by as many ministers, while the membership numbers 50,000 or more.

The *Episcopal* church of South Dakota has over 50 church buildings and as many charges, with over 30 ministers and a membership of 9,000. The *Baptist* has in North and South Dakota more than 60 ministers and a membership of 3,000, with 300 Sunday schools. The *Methodist* of South Dakota has a membership of 6,600 with 107 ministers and 85 churches. The *Congregational* has 66 ministers and a membership of 5,050. *Presbyterian* 102 charges, 70 ministers, with 3,325 members. In North Dakota the *Methodist* has 50 ministers and 50 charges, 32 churches and a membership of 2,880. In 1878 they organized a church in Bismarck under the care of the Rev. G. W. Barnnett with 13 members; he was succeeded by the Rev. James M. Bull in 1879.

During this pastorate a building for worship was erected, and has since been completed while in charge of D. C. Planette, presiding elder; one of the most creditable of the city churches. The *Congregational*, has in North Dakota a membership of 1,050 with over 50 ministers. The *Presbyterian* in North Dakota, a membership of 2,000 with 75 charges and 40 ministers. The *Fargo Baptist* church organized in 1879, was the first of that denomination in North Dakota, but the real work was not begun until 1881. Then a General Missionary was appointed in the person of the Rev. C. W. Huntley. Since then 51 new churches have been established with about 30 churches and 31 ministers in the field, together with two associations.

The Baptist church at Bismarck was organized on the 20th of December, 1881, with eight members, with services in the City Hall, the Rev. J. R. Deckard, Missionary. Since then a pleasant house for worship has been built, followed by a steady increase of members and general prosperity, the Rev. Geo. Kline, pastor.

The two States are divided into bishoprics, with Rt. Rev. Shanley at Fargo, and Rt. Rev. Martin Marty, at Sioux Falls. Bishop Marty came to Dakota in 1880, as Vicar Apostolic of the Catholic church. At that time there were only eight priests in the Territory, where now there are over 100. He has been a prominent worker in the cause of education among the Indian youth, and in the christianizing of their nation. Bishop Marty was recently re-elected president at the annual meeting of the Catholic Indian bureau. This bureau, over which the distinguished Bishop continues to preside, has during the past year educated 3,887 Indian children, at a cost of $3,485.45. Of these children, 580 were in Dakota. Bishop Shanley, a native of New York, was educated in this country and Europe. Although comparatively a young man, while at St. Paul, Minn., he gave promise of unusual ability, and he is now one of the youngest Bishops

of the Catholic Church in the United States. The church of North Dakota and Fargo are proud of such a leader in their work. The *Episcopalians* have Bishop Hare, at Sioux Falls, in charge of South Dakota, and Rt. Rev. W. D. Walker, at Fargo, in charge of North Dakota. Bishop Walker is a man of magnificent presence, as well as rare attainments and piety. Understanding all the hidden springs of the human heart, in his scholarly, helpful sermons, he comes near, and touches them with the skill and tenderness of one that has been with the Master, and learned of Him.

The Parish of "*The Bread of Life*" was organized at Bismarck, Oct. 1st, 1878; Bishop Clarkson appointing the Rev. J. G. Miller, missionary. In 1879, the Northern Pacific Railroad generously donated a half block, in one of the finest portions of the city, and upon which a church was built, costing $2,400. On Whit Sunday, 1881, the new house of worship was consecrated and named "St. George"; with J. G. Miller, Rector, and upon its commanding site, on Mandan avenue and avenue A, stands the handsome little church, with its neat and comfortable interior; an honor to the parish, and the city which it overlooks.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The first Sunday school of the new Territory was organized at Vermilion, South Dakota, in 1861; and the increase has been fully 1,200 per cent. Meantime the American Sunday School Union has organized between six and seven hundred Sunday Schools in Dakota.

The *Rev. D. P. Ward, Sioux Falls*, Secretary of the Dakota Sunday School Association, has been a life-long worker, in and for the cause, and he has lived to see a glorious incoming during the past ten and twelve years. It is claimed for the Dakotas, nearly 1,500 Sunday Schools, with a membership of over 40,000; and under their banner, whose inscription is: "*Dakota for Christ*," the children and youth

of the new States, are falling into line, a magnificent battalion, with victory sure when the day is done.

HISTORICAL SOCIETIES FOR THE DAKOTAS.

The Dakotas should lose no time before organizing permanent Historical and Scientific Societies, with museum rooms, for grouping and classifying geological and ornithological, botanical, archæological and mineralogical specimens. In the latter, especially, we have unlimited opportunities for securing choice and valuable collections, as well as in the geological. While Meteorology, causes of unusual high and low water, in our rivers, lakes and creeks, Taxidermy, and the study of the animals formerly, and at present, frequenting the country, wild, fur-bearing and the more harmless, would all ensure continued interest and profit. These are some of the branches that could be taken up, and pursued with pleasure, while of untold significance and benefit to those that shall dwell here in other times, by the members of the Society. This Society to consist of Honorary, Corresponding, and Life Members, a Librarian and business officers, etc., who should at the same time, maintain a General Library, of scientific and general literature, and collect, arrange and preserve paintings, maps, pamphlets, newspapers and manuscripts, Indian costumes, arms, trinkets, utensils, pottery, badges and curiosities, for here the Ethnologist will find a rich field.

As I note, from time to time the thoughtless and careless destruction of much that can never be duplicated nor restored, for example, among the many, the unwarrantable demolition of the *Gordon Stockade*, that famous fortress of the Black Hills, the fact becomes one of great importance, that we should zealously guard every landmark, rock and tree that speaks of the past.

Grotesque milestones of Time, silently telling us of a nation's march, and where it halted to bivouac, as the night

THE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE, JAMESTOWN, NORTH DAKOTA.

came on, leaving behind only occasional footprints, along the shifting sands—and those rapidly being obliterated by the hurrying multitude, in the procession that follows their lead. But upon every one of which, there may be pages, yet to be read by the dim light that must inevitably fall upon them, when "To-day is part of the Long Ago."

CHAPTER XXXI.

FLOWING WATERS, CHARMING LAKES AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS—DEVIL'S LAKE—FIRST MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

The Dakotas have 1,500 square miles of water surface, including both lakes and rivers. The principal rivers are Missouri, James, Big Sioux, Red, Vermillion, White, Bad, Big Cheyenne, Moreau, Grand, Cannon Ball, Heart, Sheyenne, Mouse, Little Missouri and Maple. North and South Dakota are both watered by the longest river in the world —the untamed *Missouri.* The Upper Missouri enters the "Gates of the Rocky Mountains," a gorge of $5\frac{3}{4}$ miles, between perpendicular walls 1200 feet, and 450 feet apart. At Great Falls, 145 miles below the river, for $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles, is a succession of rapids and charming cascades, and in which it has fallen 357 feet, the highest fall being 87 feet.

While on its way, the Missouri forms the boundary line for 200 miles along the south; and in its course receives several quite important tributaries, from both east and west, as well as north. From the west it has the Yellowstone, Little Missouri, Bad, Knife, Grand River, Big Cheyenne, White. From the north and east it takes to itself the Little Muddy, White Earth, Beaver, Little Cheyenne, James, Vermillion and Big Sioux.

Along the eastern boundary of South Dakota the *Minnesota* river rises and becomes tributary to the Mississippi. While the northwestern part of North Dakota is drained by the *Red River of the North;* whose very name is a synonym for Indian legends and romances. This river, fed by its tributaries, forms the eastern boundary line of North

RAIN-IN-THE-FACE AND HIS BRIDE, ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

D. F. Barry.

Dakota. Having its source in Lake Traverse, it is exceedingly crooked, and, although narrow, is very deep; and before it empties its waters into Lake Winnipeg, Manitoba, it has traveled in its winding course 600 miles in Dakota alone, so estimated.

Big Sioux River forms the boundary line between Lincoln and Union counties, S. D. and Iowa, and empties into the Missouri at the extreme Southeastern point of South Dakota. At the city of Sioux Falls it gradually descends, in numerous cascades, until it has fallen 91 feet in flowing one-half mile, where it affords the best water power in all the Northwest, with the one exception of St. Anthony Falls, at Minneapolis, and has unlimited capacity as a manufacturing power, and for the business increase of this already flourishing city and the adjacent towns.

Vermillion River rises in the northern part of Minor county, S. D., and pursues a course south about equal distance between the James and Big Sioux. When near the city of Vermillion, it unites its forces with the open-hearted Missouri, having distributed its favors along the oldest settled lands, and which are now occupied by many of the most intelligent and thrifty people of South Dakota.

The *James River*, in North Dakota, familiarly known as "The Jim," has its source near Devil's Lake, flowing in a southerly direction to where, at the extreme southern boundary of South Dakota, it forms a junction with the Missouri, near the city of Yankton. The valley of the James river is one of remarkable fertility; and its prosperous cities and villages bespeak the intelligence and thrift of the landholders throughout its borders. While the James is not navigable, it is remarkable as being the *home* river of Dakota; after wandering from its northern source, across the entire territory, sooner than leave so fair a valley, it mingles with the Missouri, and no other State or States, can share or claim it. Some idea of the size of Dakota can be gained, when it

is remembered that the Connecticut river, which is proudly recorded in the School Atlas as "450 miles long," extends the whole length of the two states, Vermont and New Hampshire, of which it forms the partition boundary; and on its southernly course, entirely across the State of Massachusetts, and entirely across the State of Connecticut to the Sound. But notwithstanding that it has traversed the combined distance of three of the New England States, it has merely taken a little run of 450 miles; *50 miles less than the James river, which never steps outside Dakota's lines.* The *Big Cheyenne* drains the Black Hills; and fed by so great a watershed, naturally pours the largest volume of water that flows into the Missouri River. It has its course for the most part, within the boundary of the Great Sioux Reservation; together with the *White*, *Moreau* and *Grand* rivers.

The Cannon Ball, a lovely, clear stream with its sandy beaches, which render it a delightful river for bathing, forms the northern boundary of this Reserve. Through the valley of the Cannon Ball, and along its shores are some of the most charming and picturesque scenes imaginable. A short distance from the river's bank, tall symmetrical trees, with their canopy tops, rise from the smooth, green velvet at their base; while fertile acres stretch away over the valley. On, and in the banks of this interesting river, is found the peculiar rock formation, known as "The Cannon Ball." It is solid and spherical, varying in size and weight from that of an apple to hundreds of pounds. Along the shores of the Cannon Ball, in the midst of its magnificent trees and fruit bearing shrubbery, stands the famous *Parkin Residence.* The knowledge of whose hospitalities has gone abroad, while remembered by scores of friends and strangers.

Little Missouri River rises in Wyoming, northwest of the Black Hills, and empties into the Missouri near the Fort Buford Reservation. It is important for the coal deposits along its shores, as well as for its excellent grazing lands,

upon which thousands of cattle are fattened for market, and shipped to Eastern cities.

The *Cheyenne River* has its source in McHenry County, N. D., and empties into the Red River of the North; first flowing in a southeasterly direction, then to the northeast, making the course through which it traverses one of great length; but through fertile and highly cultivated districts. Fine farms with enterprising stock raisers are scattered along its line.

That *the Missouri River*, is the most important of the West, it were needless to say. In its circuitous journey it travels through the Dakotas, a distance of 1,300 miles, approximately, varying in width from one-fourth of a mile, to two miles. Fed by the melted snows of the Rocky mountain summits, the water is the best and sweetest; self-filtered through the clayey sand, it becomes clear as crystal; and those accustomed to its use never after, find its equal. During the season of eight months the Missouri becomes a thoroughfare for the Steamboats that ply as far as Fort Benton, Montana.

The boating season usually begins about the last days of March, and closes the first or second week in November. In 1881, the traffic on the river was of the briskest kind. Twenty-one boats were kept busy, between the different points along the line; making from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five trips, and they have steamed into the Territory of Montana, 34,760,000 pounds of freight in one season, valued at $5,214,000.

It is true that increased railroad facilities have had a tendency to reduce the amount of river-transportion, still a fair trade is maintained, between Sioux City and Bismarck, as well as between Bismarck and Fort Benton. With even the present number of boats between Bismarck and Montana, million of pounds of freight are handled every season.

However great the number of Railroad systems, that may, in time come into the field as competitors, this Gateway, to every sea and gulf that the sun shines upon, will still be open, until the Rocky mountains flee away; and monopoly can not bar the wide portals.

Devil's or Spirit Lake, found in Ramsey and Benson counties, North Dakota, is the largest lake of the Dakotas. It has a shore line of 250 miles, and covers a surface of 100 square miles. The water of this lake resembles the ocean, not only in its dark, green color, but in its saline flavor. With an elevation of 1,200 feet above the sea, its depth ranges from a few feet, to upwards of 100; while it is surrounded with a strip of heavy timber, varying in width at different point.

Devil's Lake is not known to have any outlet, is fifty miles long, and in places, it has a breadth of several miles. Along its shores every kind of migratory bird finds a temporary home, in which to nest and brood. In its immediate vicinity, is Fort Totten, for some time a Fur Company Post, while the Indians occupied the surrounding country. "*Minnewakan*," as called by them, presents to passengers on the Manitoba line, a very pretty picture, with its shady shores and jaunty steamboat.

The County Seat, Devil's Lake, is situated by the lake, and has a population of 1,000; with good schools, churches of various denominations, Artesian well, and several newspapers. Deaf and Dumb Asylums (located). It is on the Manitoba Railroad and in the midst of a fertile valley. A promising town, of enterprising people, which takes the proud position of being the home of the first Member of Congress from the State of North Dakota, the *Hon. H. C. Hansbrough*. In the central part of Ramsey county there is a large body of pure water extending over 4,000 acres, known as *Sweet Water Lake*.

Big Stone and *Lake Traverse* form a portion of the bound-

ary line separating South Dakota from Minnesota, and also Grant and Roberts counties; they are twenty-five miles long and from one to two miles in breadth. Near these lakes is the Sisseton Reserve, recently thrown open to settlement. Lake Traverse is the head of the Red River of the North and Big Stone of the Minnesota.

Andes Lake is situated in South Dakota, fifteen miles from Fort Randall, twelve miles from the Yankton Agency and seven miles from the smart town of Armor, the present terminus of the Chicago & North-Western Railroad. It was named for Edward Andes, a surveyor for the American Fur Company. This lake is fifteen miles long, one and one-half miles wide, with an average depth of fifteen feet, and in the form of a crescent. It has no visible outlet, but is fed by two creeks that drain a large area of country west and north, and there are no fish in this water, but a reptile, from ten to fifteen inches long, termed the *Axolot*. Around the lake there is a great abundance of game, brant, duck and the genuine Canadian wild goose, with its black head and white collar; also snipe in several varieties, coot, common diver, bittern, gull, pelican and two varieties of cranes, all migratory birds, while the mallard, teal and coot here nest and rear their brood. Andes Lake is very nearly in the center of the Yankton Reserve; around its shady banks was the old camping ground on the trail to the Pipestone Quarry, from which the Indians for centuries have made their pipes. It was also a famous resort for buffalo, and important as a tanning place. Until within a comparatively short time the adjacent country was well timbered, where now there is only here and there a scanty, low growth; but along its shores plumed grasses nod and sway, as the white-winged gull goes by.

Among the pleasant recollections of a journey through Charles Mix county, to the home of the peaceful Yanktons, none will remain longer than that of the visit by the shores of this historic lake, which lay like a crescent of malachite,

gleaming and sparkling in the autumn sunshine. *Lake Kampeska*, in South Dakota, is fed by springs, thus ensuring pure water, and covers an area of eighteen square miles, with a clean beach of sandy gravel from twenty to thirty feet in breadth. Fishing and boating is an attractive feature of Lake Kampeska, whose waters also furnish the supply for Watertown. The latter, a promising city of about 6,000 inhabitants, with countless resources for wealth, is situated in one of the most charming localities of the Northwest, and within one and one-half miles of *Lake Pelican*. *Columbia Lake* is another very handsome sheet of water, eight miles long, near Columbia, on the Chicago & North-Western Railroad.

The lakes of the Dakotas may justly be classed as attractions. They are not in the incipient stage, wet, boggy marshes, except at high-water seasons; but clear, broad sheets of water, bordered by graceful trees, vines and shrubbery, with the charming effects, known only to the deft fingers of nature. Amid the pretty, exuberant undergrowth, immense numbers of birds build their nests and hatch their young.

Around several of the Dakota lakes were found the blue heron and the white swan; and of all the aquatic birds that have made their homes in these waters, the wild swan is the king; the largest variety being the "Trumpeter," whose broad wings can take it through the water with surprising velocity, notwithstanding it has an average weight of eighty pounds. Its loud note strikes the ear with a peculiar sensation, whose tone is thought to resemble "the French horn, from which it has taken its name." This swan never alights upon land, and in its flight attains an incredible altitude, with a speed at times of 100 miles an hour. The Indians used often to ensnare them upon the nest, as it is a habit of the swan to enter and leave the nest upon opposite sides, and in their absence from it, the Indian having

first made a running noose, usually from the intestine of the deer, carefully adjusts the snare, and has no trouble in securing the occupant. This magnificent bird has been found to measure seventy inches in length, or five feet and ten inches, according to Irving. Formerly the Fur Company used to purchase the skin, quills and down, which thus became a source of income to the Indians. "Thousands of skins were yearly exported, and at six and seven shillings each, even the whites were glad to hunt them." The Canvas Back, common to Western lakes, is an exceedingly timid fowl, and always keeps sentinels on the lookout while feeding.

Among the Indians there was a certain kind of goose known to them as "The Laughing Goose," and which they could decoy by striking the hand over the mouth, repeatedly speaking the syllable, "*wah! wah!*" There are also myriads of wild geese, brant, mallard and teal—and such a tid-bit as a broiled fat teal!

To camp near one of these lakes in the month of August or September, with good company, roomy tents, and a cook supplied with the necessary utensils, is to enjoy a delightful outing. Then with plenty of bread, coffee, butter and pickles; if the lake and its surroundings do not furnish in addition, a meal fit for the most fastidious epicurean, it is because there is not a "Good shot" in the party—a most necessary adjunct when tenting by the lakes. One of the pleasurable experiences is to stand upon the high table land and look down and out upon one of these lovely sheets of water; and with a Dakota sky above, and the lake lying like a burnished crysallite at your feet, feast the eye upon a most charming bit of landscape; while breezes, laden with life-giving elixir are softly fanning your cheeks. You can, for a time, in the hush and quietude almost forget the turmoil and petty cares that await your return to town and business. Having had the pleasure of such an excursion, one is quite willing to believe that "The Happy hunting-grounds" have been found.

A most interesting feature of such a camping-out, is the morning carol of the thousands of birds singing and chattering till the air literally palpitates with their noisy melody. It is a delightful surprise which one cannot half understand, until the happy anthem has actually been listened to, in one of those sequestered minsters, over which nature seems to have breathed a hallowed calm, like a benediction.

"Think every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim leaf-latticed windows of the grove.
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continent from shore to shore
Somewhere the birds are singing ever more."

Still another great attraction of Dakota lakes, has been in the entire absence of that make-up by artificial cunning and skill which characterizes those of Eastern, as well of all the older States. For as soon as a desirable sheet of water becomes "A Resort" in those populous regions, at once traces of the presumptuous hand of man are recognized; he has been trying to improve upon "The Hand which is Divine." But with what complete failure, you cannot realize, until you have wandered along the shores, where few feet have ever been, save those of the Indian and the thirsty deer and antelope. Where nature in her freshness and simplicity, still lingers, and touches every leaf and flower spray with her delicate presence.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS—HARNEY'S PEAK—HOW DAKOTA WAS MADE—CLIMATE—THE BAD LANDS—MARQUIS DE MORES—TALL PINES AND STATELY COTTON WOODS—INEXAUSTIBLE SOIL—WATER—ARTESIAN WELLS—COAL AND FUEL.

The Dakotas, do not present a landscape of lofty mountain scenery, to the tourist, for the best of reasons, that they have not a mountainous country; although with an elevation, ranging from 800 feet in the Red River valley, to 2,000 on the table lands between the large rivers. In the Black Hills, the elevation has an average of about six thousand feet. In a single plateau, known as the Coteau des Prairie, an elevation is maintained for a distance of 1,520 miles, and more than 200 miles wide. In this section are found the famous Black Hills, situated in the Southwest, extending into Wyoming, another new Western State, embracing about 6,000 square miles, and in Dakota, covering an area of 3,200 square miles.

Turtle Mountain, in the northern part of North Dakota, covers an area of 800 square miles. The highest mountain top is Harney's Peak, named for General Harney, situated in the Black Hills. It reaches the dignified height of 8,000 feet, and claimed even higher by some, standing like a faithful sentinel, silent and tall, over-looking the gold fields that stretch away on every hand. These hilly ranges sustain a uniform altitude of 6,000 feet, with bases from 2,500 to 4,700 feet above the surrounding plain, covered throughout the entire section, nearly, with heavy pine forests, as well as other excellent timber-yielding trees. The Turtle Mountains have two high peaks, known as Butte St. Paul, and Bear Butte, 2,300 feet above the sea, and about 100 feet above the sur-

rounding country; the timber is principally oak and birch, with a sprinkling of other varieties. In Hand county, are the Wessington and Ree Hills; and the Bijou Hills of Brulé county. Geology tells us: "That Dakota lay directly in the path of a great continental glacier, which in its passage eroded and ground down the loftiest mountains and the flintiest of rocks, and carried the *debris*, according to its composition, and specific gravity, to greater or less distances." "From the Missouri river," says Professor Denton, "for about sixty miles west, on the line of the Northern Pacific railway, we find boulders of granite gneiss and quartzite diminishing in size and number as we go west, till at the distance named they disappear from the hills, and are found only in the valleys, and beds of the streams. In the valley of the Green river, 100 miles west of the Missouri, at Bismarck, I found the last drift fragments, where they had been floated on ice cakes and dropped."

"The boulders on the hills west of Mandan near the Missouri, where 'The Northern Pacific' crosses it, and those scattered over the country, east of Bismarck, were dropped by floating icebergs passing down the Missouri river, whose waters then resembled a sea. For boulders to have passed over that portion of Dakota, the waters must have stood 500 feet higher than the present level of the Missouri, and they then covered a breadth of more than 100 miles." "At a later period, during the post-glacial days, while the vast ice field was melting away, Dakota is supposed to have been covered by a great inland sea, through which flowed the Missouri, and other streams, bringing down the sediment formed by the northern glaciers, grinding up the rocks around their headwaters. The valleys of the Missouri, and other streams, have all been cut since the vast blanket of slow-moving ice covered the land. It is also quite probable that several fresh-water lakes have existed since that period, besides the great lake of the Missouri valley, whose waters

MINNEHAHA COURT HOUSE, SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

have been drained off by the cutting of the streams. As the portions to the south and west rose gradually out of the prehistoric ocean we can understand that this section contained the wealth of the early sediment." "Finally, the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghenies were thrown up, walling in the glaciers that subsequently had plowed down from the upheaved North, grinding off the fertile portions of the new continent, and depositing this with other drift over this Dakota region, which would account for the trees, buried under clay, gravel, sand, soil and other debris. The whole Mississippi valley was again submerged at the close of the glacial era, and again rising, was, until quite recently, a series of shallow lakes; into these lakes the water of the surrounding country was drained. Dakota at this time, was undoubtedly a vast lake, with at present undefined limits. It doubtless extended from the north to the extreme south of the Territory, even into Iowa and Nebraska; and from central Minnesota on the east to the Missouri river, or beyond. This vast lake received the wealthy washings, from virgin land all around, until the water became decidedly brackish. The saline ingredients underwent many changes, but much was deposited in the sediment at the bottom. The lake began to overflow, and the Dakota or James river to the south, and the Red River to the north, drained this vast expanse, and luxurious grasses took possession of the lake bed with its heavy deposits of organic matter."

PURE AIR AND GLORIOUS SKIES.

The climate of a country depends as much upon altitude, as it does upon latitude, and the high altitude of the Dakotas necessarily insures to the inhabitants a bracing atmosphere, both dry and clear, affording also, most unfavorable conditions for malaria. The crisp air of a winter day invigorates and stimulates, but it does not chill; while the heat of mid-summer produces none of that languor and oppressive-

ness, common to the hot, intolerable days where the air is very moist and heavy. After the hottest day, in Dakota, a cool breeze invariably follows the departing sun, giving promise of "a good night to sleep."

From official weather tables, January is found to be the coldest month, and July the warmest. March is nearly 12° warmer than February, and April 18° warmer than March, and May 14° warmer than April, with an average temperature of 69.1° in summer and an average temperature in spring of 41.1°. The average temperature of the winter months, for a long period of years, was 11.8°. In no month of the year does the weather average so cold in Dakota, as in New Hampshire and Minnesota.

The annual rainfall at Bismarck is 20.10 inches; at Fargo 27.17 inches; Pembina, 21.91 inches; Fort Buford, 13.91 inches. In South Dakota, the annual rainfall at Yankton is 28.43 inches; Huron, 23.65 inches; Deadwood, 28.23 inches. If the past decade has given more sparingly of rain, than the Agriculturist required, the coming one, upon which we have just entered, promises an abundance, an encouraging outlook and a fact established by scientific investigation. The regular alternation, of the wet and dry seasons, is as natural as the change from heat to cold; the sunlight of day warms and dries the atmosphere of the night that it has followed, and in various instances does nature demonstrate the following of extremes.

But the clear, bright weather of this climate can not be overestimated. In the winter of 1886 there were but 17 cloudy or stormy days. The falling of the Mercury does not fairly indicate its effect upon animal life in this country, as it does in sections where the atmosphere contains large quantities of moisture. On the other hand, it is the testimony of every person that can speak from experience that the discomforture is not so great in this altitude, with the thermometer marking 35° below zero, as in the States nearer the

coasts, and in lower altitudes, at 12° below. So far as the question of "blizzards," may be concerned in this connection, whether they are a Western or Eastern product, the principal thing to be said of them is, they are sufficiently terrible to cause anyone that suspects he is about to encounter such a storm, to take *immediate precaution*, and not risk the chances! The great trouble has been, and the sufferings and loss of life largely caused, by persons thinking that possibly they can reach the place for which they are bound, at the same time underrating the danger and fearful results, in the event of being overtaken. It is true, that persons have been caught, *unavoidably*, in a blizzard, but very seldom. People are also killed by lightning, oftentimes, and if inclined to place themselves in as unsafe positions in severe thunder-storms, as they are often tempted to in snow-storms, or "blizzards," many more would undoubtedly be killed.

Yes, it is hot in summer, and cold in winter, a natural condition in the north temperate zone. One year only, of life in Dakota, will satisfy any Eastern-born person that it is surely a good climate; far preferable to the chill, damp winds that pierce to the marrow in winter, and the sultry, humid air of the hot summer months. The former shrivels and pinches, the latter depresses and debilitates; but under these glorious stars, and skies of matchless blue, the crisp, clean air comes to you laden with health, and long life, while the slow, tired feet are quickened and the heavy heart made light.

THE BAD LANDS.

There is no more interesting and wonderful feature upon the comely face of Dakota, than "The Bad Lands;" and their fertile valleys, abundant grasses and game are ample proof that they are not *so bad* as the misnomer implies. The "Mauvaise Terres" occupy a section of country

south and southwest between the Big Cheyenne and White rivers, and the Little Missouri; and along the eastern borders of Montana and the western borders of Dakota, both north and south of the Little Missouri, beginning about 100 miles west of Bismarck.

Observation shows that it was once a comparatively, level plateau, probably somewhat broken by buttes. Most conclusive evidence of this is seen in the uniform height of the "formations," which have assumed such strange shapes that one may almost expect to see the weird magician, at any moment, peering from out some clayey cavern. In ages past, the Bad Lands have undoubtedly been one vast lignite oven; and the rich colors in brown, red, blue, gray, black and terre-cotta, have been given by its fierce fires to the mountains of scoria and clay that are still in the hands of the ancient potter.

The visitor may stand by the side of one of those conical hills, that has something of the appearance of a huge ribbon cake, resting upon a green, grassy plate, with its section-bands in black, gray, blue and deep Egyptian red; while yonder, separated by a fertile valley, rises its exact counterpart with every line, or band fitting and corresponding to the other, could they be brought *vis-a-vis*, but a big piece was ages ago, eaten out by the consuming fires; and to day cattle graze above the ruins. Meanwhile the winds and rains of centuries have fashioned the grotesque and beautiful figures that appeal so strongly to the imaginative eye. To the student of Geology the Bad Lands are a most valuable Text-book; there the *Ammonite* and *Trilobite* speak from their adamantine tombs, of the passing by of the waters; and the immense petrified trees and stumps, upon which Time has written "Unknown," are monuments of buried primeval forests.

MARQUIS DE MORES.

Special attention was called to the Bad Lands, by the

purchasing of 1500 acres along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, on the east bank of the Little Missouri river, in 1883, by Marquis De Mores. This gentleman is the son of a French nobleman, the Duke of Valhambrosa. In 1882, the Marquis married a daughter of Louis Van Hoffman, banker, No. 50, Wall Street, New York, while the lady was visiting in Europe. In the following year they came to America, to the home of the Marchioness' father, Baron Von Hoffman, at Stapelton, Long Island. In March following, the Marquis visited North Dakota, and made the extensive negotiations pertaining to the business he was about to engage in, that of furnishing Eastern markets with dressed beef, from the great ranges of the Bad Lands. He established a town on the line of railroad, naming it for his bride, "*Medora*," which soon became the center of an active business in the erection of immense buildings necessary for the enterprise. The slaughter houses were built after the plan of the famous ones of Chicago, and complete in every particular, with facilities that had involved an expenditure of $100,000; and the Company was thus able to slaughter "6,000 head" in one year, a much less number, than was intended even at those figures.

The Marquis continued the business for three years, up to 1886. The N. Pacific Refrigerator Car. Co. having made him its president in the time. But, owing to the depreciation in Eastern markets, De Mores did not continue a scheme that promised much and reached immense proportions, yet the many friends that recognized in the accomplished French gentleman, a valuable acquisition to the business circles of the Northwest, regretted the abandonment of the enterprise.

TALL PINES AND STATELY COTTON WOODS.

The fact is little known abroad that the Dakotas have such a considerable area of wooded country, as they really have. It is estimated that in the Black Hills alone there

are 500,000 acres covered with timber, suitable for cutting and sawing into lumber, and of excellent quality. The "*Black Hills*" even took their name because of the density of their forests, whose dark bottle-green in the distance merges into black. Some of those trees tower into the sky to a height from 60 to 75 feet, and 100, even, straight and smooth as pillars.

In the hills, 25,000,000 feet of pine logs are yearly converted into lumber, and every foot used there, for the carrying on of the immense business of that region. The rivers and their tributaries throughout Dakota are lined with a variety of forest trees, in many localities heavily. The Missouri river has a respectable growth of timber, in cotton woods, elm, box-elder and willow; hundreds of cotton wood trees bearing favorable comparison with the stately elms of the Connecticut valley, to which there is a decided resemblance, and which make the landscape of New England one of such beauty. Also along the Red River of the North, forest trees of large size grow on the banks; and the same can be said of Devil's Lake and others, thoughout the Dakotas.

Oh, no! this is not a treeless desert, nor is it likely to be. The planting of trees is urged and encouraged to a commendable extent, by county and city officers. "Arbor Day" was declared a legal holiday by his Excellency, Louis K. Church, on "May 5th, 1887," since changed to May 6th, by Governor Miller in North Dakota, that a more direct attention might be paid to its faithful observance. A most desirable and wise act on the part of the Governor.

INEXHAUSTIBLE SOIL.

Nature, the Mother of Science, has given a wonderful exhibition of her work in the soil of the section of the country, formerly known as the "Territory of Dakota." In its formation she seems to have gathered the choicest and most

effectual constituents. Sparing neither time nor pains, as from chaotic fires and primeval waters, she finally poured them into the jaws of that monster stamping mill of ice and boulders, which for ages crushed and ground them, until over the wide expanse there lay the deep, alluvial loam, rich in its components of potash, silica, lime, soda, phosphoric acid, nitrogen and vegetable humus; and of such great depth as to make it an effectual repository for the salts also, with which it abounds.

Of the soil of Dakota, Dr. A. P. Atkins, analyst to the Grain Exchange of Edinburgh, says with much significance that he demonstrated by experiments that "The texture of this soil permits of rapid use of moisture from beneath, having found it to be capable of raising water eighteen inches in one day; showing, thereby, its suitability to withstand drought," and underlying this rich deposit is a clay-subsoil of unsurpassed fertility. In a word, it is an established fact based upon most scientific evidence, that the farmers of Dakota have been furnished with a soil, whose fertility is a marvel to Eastern agriculturists, and as inexhaustible as it is productive.

The cry of the doubting ones in the past has been Dakota's dry climate and damaging "Lack of water," but even those charges vanish into thin air, for beneath her broad surface there is a water system whose supply is as exhaustless as the ocean, whose measureless reservoirs are subterranean caverns. All that her enterprising people have to do is to make connection by Artesian wells with waters that never fail, but on the contrary will fall in copious showers in the summer sunshine and beneath a cloudless winter sky.

Such wells are being sunk throughout the Dakotas with gratifying results. Yankton city has fifteen at a depth of 550 to 600 feet, affording an abundant supply of water, from one of which it is estimated that 1,600 gallons are poured per minute, with a pressure of 56 pounds to the

square inch. The mean temperature of the water is 16° higher than the mean temperature at the surface. Yankton has already utilized this "well power" in various manufacturing establishments. The Artesian well at Huron is one of tremendous power and made to work in numerous capacities with good results, having a pressure of three times the strength of one at Yankton. The mean temperature is 60°, with 428 at the surface, depth 863 feet; its flow 1,500 per minute. The Artesian well at Columbia was sunk to a depth of 965 feet, and has a flow of 4,000 gallons per minute; the water is unusually soft, while possessing some mineral constituents. The Grafton, at a depth of 915 feet, struck a sandstone stratum and a small flow of very salt water; here the bore was discontinued, and a return to the 528 feet depth, the water here being three per cent. salt. This well affords the city a complete water-works system, the force taking a supply to "the upper stories of all its buildings." The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul has a well at Ashton, 915 feet, supplying city, free. The Yankton also is very agreeable in its flavor, although slightly hard. There are more than 100 wells in the two States, the one recently opened at Woonsocket being of remarkable force.

Dakota has already demonstrated the feasibility of the "tank system," and "a pond on every farm," suggested by the scientific Major Powell, and in *June, 1890*, every farmer in both States looks with unfeigned complacency upon such ponds, direct from the tank system of the clouds, while swollen rivers, creeks and lakes are everywhere sparkling in their fullness, framed in by hundreds of thousands of acres of brilliant green, such as can be produced only above the rich Dakota soil.

Undoubtedly, the irrigation system would mark a new epoch in the physical geography of certain sections and localities, as vegetable growth is almost tropical in its luxuriance, wherever there is ample moisture; and with a prac-

tical system for those, during the transition period peculiar to a new country, that may in future be decided upon; together with 1,500 square miles of water-surface, and the abundant rains, such as the country has this year, especially, given unimpeachable testimony of its ability to give, the Dakotas will and must, necessarily, be a plenteous land, like as the "Eden of the eastern wave."

Later—*Official Report from Signal Service Office, Bismarck, North Dakota.*—"Total amount of rainfall for June, 8.4 inches. The greatest amt. in any 24 hours was 1.96 inches on the 1st and 2d of June. Excessive precipitations occurred on June 1st, 3d, 13th, 19th, 22d, and 24th." "8.4 is the greatest amt. of rainfall for any one month since the U. S. Signal office was established in 1875." "The greatest amount before June, of the present year, was 6.55 inches in August, 1876."

FUEL AND COAL FIELDS.

The question of *fuel* is one of particular interest in every country, and locality, and wherever there is an abundance, *there* is the section that presents, at least one desirable feature for residence, and for business. Using lignite coal, exclusively, nine months of the year, I have learned from actual experiment and experience that no better fuel need be asked for, both for constant, intense heating, and for cooking purposes. It is next to impossible for it to "go out," if regulated by dampers, or checks; on the contrary, it will burn until there is simply nothing to feed upon, leaving clean ashes, as fine as flour.

When the coal mines that underlie a large portion of the surface of North Dakota shall be systematically worked, and transportation sufficient for distribution shall become available, as it is sure to, then the rich coal fields, now comparatively unrecognized, will not only fill the bins, but the coffers of the people of this country, whose resources are as yet, beyond computation.

The prime requisites, for and of civilization, are fuel and water; while too much of either water or fire, brings devastation, ruin and death. But Dakota has unlimited supplies in both; and strange to say, both are in full subjection, beneath her feet. In her glorious skies, floods are not concealed. Yet in her hidden seas, and buried forests, alone, are forces that will ere long exalt her among the nations; and in 1884, the World's Exposition placed her well towards the top round, when it awarded to her "*The First Premium for Wheat*," over competitors from all the wheat-growing countries of the world.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FIRST AND LAST—CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTIONS—BROKEN TIES—"NORTH DAKOTA" AND "SOUTH DAKOTA."

The last Legislature that assembled in Yankton was in the winter of 1883, from January 9th to March 9th; President, J. O'B. Scoby; Speaker, E. A. Williams. The first Legislature to meet at Bismarck, the capital of the Territory of Dakota, was in 1885, from January 13th to March 13th; President, J. H. Westover; Speaker, George Rice. The last Legislature of the Territory assembled at Bismarck, January 8, 1889, and adjourned on the 9th of March, 1889, Smith Stimmel, President; Hosmer H. Keith, Speaker. The last mentioned, making eighteen Legislatures that convened as a Territorial General Court—fifteen at Yankton, three at Bismarck.

The Omnibus Bill, which embodies the several measures introduced for the admission of the Northwest Territories, was approved February 22, 1889. "An act to provide for the division of Dakota into two States, and to enable the people of North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington to form Constitutions and State governments, and to be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, and to make donations of public lands to such States," etc.

Constitutional Conventions were, accordingly, held at Sioux Falls and Bismarck, assembling July 4, 1889. Of the Convention at Sioux Falls, Judge Edgerton was chosen president; E. W. Caldwell, secretary *pro tem.;* F. A. Burdick, permanent secretary. The Convention adopted the Constitution of 1885, with authorized amendments.

The officers for the Constitutional Convention assembled at Bismarck were as follows:

President . . F. B. Fancher, Jamestown.
Chief Clerk . John G. Hamilton, Grand Forks.
Enrolling and Engrossing Clerk . . . . .
. . . . . C. C. Bowsfield, Ellendale.
Sergeant-at-Arms . Fred. Falley, Wahpeton.
Chaplain . . . Geo. Kline, Bismarck.

The First Legislature of North Dakota,

Assembled at Bismarck, the capital of the State, on the 20th day of November, 1889. The oath of office was administered to the Senators by Judge Walter H. Winchester, of Bismarck, and to the members of the House by Judge W. S. Lauder, Wahpeton. Ex-Gov. Gilbert A. Pierce, from Bismarck, was elected to the United States Senate, together with Lyman R. Casey, from Jamestown. David B. Wellman was chosen Speaker of the House.

First State Officers of North Dakota.

Governor . . . . . John Miller.
Lieutenant Governor . . Alfred Dickey.
Secretary of State . . . John Flittie.
State Treasurer . . . L. E. Booker.
State Auditor . . . . John P. Bray.
Superintendent of Public Instruction . . .
. . . . . William Mitchell.
Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction .
. . . . . F. W. Cathro.
Attorney General . . Geo. F. Goodwin.
Commissioner of Insuranee . . A. L. Casey.
Commissioner of Agriculture . H. F. Helgesen.
Public Examiner . . . J. A. Percival.

United States Judge.

Col. A. D. Thomas has been exalted to the bench of United States Judge for the district of North Dakota, a life

term. Judge Thomas, now a man of fifty years and more, came to Dakota in 1878, locating in Fargo. During the same year he went to the Black Hills, remaining in Deadwood three years, where he was attorney for the Homestake Mining Company. In this position he was succeeded by the Hon. G. C. Moody, the first United States Senator, from Lawrence county, for the State of South Dakota.

Judge Thomas is a son-in-law of the late Judge Barnes, of Fargo, and in the latter city he has lived since 1882, in practice at the bar. He is a lawyer singularly devoted to his profession, a fact which has made his appointment to this high position seem especially promising, and, above all, consistent with *a previous preparation* for a responsible office, a condition that should have much weight when appointments, whether more or less important, are made.

First Representative in Congress for North Dakota.

H. C. Hansbrough . . . . Devil's Lake.

Judges of the Supreme Court.

Chief Justice . . . Guy C. H. Corliss.
Joseph M. Bartholameu, Alfred Wallin.
U. S. District Attorney . . J. F. Selbey.
U. S. Marshal . . . . A. F. Price.
Surveyor General . . . E. A. Williams.
Register . . . . . Eugene S. Neal.
Receiver . . . . . Asa Fisher.

It is a creditable fact, that on the election of Ex Governor Pierce, November 21st, 1889, he received every vote cast, with the exception of the twelve Democratic votes, all of which were cast for M. L. McCormack, of Grand Forks.

The following gentlemen were appointed by Governor Miller, Commissioners of North Dakota, for *The Columbian Exposition*, to be held at Chicago, Ill., in 1893, viz.: Martin Ryan, Fargo; H. P. Rucker, Grand Forks.

Public Institutions and Finances of North Dakota.

Both North and South Dakota come into the distinguished family of Columbia with a respectable dower in their public institutions, every dollar of whose bonded indebtedness was invested for the establishment. Permanently located in North Dakota, are their following State institutions:

The Hospital for the Insane — cost, $276,000; the face aggregate of bond, $266,000.

North Dakota University—cost, $82,250; the face aggregate of bond, $96,700.

Penitentiary at Bismarck—cost, $96,000; the face aggregate of bond, $93,600.

For refunding Capitol Building, warrants, $83,507.46.

Total, $539,807.46.

New Institutions Permanently Located.

School of Mines, . . . Grand Forks.
Agricultural College, ... Fargo.
An Institution for the Feeble-Minded, with the Hospital for Insane, . . . Jamestown.
Normal School, Valley City, land grant of 50,000 acres.
Reform School, ... Mandan.
Normal School, Mayville, land grant of 20,000 acres.
Deaf and Dumb School, . . Devil's Lake.
Soldiers' Home, Lisbon, land grant of 40,000 acres.
Asylum for the Blind, County of Pembina, land grant of 30,000 acres.
Industrial School for Manual Training, Ellendale, land grant of 40,000 acres.
Scientific School, Wahpeton, land grant of 40,000 acres.
School of Forestry, in the county of either McHenry, Ward, Bottineau or Rolette.

NORTH DAKOTA PENITENTIARY, AT BISMARCK.

Denominational Schools Previously Established.

The Congregationalists have a College at Fargo.
The Presbyterians a College at Jamestown.
The Baptists a University at Tower City.
The Catholics a School at Fargo.
The Catholics an Institute at Grand Forks.
The Catholics an Academy at Bismarck.

The Catholic diocese, of North Dakota, having designated Fargo as its See, this city will undoubtedly become the seat of an important institution of that order.

Assessed Value.

The real and personal property of North Dakota, not including the $20,000,000 in railroads not assessed, while it amounts to $66,857,436.30, is even less than one-half of the actual value. With an acreage of over 47,500,000, only a little over 10,000,000 are assessed, with an average of but $4 per acre. An interesting subject for contemplation, for Eastern capitalists, possibly.

South Dakota Shall Pay to North Dakota.

"The State of South Dakota shall pay to the State of North Dakota $46,500 on account of the excess of territorial appropriations for the permanent improvement of territorial institutions, which, under this agreement, will go to South Dakota, and in full of the undivided one-half interest of North Dakota in the Territorial Library and in full settlement of unbalanced accounts, and of all claims against the Territory of whatever nature, legal or equitable, arising out of the alleged erroneous or unlawful taxation of Northern Pacific railroads lands, and the payment of said amount shall discharge and exempt the State of South Dakota from all liability for or on account of the several matters hereinbefore referred to; nor shall either State be called upon to pay or answer to any portion of liability hereafter arising or accruing on account of transactions heretofore had, which liability would be a liability of the Territory of Dakota, had such Territory remained in existence, and which liability shall grow out of matters connected with any public institutions, grounds or buildings of the Territory situated or located within the boundaries of the other State.

Prohibition having been submitted to a separate vote, as provided by the schedule and ordinance, received the requisite *majority* in both North and South Dakota, and was accordingly incorporated into the Constitutions of both the States."

A Final Adjustment made upon this Basis.

"North Dakota shall be charged with all sums paid on account of the public institutions, grounds or buildings located within its bounderies on account of the current appropriations since March 9, 1889; and South Dakota shall be charged with all sums paid on account of public institutions, grounds or buildings located within its boundaries on the same account, and during the same time, each State shall be charged with one half of all other expenses of the territorial government during the same time."

Boundary of North Dakota.

"The State of North Dakota shall consist of all the territory included within the following boundaries, to wit: Commencing at a point in the main channel of the Red River of the North, where the forty-ninth degree of north latitude crosses the same, thence south up the main channel of the same and along the boundary line of the State of Minnesota to a point where the Seventh Standard parallel intersects the same; thence west along said Seventh Standard parallel produced due west to a point where it intersects the twenty-seventh meridian of longitude west from Washington; thence north on said meridian to a point where it intersects the forty-ninth degree of north latitude; thence east along said line to place of beginning."

The Great Seal of North Dakota

Is thus described: "A tree in the open field, the trunk of which is surrounded by three bundles of wheat; on the right a plow, anvil and sledge; on the left a bow crossed with three arrows, and an Indian on horseback pursuing a buffalo towards the setting sun: the foliage of the tree arched by a half circle of forty-two stars, surrounded by the motto: 'Liberty and Union Now and Forever, One and Inseparable,' the words, 'Great Seal,' at the top; the words: 'State of North Dakota,' at the bottom; 'October 1st' on the left, and '1889' in the right. The Seal measures two and one-half inches in diameter."

Preamble to the Constitution of North Dakota.

"We, the people of North Dakota, grateful to Almighty God for the blessings of civil and religious liberty, do ordain and establish this Constitution."

Proclamation for Admission into the Union.

WHEREAS, The Congress of the United States did by an act approved on the twenty-second day of February, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, provide that the inhabitants of the Territory of Dakota might, upon the conditions prescribed by said act, become the States of North and South Dakota; and,

WHEREAS, It was provided by said act that the area comprising the Territory of Dakota should, for the purpose of the act be divided on the line of the seventh standard parallel produced due west to the western boundary of said territory and that the delegates elected as therein provided to the Constitutional Convention in districts north of said parallel should assemble in convention at the time prescribed in the act at the City of Bismarck; and,

WHEREAS, It was provided by the said act that the delegates elected, as aforesaid, should, after they had met and organized declare, on behalf of the people of North Dakota, that they adopt the Constitution of the United States, whereupon the said convention should be authorized to form a Constitution and State government for the proposed State of North Dakota; and,

WHEREAS, It was provided by said act that the Constitution so adopted should be republican in form and make no distinction in civil or political rights on account of race or color, except as to Indians not taxed, and not be repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, and the principles of the Declaration of Independence; and that the Constitution should by an ordinance irrevocable without the consent of the United States and the people of said states make certain provisions prescribed in said act; and whereas, it was provided by said act that the Constitutions of North and South Dakota should respectively incorporate an agreement, to be reached in accordance with the provisions of the act for an equitable division of all property belonging to the Territory of Dakota, the disposition of all public records and also for the apportionment of the debts and liabilities of said territory, and that each of said states should obligate itself to pay its proportion of such debts and liabilities the same as if they had been created by such states respectively; and,

WHEREAS, It was provided by such act that the Constitution thus formed, for the people of North Dakota, should by an ordinance of the Convention forming the same be submitted to the people of North Dakota at an election to be held therein on the first Tuesday in October, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, for ratification or rejection by the qualified voters of said proposed state, and that the returns of said election should be made to the Secretary of the Territory of Dakota, who, with the Governor and Chief Justice thereof, or any two of them, should canvass the same, and if a majority of the legal votes cast should be for the Constitution, the Governor should certify the result to the President of the United States, together with a statement of the votes cast thereon, and upon separate articles or propositions and a copy of said Constitution, articles, propositions, and ordinances; and,

WHEREAS, It has been certified to me by the Governor of the Territory of Dakota, that within the time prescribed by said act of Congress a Con-

stitution for the proposed State of North Dakota has been adopted, and the same ratified by a majority of the qualified voters of said proposed state in accordance with the conditions prescribed in said act; and,

WHEREAS, A duly authenticated copy of the Constitution, article, ordinances and propositions as required by said act has been received by me:

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States of America, do, in accordance with the provisions of the act of Congress aforesaid, declare and proclaim the fact that the conditions imposed by Congress on the State of North Dakota to entitle that State to admission to the Union, have been ratified and accepted, and that the admission of said State into the Union is now complete. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this Second day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and fourteenth.

By the President: BENJ. HARRISON.

JAMES G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State

THE FIRST LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

Met at Pierre, the temporary Capital, October 15th, 1889; and on the 17th day elected R. F. Pettigrew from Sioux Falls, and Gideon C. Moody from Deadwood, United States Senators.

FIRST REPRESENTATIVES TO CONGRESS.

Oscar S. Gifford, Canton; John H. Pickler, Faulkton.

FIRST STATE OFFICERS OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

Governor, . . . Arthur C. Mellette.
Lieutenant Governor, . . James H. Fletcher.
Secretary of State, . . . A. O. Ringsrud.
State Treasurer, . . . W. F. Smith.
State Auditor, . . . Louis C. Taylor.
Attorney General, . . . Robert Dollard.
Superintendent of Public Instruction, ...
. . . . . Gilbert L. Pinkham.

Commissioner of school and public lands, ... Osmer H. Parker.
Adjutant General, . . . J. T. Huston.
Public Examiner, . . . H. E. Blanchard.
Commissioner of Immigration, . F. H. Hagerty.
Veterinary Surgeon, . . Dr. D. E. Collins.

OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Chief Justice, Dighton Corson.
Second District, Alonzo G. Kellam.
Third District, John E. Bennett.
U. S. District Judge, Alonzo J. Edgerton.
U. S. District Attorney, W. B. Sterling.
U. S. Marshal, Cyrus J. Fry.
U. S. Surveyor General, B. H. Sullivan.

THE BOUNDARIES OF THE STATE OF SOUTH DAKOTA

Beginning at the point of intersection of the western boundary line of the State of Minnesota, with the northern boundary line of the State of Iowa, and running thence northerly along the western boundary line of the State of Minnesota, to its intersection with the 7th standard parallel; thence west on the line of the 7th standard parallel, due west to its intersection with the 27th meridian of longitude west from Washington; thence south on the 27th meridian of longtitude west from Washington, to its intersection with the northern boundary line of the State of Nebraska; thence easterly along the northern boundary line of the State of Nebraska, to its intersection with the western boundary line of the State of Iowa; thence northerly along the western boundary line of the State of Iowa, to its intersection with the northern boundary line of the State of Iowa; thence east along the northern boundary line of the State of Iowa, to the place of beginning.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS AND FINANCES.

This grand young State comes into the Union, bringing her 10 Public Institutions, as evidence of the stability and wisdom of the people; for whose creation and support they have made a free-will offering of $710,200, to wit:

Bonds issued on account of the Hospital for the Insane, at Yankton,	Cost,	$239,960
The face aggregate of bonds issued,	"	210,000
On the School for Deaf-Mutes at Sioux Falls,		53,000
The face aggregate of bonds issued,	"	51,000
The University at Vermillion,	"	88,500
The face aggregate of bonds issued,	"	75,000
The Penitentiary at Sioux Falls,	"	102,000
The face aggregate of bonds issued,	"	94,300
Agricultural College at Brookings,	"	100,000
The face aggregate of bonds issued,	"	97,500
Normal School at Madison,	"	35,800
The face aggregate of bonds issued,	"	49,400
The School of Mines, at Rapid City,	"	35,000
The face aggregate of Bonds issued,	"	33,000
Reform School at Plankington,	"	30,000
The face aggregate of bonds issued,	"	30,000
Normal School as Spearfish,	"	30,000
The face aggregate of bonds issued,	"	25,000
Soldiers' Home at Hot Springs,	"	
The face aggregate of bonds issued,	"	45,000
	Total,	$710,200

For the temporary Capitol Building, the enterprising citizens of Pierre donated the generous sum of $15,000.

DENOMINATIONAL OR PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

Congregationalist,	Yankton College,	Yankton,
Methodist,	Dakota University,	Mitchell,
Presbyterian,	Pierre University,	Pierre,
Baptist,	Sioux Falls University,	Sioux Falls,
Presbyterian,	Groton College,	Groton,
Episcopal,	All Saints School,	Sioux Falls,
Presbyterian,	Scotland Academy,	Scotland,
Congregationalist,	Redfield College,	Redfield,
Norwegian Lutheran,	Augustana College,	Canton,

INDIGNATION, AND STRUGGLES FOR ADMISSION.

The tendency of the removal of the capital from Yankton to Bismarck, was to increase the desire for statehood and division, on the part of Southern Dakota, and on the 21st of June, 1882, the Citizens Constitutional Convention was held at Canton, delegates from ten counties present. The name of "Dakota Citizens League," was adopted. Executive Committee as follows: Wilmot Whitfield and Joseph Ward, Yankton; N. C. Nash, Lincoln; S. Fry Andrews, Turner; W. C. Bowers, Minnehaha; F. B. Foster, Hanson; J. V. Hines, Union. Adjourned to meet in Huron. In accordance, a Constitutional Convention assembled at Huron, June 19th, 1883. Ex Gov. Edmunds, chairman, 188 delegates represented 34 counties. The people of Huron built a wigwam for the Convention to hold its session in. The first Constitutional Convention met at Sioux Falls, Sept. 4th, 1883, called to order by John R. Gamble of Yankton. Arthur C. Mellette was chosen president pro tem. Second day, Bartlett Tripp was chosen permanent President C. H. Winsor, Sioux Falls, Secretary, assisted by H. M. Avery, Sioux Falls; and T. A. Kinsbury, Watertown; Joseph M. Dixon, Sioux Falls, Sergeant-at-arms.

Second Constitutional Convention, convened at Sioux Falls, Sept. 5th, 1885, called to order by J. H. Teller, Secretary of the Territory of Dakota. A. J. Edgerton, Mitchell, was elected president, and John Cain, of Huron, Secretary; H. M. Avery, Sioux Falls, assistant; M. B. Kent, Elk Point, Sergeant-at-arms. A constitution was adopted, and submitted to the people, with a majority for it, of 18,661. State officers were chosen, and at Huron, "the temporary capital," on the second Monday of December, Governor Mellette read his message. In due time, Alonzo J. Edgerton, of Mitchell, and G. C. Moody, of Lawrence, were chosen U. S. Senators, and in Congress received especial consideration, but it refused them admission.

UNITED STATES JUDGE.

One of South Dakota's most able and most prominent men, well as jurist and statesman, Judge A. J. Edgerton, of Mitchell, has received the life-term appointment of United States District Judge of South Dakota. A man of mature years, and large experience in active public life, he brings to the high position the wisdom and stability which it demands. In Minnesota he was for years before the bar, was also with General Sibley when he made his march across the plains of Dakota; and from 1881 to 1885, he was Chief Justice for Dakota; succeeded in 1885, by Bartlett Tripp of Yankton.

Judge Edgerton is one of the truest men of Dakota, and the new State, at the south, may well be proud to call him, all her own.

ASSESSED VALUE.

The assessed total value, according to the assessors of South Dakota, is $97,342,440.60, aside from the $20,000,000 in railroads, much less than half the actual value, while only 12,610,049 acres, of the almost 50,000,000 of the State, are assessed, and at the value of a little exceeding $4 per acre.

In Article XIII, Section 8: "The territorial Treasurer is empowered to issue refunding bonds to the amount of $107,500, bearing interest not to exceed the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, for the purpose of refunding the following described indebtedness of the Territory of Dakota, to-wit: Seventy-seven thousand five hundred dollars 5 per cent. bonds, dated May 1, 1883; issued for the construction of the west wing of the Insane Hospital at Yankton; and $30,000 6 per cent. bonds, dated May 1, 1883; issued for permanent improvements of Dakota Penitentiary at Sioux Falls; such refunding bonds, if issued, to run for not more than twenty years, and shall be executed by the Governor and Secretary of the Territory, and shall be attested by the Secretary under the Great Seal of the Territory."

PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF SOUTH DAKOTA, 1889.

"We, the people of South Dakota, grateful to Almighty God for our civil and religious liberties, in order to form a more perfect and independent government, establish justice, insure tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and preserve to ourselves and to our posterity the blessings of liberty, do ordain and establish this constitution for the State of South Dakota."

OFFICERS OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

President, Alonzo J. Edgerton, Mitchell.
Secretary, *pro tem*, E. W. Caldwell, Sioux Falls.
Secretary, permanent, F. A. Burdick, Yankton.
Enrolling and Engrossing Clerk, A. W. Hyde, Brookings.
Sergeant-at-Arms, James Carney, Lawrence.
Chaplain, J. A. Wakefield, Brookings.

For The Columbian Exposition, to be held at Chicago, Illinois, in 1893, Governor Melette apppointed as Commissioners for South Dakota, the following gentlemen, viz.: William McIntyre, Watertown; M. H. Day, Rapid City.

SEAL AND COAT OF ARMS.

The design of the Great Seal of South Dakota is as follows: "A circle within which shall appear in the left foreground a smelting furnace and other features of mining work; in the left background, a range of hills; in the right foreground, a farmer at his plow; in the right background, a herd of cattle and a field of corn. Between the two parts thus described shall appear a river bearing a steamboat. Properly divided between the upper and lower edges of the circle shall appear the legend, 'Under God the people rule,' which shall be the motto of the State of South Dakota. Exterior to this circle, and within a circumscribed circle, shall appear in the upper part the words, 'State of South Dakota.' In the lower part the words, 'Great Seal,' and the date, in Arabic numerals, of the year in which the State shall be admitted to the Union."

THE END IS NEAR.

On the second day of November, eighteen nundred and eighty-nine, North and South Dakota, hand-in-hand, went out from the Territorial roof, under whose broad shelter they had passed eighteen years of busy life, from childhood to youth. The time had come to make the family less; old associations must be broken up, and common interests dissevered.

Henceforth, with paths diverging, North and South Dakota can no more walk together. But, with honesty of purpose, exalted aims, and hallowed recollections to stimulate, they will never forget that they are *still Dakota.*

While on the broad plains of truth, they will rally under one banner, and upon whose shining folds let the nations read the legend, written in letters of gold:

"And keep their word *strictly.*"

THE CAPITOL, AT BISMARCK, N. DAKOTA.

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